The SPHERE

Vol. CXXV. No. 1630 APRIL 18, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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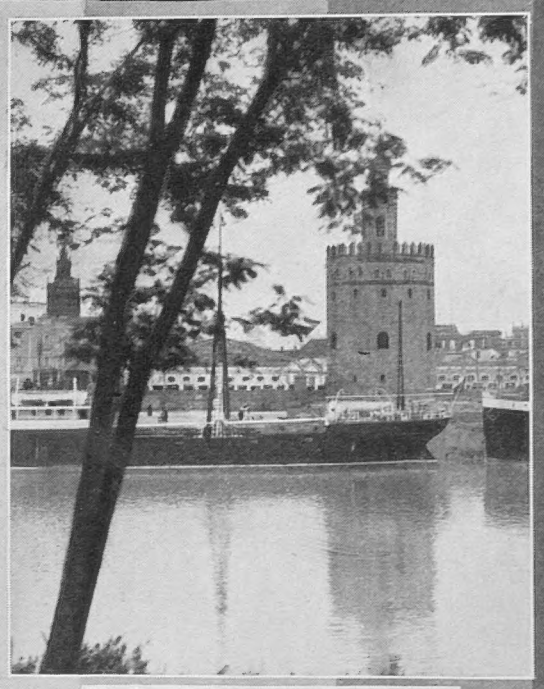
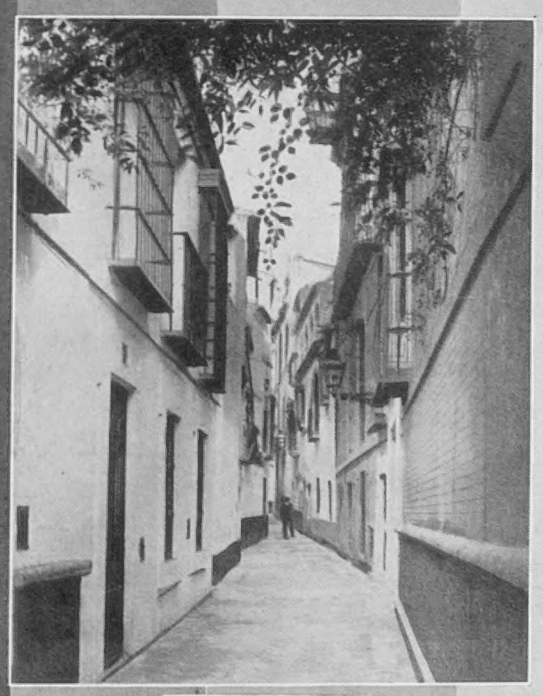


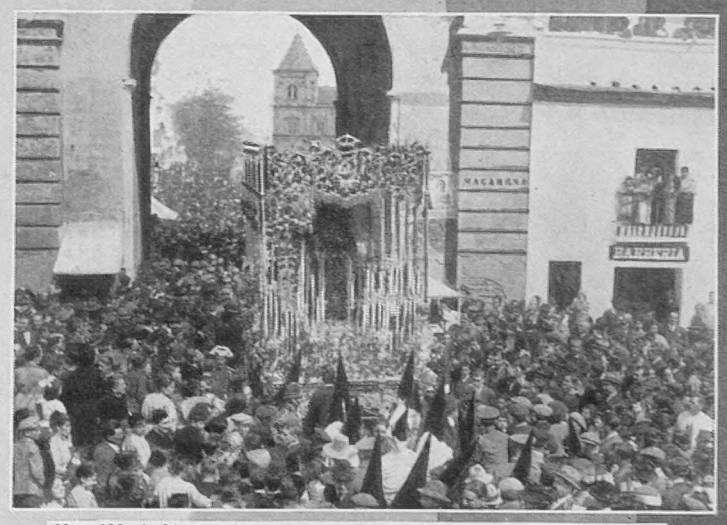
The Guadalquivir and the "Torre del Oro".

Holy Week. Watching procession.

Procession of Dawn.



"Calle de la Pimienta."



Holy Week. Virgin of "Esperanza" passing through "Macarena" Arch.

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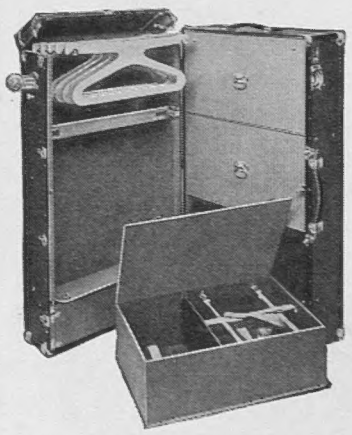

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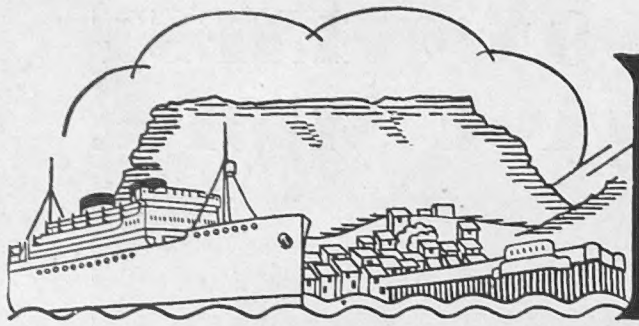

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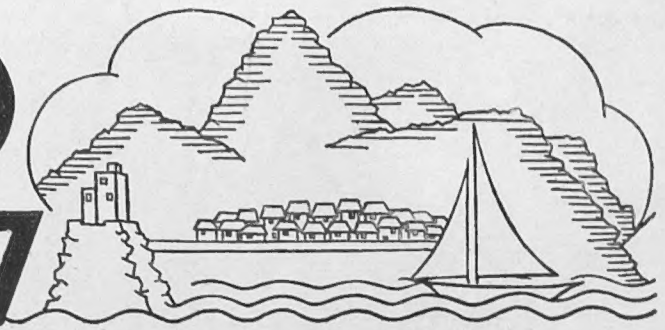

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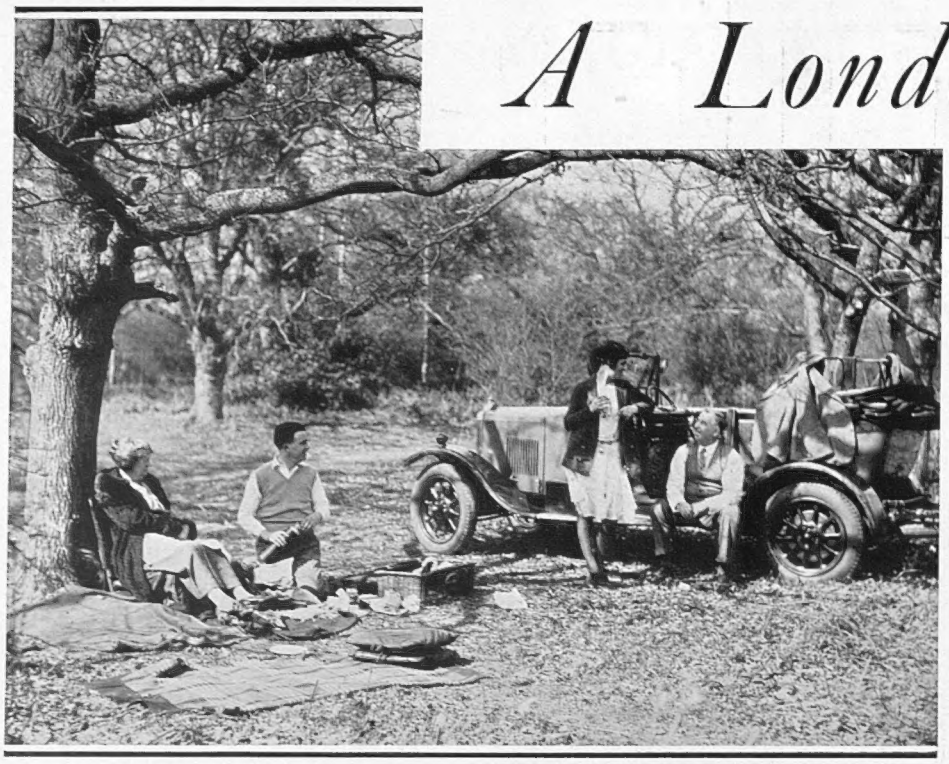
THE END OF A CHAPTER: WHAT COMES NEXT?

The Abdication of King Alfonso XIII of Spain

Upon April 14 King Alfonso, the most wary and acute of modern monarchs and *doyen* of European royalties, brought his troubled reign of forty-five years to an end by abdication following, not the General, but the Municipal Elections, which proved the temper of the country to be not only overwhelmingly Republican, but also anti-Monarchical. Born a king owing to the death of his father, Alfonso had not long sat upon the throne of Spain before (on his wedding day) he endured an attempt at assassination by bombs. It is more than probable that the King will take refuge in England, his spiritual home.

A London Newsletter



ENJOYING APRIL'S SUNSHINE: Through the still bare boughs of the trees streams the April sun ever growing in strength

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 15, 1931

A Troublous Session.—There is no lack of political interest awaiting the resumption of the Session at Westminster after the holiday. One could wish that it were less anxious and serious. There is for ever unemployment and to-morrow's vote of censure. There is the balancing of the Budget—a task for a super Cinquevalli—to be followed by similar stunts by minor jugglers in industry and indeed in every house in the country. There is Lord Willingdon on his way to India to face what may well prove to be the most arduous vice-royalty in our history. There will in due course be the Dole Committee's report which cannot fail to trouble the waters still further. There is the everlasting problem of labour, a problem which can never be solved until some serious effort has been made by the Government in power to impress on the country as a whole the vital need of common sacrifices. There is the peace of Europe—that brittle little image—to be set up again on its insecure pedestal. France to be petted and cajoled out of a new fit of suspicion and resentment. There is the naval agreement to be fished up and dried. There is Russia. There is a ticklish situation developing in Egypt. And to add to our difficulties at home there are half-a-dozen so-called political parties whose only bond of union is mutual distrust and contempt.

Tony the Bohunk.—The Speaker's butler, Mr. Miles, is full of wise if rusty saws which he supplies to the public through the agency of *The Times*. I shall be usurping Mr. Miles' self-appointed function if I remind those who despair of understanding the municipal morality of the United States that "to know all is to forgive all." And if I do, I shall do it without conviction. I cannot believe that if I knew all there is to know of the difficulties of eradicating crime and corruption from the municipal life of Chicago and New York, I should find excuses for its citizens. For years Chicago, one of the greatest cities in civilization, has been a scandal and a laughing stock even among painted savages. It has a large complement of public-spirited citizens, it boasts high ideals, is a centre of learning and culture, is in the van in scientific research, is justly proud of its achievements in engineering and architecture. And its name stinks in the nostrils of decent men. Its name stands for the extremes of corruption, ignorance, vulgarity, and compromise, for sentimentality run mad. And Chicago actually crows and plumes itself on its own municipal dung heap. Will Tony the Bohunk, who has driven from this sorry eminence the incredible Big Bill Thompson, make a new heaven of Chicago? Tony has said a mouthful, but I fear he is no Heracles, though he has made a magnificent gesture at the start. I suspect that there exists in the national character a soft spot where maggots of all kinds congregate. There is not another nation on earth that would have suffered for a decade this ignominy.

The Prince's Flying Hours.—The Prince of Wales is turning homewards, not (as he returned from East Africa) hurrying in a war-ship to the King's bedside, but according to plan, carrying his air-runabout on the deck of the *Arlanza*. The Prince has had many successful tours, but none has given him better cause for satisfaction than this. What the Buenos Aires Exhibition owed in its inception, preparation, and fulfilment to his personal stimulus and enthusiasm, perhaps only Mr. Bellasis knows fully. But the exhibitors have a shrewd idea, and are not in doubt that it has paid them to participate. A book will no doubt be compiled about this royal tour, and I shall hope to find in it statistics of the number of miles and hours flown by the Prince in the course of it. There is another figure which is probably recorded somewhere, and its publication would be of considerable value to commercial and private flying interests—that is the number of hours and mileage which the Prince has accomplished in the air. He has never apparently had an accident—a fact which goes to show that, when every precaution is taken, flying can now be regarded as free from risk as railway travel. At Rio the Prince tried the experience of taking off and landing on the deck of H.M.S. *Eagle*, and he intends to fly home in his own Moth from Lisbon if the political situation admits, to land, perhaps in the grounds of his own house at Virginia Water.

Low Flying.—It is high time that the Air Ministry was forced by pressure of public opinion to take action on the question of low flying in populous districts. At present the new arm conducts its exercises on go-as-you-please principles and without any restraining authority. There is no more logical reason why airmen should shave the roofs of our houses and loop loops over our gardens than why a battalion of Guards should practise bombing in Hyde Park, or the Tank Corps drive their tanks across Mr. Lloyd George's carefully-planted enclosures at Churt. My legal training assures me that as owner of an acre of soil I am owner of a corresponding acre of sky, and I claim my rights a quarter mile up to heaven. Complaints of this intolerable nuisance have been rife; Oxford has been up in arms, Croydon also, and many Surrey suburbs, and dozens of hospitals are crying aloud for redress. Nor is there to-day any lack of evidence of the danger of the practice. The Air Ministry has plenty of uninhabited spaces available where dummy villages can be erected, if low flying demands it. It is outrageous that the health and comfort and safety of the private citizen should be quite needlessly sacrificed to the inertia of a Government Department.

Mad—cira.—All the necessary ingredients of *opéra bouffe* are ready for mixing at Funchal. And the farce is in the hands of the most capable actors in the world. Whether the War diary of the insurgent leaders will be as brief as that of the Portuguese battalion commander in the trenches of Flanders (10 a.m. bombardo; 10.5 a.m., bombardo furioso; 10.10 a.m., packo portmanteau) remains to be seen when the expeditionary force arrives. There will possibly be an anxious quarter-hour for the captain of H.M.S. *London* and something extra stimulating in the way of interest for the British lotus-eaters recuperating at Madeira. A brilliant idea occurs to me—an opportunity to have recourse to arbitration instead of force—which should not be missed. It so happens that the soundest and most experienced arbitrator in civilization is now in Madeira—Lord Ullswater, who has had a thorough training in dealing with political revolts of all kinds by Home Rulers, Sinn Feiners, Socialists, Communists. Let a commission be set up with Lord Ullswater as chairman, and Lord Plymouth and Mr. Freke Palmer and of course our Consul as members, and let the business be thrashed out by an impartial and peaceful tribunal on the spot. Madeira was never designed as a setting for bombardment and bloodshed; rather for bridge, bathing, gossip, and siesta. Why spoil Madeira's excellent record and jeopardize her commercial prosperity as a holiday resort?

I.L.P.—It is not easy to arrange your political views to conform to those of the I.L.P., and Captain Maxton steps briskly from the bridge leaving to his successor somewhat nebulous sailing instructions. North, south, east, and west, charted reefs grin hideously; the casquets on which the Sir Oswald is piled up, the submerged rocks on which, a sheer hulk, the Ramsay smack is fast fixed, the jagged teeth which have fastened on the great George and the Stanley B. To reach in safety in such a sea any Soviet port is a job for a Tiphys. In theory it is admirable to be independent, but in workaday life and politics the advantages of hitching one's wagon to a star of some sort are made clear. The cry in the wilderness can hardly reach the teeming city where campaigns of propaganda are conducted by the aid of sirens, massed choirs, and enormous private trumpets. And if the voice in the wilderness has nothing more constructive to propose than a Utopia at some future date to be born of talk, even the wandering Bedouin turns a deaf ear.

The Shakespeare Festival. — The Stratford Festival opened on Monday and continues for five weeks, during which time the loveliest corner of England should put on the perfection of its spring finery. The banks of the Warwickshire Avon everlastingly illustrate in sound and colour every beautiful description of spring that is to be found in Shakespeare's writings. *King Lear* opened the ball in all his gloom and baldness. On the 23rd, *A Winter's Tale* has been chosen for the birthday celebration, and *Henry IV.* (first part), *Measure for Measure*, *The Shrew*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* (an inviting list for true students of Shakespeare) will come in their turns. There are no mighty stars going down from London this year, and that I think is all for the best, and makes for a higher general level of performance. For the plays will be in competent hands. I hope to attend this year. I haven't been to the festival since charabancs were invented; since the days when Marie Corelli's house was a peepshow only second in interest to New Place. The crowd of sightseers, if it showed patience, was seldom disappointed of a sight of the somewhat disdainful face of Shakespeare's literary rival in Stratford. Her appearance at the window of "Mason Croft" was always heralded by that of a female companion, who estimated the size of the crowd and retired to report to her mistress. Often the crowd dispersed then, to boast for the rest of their lives that they had seen "Barabbas" in the flesh.

Victoriana. — Mr. Sitwell's *Victoriana* makes my reason rock on the only foundations it can boast of. He presents the Victorian Age in a collection of excerpts from the sayings and writings of its leading men, and from current journals, which leave that age without a rag on its back. That these excerpts are convincing and damning as they stand in their sequence in Mr. Sitwell's book is indisputable. It is arguable that the selection is deliberately partisan and malicious. Malicious Mr. Sitwell frankly is. Yet the jewels he has picked out, even if restored to their gaudy settings, must for ever condemn the men who gloried in them. So false, so tawdry, so bad are they. No more can I ever test the virtues of the Victorians since Mr. Sitwell's revelations. Henceforth I must be at pains to find some alleviation for their glaring faults.

Were they Thugs? Read Morley or *Punch* on Swinburne, or Roebuck, M.P., on native populations and the working classes.

Were they hypocrites? Read Balfour on the declaration of war (with the Boers).

Were they mere parrots gorged with texts? Read Gladstone on every theme and all occasions.

Were they soppier sentimentalists than we are? Read the Press on Edward VII's first kiss on Alexandra's lips.

Were they rottenly unsound in art? Read Ruskin *passim*, or *The Daily Telegraph* on the Albert Memorial, or *The Athenæum* on Wagner.

In literature? Read *The Quarterly* on *Jane Eyre*, *The Saturday Review* on *Thomas Hardy*.

Were they wise in statesmanship, in philosophy, in any mortal thing? Read Sitwell's *Victoriana*.

I suspect we shall come in our own day to credit the Victorians with nothing but strong constitutions and complete assurance, and to admire them for nothing but their genius in house furnishing.

Awaiting the Issue.—Alfonso XIII, in common with the rest of us, has his faults, but he is every inch a king in the old tradition and he has my sympathy to-day. In a country that clings desperately to tradition, at any rate in the circles round the Court, he has dwelt in his great Bourbon Palace, more fully aware than any of his advisers and courtiers of the temper of the outer circles, and yet, I suppose, unconsciously influenced by his surroundings and forever putting off the moment for gracefully making liberal concessions and gradually turning himself from a paper autocrat into a constitutional sovereign. It is fair to say that in the last few years he has had no time and no opportunities for a slow transformation of this kind. And now it seems that the best he can hope for is to be secured for the term of his life as a constitutional sovereign; the worst, exile. The shrewdest statesman in Europe might well find the Bourbon tradition and the Hapsburg jaw insurmountable obstacles to a policy of constant and gradual concessions of privilege. Yet, if King Alfonso is as shrewd and plucky as I believe him to be, he will await the final verdict of Spain in the June elections, not in a foreign country, but in the heart of his capital. If he goes now, I will lay a crown he never returns in peace.

Plucking a Pigeon.—The London pigeon bids fair to remove the reproach which attaches to its name, as the foolish victim of cunning. In the past two years this London pest (with the crowd helping to fight its battles) has broken the hearts of more than one professional firm of fowlers. There is no longer any competition to take on the job. The snare of the fowler has failed, and the fowler, rolling it up, recommends poison or a scattergun, neither of which is well suited to the conditions of central London. However, if the authorities will clear St. Paul's Churchyard and Trafalgar Square and indemnify me, I will collect a party of friends one of these days and charge no more than the price of the cartridges we fire off. I suggest an early start one day at the beginning of August, when ardent sportsmen usually visit their gun makers and the shooting grounds.

THE OLD STAGER.

The ROUND of the DAY

The News of the Week Told in Pictures

THE KING'S INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICERS FOR 1931: Subada-Major and Hon. Lieut. Fatch Muhammas, 3rd/12th the Frontier Force Regiment; Subada-Major Rahimdad Khan, 1st/6th Rajputana Rifles; Risalda-Major Malik Mihr Khan, 20th Lancers; Risalda Painda Khan, No. 2 Cavalry Brigade Transport Company, I.A.S.C., who have just arrived

A PRETTY IRISH BRIDE: Miss Patricia Corry, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Corry of Longhurst, Dunmurry, who was married to Mr. Arthur Golto Webb of Redlands, Randalstown, Co. Antrim, at Drumbeg Parish Church recently. Miss Corry is seen in her ancestral garden

ANGLO-AMERICAN: Miss Phyllis van der Porten of New Rochelle, U.S.A., and Mr. Gilbert Brooke-Hitching were married recently at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride carried a sheaf of arum lilies

LORD BYNG RETURNS TO SCOTLAND YARD: Viscount Byng of Vimy, who has been on holiday owing to ill-health, has returned in fighting form to resume his duties as head of the police

LONDON'S LATEST DRAMATIST: Miss Dodie Smith, who, under the name of C. L. Anthony, has had her first play, Autumn Crocus, produced at the Lyric Theatre. Once a chorus girl, Miss Smith holds a position in the toy department of Heal's furniture shop in Tottenham Court Road

SOCIETY OF THE BORDER: The Countess of Minto and her daughters, Lady Bridget and Lady Willa Elliot, arrive at Holy Trinity Church, Melrose, when Lady Anne Egerton, daughter of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, married Captain Geoffrey Babington, 16th/5th Lancers

THE ABDICATION of

THE REPUBLICAN LEADER: Señor Alcala Zamora, the genius of the revolutionaries, in the delivery of an impassioned address at Madrid. On March 23 he was imprisoned in connection with the abortive rising at Jaca, but was released after one day. A brilliant orator, Señor Zamora is also an authority on military affairs

THE ENGLISH QUEEN OF SPAIN: Queen Ena (formerly Princess Ena of Battenberg) with the Infanta Beatrix and the Infanta Maria Cristina are, as we go to press, leaving Spain for England. The Queen's mother, Princess Beatrice, lives in Kensington Palace

PRESIDENT ELECT: Señor Zamora delivering one of his impassioned fighting speeches to his followers

Inset above—THE FAMILY GROUP: Alfonso Prince of the Asturias, the Infant Jai the Infant Juan-Car

THE RIOTOUS ELECTIONS which decided the fate of the Spanish monarchy. Although these were only municipal elections, they showed the temper of the country to be so anti-monarchical and pro-Republican that the King, to avoid civil war, had no other course than abdication. Mounted police are seen above maintaining order

THE REIGN OF ALFONSO XIII

Born a King	1885
Spanish-American War	1898
Regency until Enthronement	1902
Tours country	1904
Visits England, France, Germany	1905
Marries Princess Ena of Battenberg and escapes assassination on wedding day	1906
Legislates against bomb outrages and meets King and Queen of England at Cartagena	1907
Opens Valencia Exhibition and is present at laying down of first warship of new navy	1909

the KING *of* SPAIN

THE EX-KING: Alfonso XIII, gallant fighter of a lost cause, true sportsman in victory and defeat

ANGLO-SPANISH: Queen Ena, who has shared the precarious throne of her King with a courage worthy of both her own land and that of her adoption

THE SPORTSMAN: King Alfonso in polo kit. His passion for games renders England his spiritual home

THE HUNTER: Ex-King Alfonso at a shoot. He is a passionate devotee of all kinds of sport and is no mean performer at many—largely as a consequence of the English influence in his life

HABSBURG-BOURBON: The King of Spain. Pertinacious in his monarchical theories, of him, as of the race of Bourbons, may it be said that "he has forgotten nothing and learned nothing," though he has endured much

recent portrait of the ex-King of Spain with the Infanta Beatrix, the Infanta Maria-Cristina, and the Infant Gonzalo

Barcelona riots	1909
King Alfonso forms one of the funeral procession of King Edward VII	May, 1910
King Alfonso launches Spain's first Dreadnought, the "España," at Ferrol,	March, 1912
Escapes assassination and attempts to solve Catalonian difficulties by decentralization	1913
Maintains neutrality	1914-18
Officers' corps draft reforms	1917
Rioting in Madrid	September, 1917
Dictatorship of Primo	1923-30
Dictatorship of Berenguer	1930
Abortive Revolution of Jaca	1931
Abdication	14-4-1931

THE POLICE were kept busy maintaining order during the elections which indirectly swept Monarchy from Spain. This is not the first occasion on which Iberia has been governed by a Republic. It lasted but a few months in 1873–4. How long will it last this time?

THE HANGING COMMITTEE

At Work on the 1931 Royal Academy

THE PANOPLY OF STATE: Mr. Sydney Lee, R.A., Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., and Mr. Gerald Kelly, R.A., placing Mr. Augustus John's portrait of Lord D'Abernon in the Large Gallery

AT WORK IN GALLER and is devoted to sma Rushbury an

Special "Sphere" Pictures

THE TASK OF ARRANGEMENT: Mr. A. J. Munnings and Mr. Sydney Lee and other members of the Hanging Committee wander up and down the endless lanes of canvases arranging which picture shall occupy which position — a task to tax the most skilled artist in display. On the wall by Mr. Lee's head is the portrait of the Ruthven Twins by F. Cadogan Cowper

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which opens at Burlington House in May, will, it is thought, be remarkable this year in three main aspects. The first is an all-round improvement in technique in all branches; the second the great increase in the number of water-colours submitted; and the third the still more diminutive measurements of the paintings and sculpture submitted owing to the cost of material. Sir William Llewellyn, the President, has stated that there are about 1,000 more water-colours than last year. Those selected do not, however, point to the presence of any new outstanding water-colour artist. Some idea of the work of the Hanging Committee may be gained from the fact that they were adjudicating on approximately 12,000 exhibits. To this country belongs the honour of holding what is the only open exhibition existing to-day. There is no country limit and no age limit. Commenting on the oil-paintings submitted, Sir William Llewellyn gave it as his opinion that the standard of technique and draughtsmanship was considerably higher than for some years

IX: This is usually known as the Gem Room Pictures in oils. On left is Mr. Henry [illegible] right is Mr. Francis Dodd

past. The style of painting is in most cases absolutely modern, but often exceedingly fine. Pictures of outstanding merit which the Hanging Committee have seen are the paintings in tempera, a few of which are very big and very beautiful. This year, by the way, exhibitors of paintings in tempera have been permitted to exhibit their works under glass. A great deal of sculpture has been sent in; a great deal of it of merit. There has not, so far, been submitted any large picture which could be described as a "problem picture." The great majority of the paintings and pieces of sculpture are on a more diminutive scale than ever before.

ENDLESS LANES OF CANVASES: Messrs. Lee and Rushbury surrounded by the chosen art of the year

THE WRONG SIZE: Mr. Dodd and Mr. Rushbury discover that a picture is too large for the space in front of them. Such a contretemps as this may mean that a picture provisionally accepted may be held over for a year, or even not hung at all. It is sad necessity that a foot-rule has to be employed as well as expert judgment

The NEWS *from* ABROAD

THE RUPERT BROOKE MEMORIAL: The statue of Britain's greatest war poet erected in Skyros was formally unveiled a few days ago. The statue and the site are both Hellenic, like the inspiration of their subject's verse

THE IRAQ AIR FORCE: The five pilots, with their commander and instructor, Flight-Lieutenant G. L. Carter, R.A.F. (lent to King Feisal for three years) receive a mascot from the general manager of de Havilland's, Mr. Hearle

NAMED AFTER HIS FATHER: The baby son of Sir Charles and Lady Higham was christened Charles at the Chapel Royal a few days ago. Sir Charles is, of course, the great advertising magnate

THE SWEEPSTAKE QUARREL: Mr. Emilio Scala, the holder of the winning ticket in the Irish sweep, with his friends in Dublin whither he has gone to fight an action brought against him by Signori Apicella and Constantino who claim that they hold a share in his ticket. The matter is sub judice

DISTURBANCE IN PORTUGAL AND MADEIRA: Portuguese troops aboard the troop carrier Pedrogomes en route *from Portugal to Madeira where a revolution, almost* opéra bouffe *in quality, against the Portuguese Governor sent out from Lisbon has been taking place. English residents (inset above on left) take their siesta on the veranaah of Reid's Hotel, Funchal, with characteristic phlegm, despite the alarms and discussions that surround them. The British liner,* Balmoral Castle, *entered Funchal Harbour despite the "blockade" enforced by the Portuguese gunboat. H.M.S.* London *adequately represents the interests of British nationals. A war over milling monopolies seems to have been the cause of the bloodless revolution*

The CITY *of the* CAFÉ

The Second Home of the Viennese is the Café

By D. B. ROGERS

THE BRIDGE CLUB : Every big café in Vienna has its bridge section, which is crowded from early afternoon until 4 a.m. This shows the *bridge-stube* of the Bürgertheater Café, where more than forty tables are permanently occupied. The cigarette smoke renders photography almost an impossibility

VIENNA, March, 1931.

If you ever find yourself in a place where nobody seems to be going anywhere in particular or doing anything special; where you can meet the same good-natured faces strolling down one side of the street that you met coming up the other side five minutes ago; where you can go into a café at any time of the day or evening and find it crowded with the same happy-go-lucky people that you saw at the same tables yesterday; where you can listen to the friendly buzz of conversation in a restaurant for an hour before a smiling waiter notices you; if you ever find yourself in a place of this sort, where time is what everybody seems to have "nothing else but," well then, in case you don't already know it, beyond the slightest possibility of doubt the town you're in is Vienna.

And if you permit this atmosphere of apparent stagnation to bother you; if you are incapable of casting off the spirit of impatience that has been nurtured by the turbulence of Toronto, or the noisiness of New York, or the laboriousness of London, or the petulance of Paris, or the bustle of Berlin; if you get the absurd idea that you can hustle Vienna out of its truly delightful lethargy, you are making the greatest mistake of your life. Furthermore, you are turning down the finest gift that Vienna has to offer—complete and utter relaxation, oblivion from the hectic demands of a mad and merciless world, blissful inactivity in place of artificial strenuosity, friendliness instead of mistrust, and good cheer as a substitute for petty and profitless worry.

When in Vienna you must be prepared to do as the Viennese do. If you do, then I think you'll agree with me that it is about the most pleasant city you have ever visited in your life. If you don't, the exasperations of the first day will drive you to drink. On the second day you will commit murder. On the third day you will drown yourself in the Danube.

With me it was largely a case of forewarned is forearmed. I had had a pretty good taste of the Viennese way of doing things, or rather not doing them, while I was living in Berlin. I had learned about Vienna from a one-time Austrian baron whom I had working for me as translator and interpreter.

An advertisement for an assistant in a Berlin newspaper brought me sixty-three replies. I took on the baron because he wore spats, carried a walking stick, and looked even hungrier than he did distinguished.

He told me that the salary didn't matter as much to him as the nature of the work he would be called upon to do. He was a "literature" by profession, as his father and grandfather had been before him, and it would accordingly be "a pleasure for him to work with a fellow journalist."

You will observe that he used the word "pleasure" instead of "privilege," and he also said "work with" in place of "work for."

After a few days I decided that he had made an error in using the word "work" at all, but it was easy enough to overlook such a minor detail in view of his really delicious affability, his delightful poise, his dauntless dignity—and his perfectly amazing appetite for the Austrian Régie cigarettes, for which, unfortunately for my pocket book, I had acquired a liking similar to his own, the only difference being that his supply was always "just exhausted."

Anyway, I can now see that the baron was an absolutely perfect Viennese type, and the schooling he gave me was a splendid preparation for my stay in the Austrian capital.

Reverting to the subject of Vienna's remarkable atmosphere of pleasantness, or "gemütlichkeit," as the Austrian language more suitably describes it, the best place to observe the quality is in one of the city's 1,100 cafés.

The Vienna cafés differ from the Paris cafés in that they are much more representative of the population at large—or at least that is the distinction which manifests itself to me. The weird cross-section of life which you see, for instance, at La Dôme or Madame Select's or La Rotonde, may be typical of the artists' section which centres around Montparnasse and Raspail boulevards, but one can hardly say it mirrors Parisian life in general. But in the cafés of Vienna you see Vienna itself.

No matter in what part of the city you may find yourself, you can always find a café just round the corner. Some of them are establishments of considerable elegance, with spotless linen, glistening silverware, and drooping palms. There are others which you would not feel inclined to enter without thinking twice. But whether you choose luxury or lowliness you will find that every café has its regular clientèle of men, women, and youth who have probably been coming to the same place for months and even years on end, and that in most instances they come every day at the same time and occupy the same table.

Most everybody orders coffee — marvellous coffee, covered with a generous layer of thick whipped cream—but it is also possible to get tea, wines, beer, cakes, sandwiches, and occasionally even ham and eggs.

Rare connoisseurs of coffee that they undeniably are, the Viennese, however, do not go to their cafés nearly as much for the purpose of drinking as to read the newspapers and magazines, smoke, chat, gossip, see and be seen. In other words, they go there mainly just to pass the time away. Where they get so much time is something that so far I have been unable to discover, but I do know that if Benjamin Franklin had ever visited Vienna he would certainly never have made that rash statement about "time being gold."

Even the barest of cafés has its file of newspapers and magazines, and all through the afternoon and evening they circulate steadily from table to table. The alert Herr Ober knows exactly what papers or magazines his clients like to read, and he displays much tact in passing them about without giving offence through neglect on the one hand or favouritism on the other.

In the larger cafés you can find not only all the Austrian and German journals and periodicals of importance, but in addition a reasonable selection of reading matter in English, French, Italian, and half-a-dozen other languages. Waiters display wonderful discernment in being able to "spot" a stranger's nationality promptly and worm themselves into his good graces by bowing politely, and in his own tongue offering him the latest paper from London, New York, Paris, or Rome.

It takes a while to become familiar with the duties of the various functionaries in these establishments, but unless you do not mind being considered very ignorant, it is important to do so.

First of all comes the owner. He is known as the "Besitzer" and walks about with an air of combined pomp, self-satisfaction and geniality that only a "Besitzer" knows how to assume successfully. Next to him in rank is "Herr Ober," whose duty it is to know everybody and everything. He takes their orders and in due course also receives the money. For the latter purpose he carries about a huge flat leather purse and a writing pad, and behind his ear is a pencil. These are his badges of office and he could not wear them with greater pride, even if they were the insignia of a marshal. Below him again is the "Speisentrager." It is his job to bring in the refreshments and afterwards to remove the dishes.

The "Speisentrager" carries out a practice which, I think, is peculiar to Vienna cafés. When he removes the cups he always leaves in their places two glasses of water for each person.

The idea is that when the customer finishes drinking his coffee that does not mean that he is going to dash out. Indeed not. He is barely starting the afternoon. If you go back an hour later or two hours, you will find him at the same table, smoking his sixteenth cigarette and reading his tenth newspaper. Well, the water is put there to eliminate the embarrassment that he might feel from sitting before a completely empty table. If he drinks one of the glasses, a fresh one is immediately deposited. If he wants to, he can remain at the table the entire afternoon and even on into the evening and all that anybody will expect him to drink during that time is the water which, of course, is gratis.

Getting out of a Vienna café is far from a simple matter. There is a regular ritual to go through. About half-an-hour before the time that you decided you want to leave, you automatically call out the word "Zahlen." That means "L'addition," or in English, "Waiter, bring the bill." But nothing happens as a result of your command. The "Ober" does not even indicate that he has heard you at all. You don't expect him to. That first "Zahlen" is merely the warning. Ten minutes later you shout it again, this time more loudly. The "Ober" responds by nodding his head, but that is all he does.

After another ten minutes you literally scream your command. That is precisely what "Herr Ober" has been waiting for. After he has politely inquired what it is you have had, he bills you accordingly. If you are narrow enough you can understate the amount you have eaten and get away with it, because the word of the customer is always accepted—but I have never seen anybody do it.

There are still three functionaries in connection with these cafés that have not been mentioned. Next to the "Speisentrager" comes the "Kuchentrager." His job is to carry from table to table a gigantic wooden platter loaded high with different kinds of cakes. If he is not in your immediate vicinity when you want him, you just shout "Kuchen," and pretty soon he will show up.

At the bottom of the scale is the "Piccolo," or as he is jokingly known, "Herr Unter," a jolly little chap, whose job it is to bring in the beer when it is ordered and to deposit the many glasses of water that are demanded.

Some cafés have still another official known as the "Dienstmann." He wears a cap with this word printed on it, and is usually very old and wobbly. Theoretically he is there to carry messages, but nobody ever seems to require his services.

The tip or "trinkgeld," as it is known in Teutonic countries, is divided between "Herr Ober" and the "Speisentrager." You usually fix the total gratuity at slightly in excess of 10 per cent. of your bill, since in these places you spend very little money. You give the "Ober" his share when you pay your bill, and leave the rest on the table for the "Speisentrager," not forgetting a few "groschen" for the "Piccolo" as well.

Just as in Paris and Berlin, Vienna cafés spread themselves over pavements and neighbouring vacant lots as soon as the weather commences to get at all warm.

There are a lot of beer gardens in Vienna, too, but they are not so favourite an institution as the cafés, and not nearly so prevalent as in Germany. There are several large ones amid the beautiful surroundings of the Volksgarten and the Stadtpark, where very fine orchestras perform.

You hear a lot of interesting tales in Vienna about members of the former reigning families of Austria. Family skeletons seem to constitute by far the most popular topic for conversation. If the Habsburgs had been a virtuous and decent-living bunch, I don't know what the people would have left to discuss. I suppose they would have gone a bit farther afield for their scandals. As it happens, however, it has certainly not been necessary for them to search beyond the royal precincts of their capital for material.

SEARCHING for FRANKLIN RELICS

By THOMA

"The Sphere" some time a Government to carry out a ne Franklin's fatal expedition. Th and for the first time the story Canadian correspondent by t it out, Major L. T. Burwas first photographs taken by Maj west Territories branch of t terior. These are the first aeri the actual scene

Terror Bay: The difficulty of searching this terrain may well be appreciated, as may the difficulty of landing an aeroplane on such ice-infested water

Brilliant Arctic sunshine over King William Island and the icy seas around. It is early in September, 1930, and already the sea is cluttered with drift ice. Early snowfalls barely whiten the land. Back from the shore, inland, is a freshwater lake, cold in the early winter, but still clear of ice. Then out of the northern sky wings the strangest craft the Arctic ever saw—a powerful monoplane with the Blue Goose insignia of Canadian Airways, Limited. Swiftly it circles towards the lake, then sweeps seaward again, and then in a huge curve speeds inland and finally drops down to the waters of the lake, settling like a great tired bird after a long migration. It taxis to the lake shore. Four men clamber out through the door in the fuselage, drop down to the floats, and make their way ashore. Chief among them is a short, stocky, powerful man whose white hair denotes his experienced years. Major "Lockie" Burwash, the famous Canadian Government explorer, is back again on King William Island, back in the tragic region where Franklin and his men perished, back to resume his long-continued but oft-interrupted search for more traces of the great explorer.

Burwash is followed by a much younger man, Richard Finnie, son of O. S. Finnie, director of the N.W.T. branch, but already following in the footsteps of Major Burwash. He is still in his twenties, but has already accomplished several Arctic expeditions. Pilot Gilbert and Mechanic Knight also land, and the quartette pulls the great 'plane ashore.

They have landed between Victory and Lady Jane Franklin Points on the north-west coast of King William Island, in which vicinity Franklin's ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were first abandoned on April 22, 1844.

As published in THE SPHERE previously, the Canadian Government bought from an old sailor who had been with Captain Hall's expedition in 1866, documents reputed to show the actual location of Franklin's grave. The aged seaman, who is now in Alaska, reported that as a young man he had been with Hall's expedition, but internal dissensions had arisen, and when the members of the expedition carried on their search some of the information they had gleaned was deliberately withheld from Hall. The old man claimed to be the possessor of information obtained from Eskimos, which indicated the exact location of Franklin's grave.

The old sailor's story was so substantiated by circumstantial evidence that the Canadian Government paid him for his story and documents, and in July last Major Burwash was instructed to proceed into the Arctic once more and make a search as indicated in the documents.

All previous expeditions into this area had been made in the winter time, but on this occasion the explorer decided to examine the area before the winter snow had buried the land. For this reason he planned his little aerial expedition and so went west and north.

At Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River, the Canadian Airways' 'plane, *Casm*, carried him across to the mouth of the Coppermine River. After a month's mining explorations and other work in the Coppermine area, Major Burwash wirelessed south for a 'plane to take him to King William Island. On August 14 the 'plane, *Casm*, arrived at the mouth of the Coppermine.

Franklin Cairn: A mo would hold the lo Here it is seen as foun

Franklin Cairn: Standing between Victory and Lady Jane Franklin Points, the cairn was thus rebuilt after excavation

The Explorer: Major Burwash with the pitiful relics found at Franklin Camp between Lady Jane Franklin Point and Victory Point. The cloth is of the same texture as that of the uniforms of Franklin's Expedition

In September, 1929, all Canada had been stirred by the disappearance in the Arctic of Colonel McAlpine and eight mining engineers and prospectors who had flown west from Hudson Bay and had failed to get through to the Mackenzie River. For weeks famous Canadian airmen braved the Arctic, searching for the McAlpine party. They were finally located south of Dease's Point, where they had abandoned their 'plane, and but for friendly Eskimos must have perished. The McAlpine 'plane was abandoned at Dease's Point and lay there for a year. When the *Casm* went north for Burwash it carried an extra pilot and mechanic, and before starting off with the explorer the airmen flew over to Dease's Point to try and salvage the McAlpine 'plane, *Cask*. To their intense astonishment, a tentative and casual turnover of the engine resulted in a roar that startled them. After lying out in the cold, clear air of the Arctic for a year, the abandoned engine sprang into life and activity. The supernumerary pilot and mechanic flew it out to the Coppermine under its own power. This was the 'plane which a year previously carried Mr. O. S. Finnie over the old Klondyke trail across the Rockies.

The Burwash expedition then got under way. Richard Finnie had gone down Coronation Gulf to King William Island by boat. Major Burwash, with Gilbert and Knight, prepared for their

Through Arctic Skies

WAYLING

outlined plans of the Canadian search in the Arctic for Sir John search has now been completed, told in detail to "The Sphere's" Canadian explorer who carried "The Sphere" also presents the Burwash on behalf of the North- Canadian Ministry of the In- photographs ever published of the Franklin disaster

flight. The salvaged *Cask* started south. All was ready for the *Casm* to take off, but as the engine warmed up she blew out a cylinder head. Efforts were made to repair the damage, but Major Burwash, chafing at the delay and the approach of winter, wirelessed south to Fort Norman. Here the *Cask* was held up and turned back, and so it was in the old Arctic veteran *Cask* that Burwash went to King William Island.

At the Coppermine River Settlement the Eskimos evinced an excited interest in the 'plane. All but two of them ventured and were taken for brief flights. Back at Fort Norman a tramp 'plane was taking up passengers at 5 dollars a trip. A young Indian went up, then later returned with another 5 dollars and went up again. (The local storekeeper complained bitterly to the pilot that he now had to stake the Indian to food as he had spent all his money flying.)

On September 4 the *Cask* started off for the 700-mile flight to Gjoa Haven on the south coast of King William Island. Here Dick Finnie was taken aboard, and with new supplies of petrol and oil the four adventurers started into the air again.

The great machine circled eastward and followed the east coast of the island, keeping a sharp lookout, for it was on this side of the island that the *Erebus* was reported to have drifted and sunk. The flight, however, was without incident, and the 'plane finally struck across James Ross Strait for the Magnetic Pole on Boothia Peninsula.

The region around the Pole was photographed without landing and the machine then turned westward and reached Victory Point at noon on September 5. The sea with its scattered ice was dangerous to land upon, and so the 'plane turned inland to the freshwater lake, where the landing was made and camp established.

No time was lost, and that same afternoon the expedition started on its searches. Traces of old camps and caches were found, but they had all been thoroughly searched by wandering Eskimos in the seventy years which have elapsed since the Franklin Expedition came to its disastrous end. McClintock and Schwatka had made thorough searches in 1859 and 1879. It was in this area that the body of Lieutenant J. Irving of the *Terror* had been recovered and taken back to Edinburgh for burial.

At Lady Franklin Point an old cairn was found, but there was nothing in it. Further searching that day proved fruitless, and so the day ended. As darkness came on Burwash recalled that it was his birthday.

On September 6 the search was resumed. The 'plane had not been much help in this respect, the terrain being so broken that a cairn could only be seen on the ground against the skyline. The party trudged along not far from the shoreline, when suddenly Major

nent which, it was hoped, records of the Expedition. Mr. Finnie' isseen above

Burwash uttered an exclamation and stopped dead. He had sighted a cairn about 500 ft. back from the sea.

Careful examination indicated that the cairn had stood untouched for years, and with hearts beating hopefully the explorers took down the cairn stone by stone. They scrutinized every move, but the coveted records did not appear. When the cairn had been finally demolished nothing lay within it but a square of broadcloth, similar to that used in sailors' uniforms in Franklin's day.

Mute Evidence of a Gallant Attempt: Light cordage found in Franklin Camp

There is a tradition that records should be buried ten feet north of the cairn marking them, and so excavations were made at the indicated spot, but nothing further came to light. So the searchers returned towards the coast. There was another stir of excitement as a gravel mound was sighted. It also was excavated, but nothing was found. Nearby, lying on the ground, however, were more pieces of the naval broadcloth.

Major Burwash recognized this fabric, for some years ago he had found similar pieces in the possession of Eskimos in other parts of the island. He had sent them to the British Admiralty, and careful tests revealed the cloth to be of the quality, texture, and material used in the uniforms of Franklin's men.

Further search of the ground in the vicinity, however, brought to light a piece of barrel stave, lengths of cordage of varying thickness, large pieces of canvas tent, a piece of rusty iron which appeared to have been a knife-blade, and a small heap of coal. The fuel was not scattered but was neatly piled in a little mound. One piece of coal was burned on one side; it had been in the fire.

The explorers then went north to Victory Point. They made a thorough examination of the locality named in the old sailor's documents, but no trace could be found of the reputed grave. The beach at this point rises

Naval Blue: Relics of broadcloth found in King William Island which have been tested and found to be cloth of the same texture as that forming the uniforms worn by the Expedition

in level shelves, and any cairns or mounds would have been readily seen. There was nothing.

That afternoon, therefore, camp was broken up and the 'plane took off in a southerly direction down the coast, over Erebus Bay and across Cape Crozier eastward, to Terror Bay. The sea-ice made landing dangerous, but when Major Burwash sighted what he believed to be another cairn the pilot came down to a safe landing.

The cairn proved to be a monument, for beneath it was a grave. It had been torn open before, however, and the bears and the foxes had ravaged it. Careful search was made for signs of identification, but although it appeared as though several men had been buried therein there was nothing left to indicate who they were.

Before the expedition started north Franklin's grandchildren in England expressed a wish to the Canadian Government, if Franklin's grave were found, that he be allowed to rest in the Arctic tomb wherein his comrades had buried him. This wish was carried out with respect to the grave on the shore of Terror Bay. The remains were reinterred, the grave filled in, and the cairn erected once more. Within it was placed a record written by Major Burwash.

Man Harness: Franklin's crew pulled their boats on sledges over snow and ice. The broad band prevented the rope from chafing

The petrol supply of the 'plane was by this time getting low, and so the machine took off in direct flight for Gjoa Haven, which now lay eastward, 400 miles away. The harbour was reached before darkness fell.

The next day Major Burwash and his little expedition took the air again and winged their way over Queen Maud Sea and down Coronation Gulf, photographing as they went and finally reaching Fort Smith. Major Burwash continued south to carry his report to Ottawa; but Dick Finnie, still under the spell of the Arctic, turned back, and is now living with the Eskimos and studying their lives.

From Edmonton Major Burwash took passage on the passenger 'planes of the Canadian Airways which wing their way daily across the prairies, and so came to Ottawa. Once more the Franklin mystery had eluded him, but he had narrowed down the search by visiting King William Island in the summer time and he had brought to civilization the first aerial photographs of the land where Franklin may lie buried.

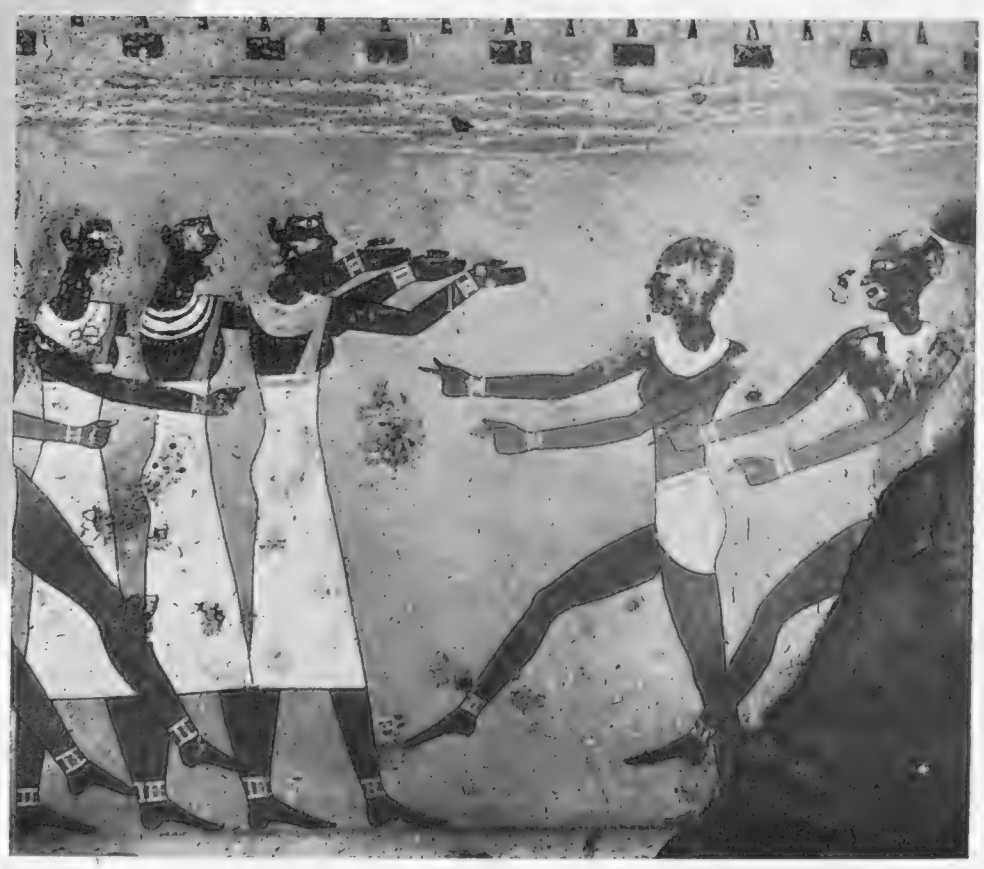
The Research Expedition: Major Burwash, Pilot Gilbert, Mr. Richard Finnie, an ardent Arctic explorer, and Mechanic Knight, with the veteran Arctic aeroplane *Cask* in the background

"THE ART of EGYPT

Illustrations and an Excerpt from the Book of this Title

STATUETTE OF HORUS AS A ROMAN GENERAL. The avenger of Osiris clad in habiliments made over-familiar to the House of Ptolemy by Marc Antony and his train

A CALCITE COSMETIC JAR: The tongue of the lion, the hinge of the lid, and the knobs are of ivory stained red. The heads of the prisoners forming the feet are of red and black stone. In this jar a microcosm of the Egytian mind is to be seen—in the deification of animals, in the hideous and cruel subordination of humanity (especially conquered humanity) to such bestial deities, the art that could evolve such an object of *vertu* and the artificial culture that entails the use of cosmetics



THE DANCING GIRLS: A wall painting in the tomb chapel of Antefoker at Thebes

"Egypt is in duration as it is in space a river flowing from the remoteness of time, from sources unknown, and never wholly losing itself in the sands. In spite of the continual intrusion of foreign elements, the fellah has preserved a sameness and fixity of type. Even the animals are unchanged—the oxen display to-day the characteristics depicted in Pharaonic frescoes. . . .

"Yet all these notions of monotony, conventionality, pompousness, heaviness, ornateness, realism, with which Egyptian art was indiscriminately labelled, are only true of the worst works of the later periods, when a degenerate and bastard form appeared. They do not apply to the monuments of the early dynasties, with their sober and powerful lines, nor to the classical sculpture of the twelfth century, nor to that exquisite flowering of the Amarna period when a search for plastic refinement and subtlety replaced the austerity of the early masters. 'Faces treated before in an architectonic way begin to reflect inner emotion; the diffuse light now centres on eyelids and lips. The skin seems living and delicately transparent under the eyes. The dramatic pathos of movement is a new element, which serves to express the personality of the king (Akhnaton), whose hidden traits captivated the artist.' One cannot say of Egypt that it was 'pagan' in the narrow sense of the word. More than Hellenic art, Egyptian art carries us away from earthly realities. This religious character seems to have always been one of the traits of the Egyptians."

THROUGH the AGES"

Edited by **Sir E. Denison Ross,** Published by **The Studio**

THE PRINCESS KAWIT TAKING REFRESHMENT WHILE HER HAIR IS BEING DRESSED: One of the reliefs adorning her limestone sarcophagus found at Der El-Bahri—a vivid illustration of the permanence of various traits in human nature, for to-day milady often sips a cocktail while undergoing the ministrations of the *coiffeur*. To the left in the bas-relief (though not in the picture) is a standing figure pouring liquid

THE FIRST MONOTHEIST IN HISTORY: The Pharaoh Akhnaton who, caring nothing for temporal power, cast aside Egyptian dominion to establish the new (solar) religion

AN IBEX AT THE BOW of an ornamental alabaster boat

This quotation from the stupendous volume on Egyptian art published by the STUDIO LTD., and edited by SIR E. DENISON ROSS, dedicated to King Fuad, sets the scholarly and sympathetic tone of the entire work. No fewer than ten famous Egyptologists have contributed various chapters to the book, which also contains magnificent illustrations of Pharaonic and post-Pharaonic treasures, some of which are reproduced above. The two calcite pieces illustrated on this page date from the reign of Tutankhamen. These were, on the authority of Mr. Howard Carter (who writes of this period), novelties; for stone-carving of this delicacy had hitherto been unknown. They are wrought in semi-translucent alabaster. The extraordinary conventional treatment of the god Horus, the hawk-head deity who avenged the death of Osiris upon Seth in the ancient mythology, shows to what a depth the Græco Roman influence permeated the country—an influence which doubtless came to its climax when a Roman *Triumvir* ruled as uncrowned king over the valley of the Nile. The book is admirably produced, the references from text to illustration being so easy that the layman and even the ignoramus on matters Egyptian may derive from it almost as much pleasure as the expert. The language of the various articles is simple and the prose lucid; the photographic reproduction excellent and the typography delightful. The work is organized chronologically—Peet writing on the Predynastic Period, Hale on the Old Kingdom, Peet and Blackman on the Middle Kingdom, Newberry on the New Kingdom, Carter on Tutankhamen, Gardner on the Ptolemaic Period, Gaselee on the Coptic Period, Creswell on Muslim architecture, Arnold and Devonshire on Muslim metalwork, etc

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

LANGUAGE LESSONS IN A CAFE: While Vienna plays bridge in its coffee houses, Berlin, at any rate at the famous Uhlandeck *at Kurfürstendamm, becomes studious. On Mondays different tables are marked with different flags and at each sits a teacher of the language represented by the national emblem of the table. Conversation is stimulated by the instructor and chatter soon becomes general. Dancing "in various languages" is also indulged in*

BUREAUCRACY RUN RIOT.—Characterized by *Pravda*, chief organ of the Communist Party, as "innocent idiotism," the following comic example of bureaucratic stupidity comes to me from Russia through a friend there:—

Comrade Vorobyev, Russian for "sparrow," as head of a small co-operative store, was called upon to sign a document referring to some supplies in the provinces. The telegram read, "Increase supply 13530," which Comrade Sparrow signed as required. Received at a town called Yonovo-Ezhovka by the regional executive committee, this order from the Central Office was understood as "Increase supply 13,530 sparrows."

The president of the Yonovo-Ezhovka soviet called a conference of officials and active workers, and announced the arbitrary demand from Moscow for 13,530 sparrows, which he was reluctant to discuss as he could not explain the unprecedented procurement. The very mystery of it all lent some anxiety, and added zest to the work of collecting the birds. Children were pressed into service, the sparrows were hunted continuously by day, and at night by lanterns. In the middle of the sparrow campaign, Yonovo-Ezhovka was honoured by the visit of regional officials on a mission of investigation. At any other time their arrival would have been regarded as an event of paramount importance. But it paled before that of the Central Office's telegraphed orders for 13,530 sparrows. Unwilling to admit that they knew nothing of Moscow's intentions towards the feathered victims, the visiting officials decided to identify themselves with the sparrow collection. The town of Yonovo-Ezhovka called upon the village of Alexandrovka to help in the task which they felt was beginning to get a little overwhelming. All was going well, the trapped birds increasing in number as the tedious job proceeded, Yonovo-Ezhovka complacently anticipating approval and applause from headquarters, until one night some cats invaded the sparrow collection and ate over 200 of them. This act was declared to be "wrecking" and a deliberate attempt to sabotage the Government. The sparrow procurement had become famous, and Comrade Emelianova, director of the regional consumers' society, appeared on the scene to clear up some points. How much were sparrows worth? Were they to be delivered alive or dead? In her very natural zeal to give satisfaction, Comrade Emelianova queried the Central Office on the subject. The sparrow procurement bubble burst as an absurd example of unthinking, mechanical bureaucracy.

AIR-LINES.—France has over-reached herself in the air. The virtual bankruptcy of the Aéropostale, one of the longest air-mail lines in the world, with debts aggregating £1,000,000, has clearly revealed that national ambition, commendable vision, admirable enterprise and initiative were running ahead of sound judgment when it came to a question of practical financial possibilities in the immediate future of aviation.

France's commercial air-interests over-stretched themselves. In part driven by fear that the Germans might out-rival them, in part by their own appreciation of the political influence and prestige that is increasingly rising from the sea to the air, the French seized upon all the air-lines they could lay hands on between Europe and South America. Among other advantages, they secured the exclusive air monopoly of all the best situated "taking off" places of Portugal, Portuguese West Africa, and the natural "key" aerodromes of the Atlantic—the Azores and the Cape Verdes. They were ahead of the times. It did not, could not, pay. Typical French politics interfered, unclarified financing weakened the organization, and keen competition of the Pan-American Airways with massed capital behind it drove one of the three largest air-transport companies in Europe to the wall. It is the greatest failure of an aviation enterprise in Europe since that of the Junkers in Russia several years ago. The latter cost the Germans more than £1,500,000.

There is as yet more romance than money in the air in this present stage of aviation. The Aéropostale is one proof of that. Another is the disappointment of adventurous and lucky spirits who by their flying skill, courage, and daring flew into the often somewhat delusive public limelight, only to discover afterwards that it is indeed difficult to compress romance of the air into money. Still another aspect is the disillusionment of thousands of young men, especially in America, who, inspired by their own and popular enthusiasm, encouraged by glowing advertisements of "The Air as a Career," learned to fly, and now find that there are very few jobs to be had. For many of these, romance has assumed an aspect of tragedy. The prediction that "'planes will become as popular as motor cars" may be realized one day, if no time-limit is set on that prophecy. 'Planes are still too expensive, their maintenance too costly, insurance too high. I know, for I am a pilot-owner myself.

In commercial air-transport, too much talk of "economy" has a bad psychological effect on the air-travelling public. The latter immediately associates it with deteriorating material, longer hours for pilots and mechanics, and less frequent or less careful inspection. It at once deters timid people from travelling by air. I have observed that again and again. The air-travelling public does not want to hear the word "economize" in connection with air-transport.

I was in Morocco when news of the failure of the Aéropostale came out. People who had flown there in 'planes of that line would not use the same 'planes and line to return to the Continent after that. "They will economize, and that's bad in the air," several told me.

There are two countries within which I have not heard the word "economy" in connection with air-lines—Holland and Russia. Nor does the Imperial Airways "economize" in its service. That is one of the reasons why there is such confidence in British and Dutch 'planes.

THE DOOM OF DEMOCRACY.—Mussolini, superman, creator of one of the great Powers of this post-war world "made safe for democracy," recently again emphasized his unchanging views regarding the "illusion of democracy."

"Democracy is the form of government which gives, or tries to give, the people the *illusion* that they are sovereign. The instruments of this illusion vary according to time and race, but its essentials and its purpose remain the same," declared the Duce the other day to a newspaper published in the French language in Rome.

Six years ago, on the first occasion I ever met him, the Dictator of Italy expressed himself to me on the same subject. The significance and influence of his striking utterances have been with me ever since.

"Mass cannot govern mass. Quantity cannot govern quantity." His voice vibrated with intensity through the vast room in the Chigi Palace where he was installed at that time. "Liberty! Is there such a thing as liberty? Civilization is the inversion of personal liberty, which in the long run resolves itself into a matter of space—more space, more liberty. Those who would benefit from the advantages of civilization must necessarily pay in the coin of personal freedom. When the Liberals call out for 'Liberty,' they display their ignorance of the rudiments of the mechanism of government."

His quiet, measured tones quivered almost defiantly, "I maintain there can be no such thing as liberty." To-day he challenges the "illusion of democracy" in a world of increasingly numerous democracies. The Duce's irrefutable viewpoint has been proved throughout history and is being proved now. Attempts on the part of mass to govern mass have ever resulted in chaos, not government; in revolution, not construction. The chief weakness and national danger peculiar to democracies is the tendency to destructive disunion, feud, and faction. The political situations in Germany, Austria, France, and Poland adequately illustrate Mussolini's meaning. The very fact that Britain has since the close of the War lacked an inspired, nationally-respected leader, threatens to imperil traditional British solidarity.

Progress, political and economic, emancipation and education of the masses, organized benefit for the individual, have been most pronounced in countries where mass follows a leader. Kemal Pasha of Turkey, for instance, Riza Khan of Persia, Ibn Saud of the Hedjaz, Mussolini of Italy himself. Dictator Chiang Kai-shek is trying to do the same for China, and has been very successful within the radius of his direct influence, which has not yet, however, had the material time to reach 500,000,000 people. Soviet Russia, plunged into the most spectacular experiment of Socialism and Communism the world has ever witnessed, never once considered jeopardizing the possibility of success as Russia sees it by allowing mass to govern mass. Their vast experiment is handled and directed by Stalin from the Kremlin. The Fire of Pentecost set no precedent for collective inspiration. Capriciously, one is tempted to think, do the jealous gods relinquish now and then a divine spark of inspiration and leadership. "Varying according to time and race," as the Duce said, "the chosen instrument fulfils a destiny—to conquer an empire, found a faith, remodel a nation, free a people, champion an ideal; to rule, to lead, to guide, to inspire. Yesterday by force of steel and prison bars, to-day by persuasion of the 'illusion of democracy' and mirage of a 'liberty' increasingly elusive in this age of industrialization and standardization."

JEWELS OF THE LABORATORY.—While the diamond trade is at a standstill, Bond Street and Rue de la Paix jewellers in deep depression, and to be "broke" no longer an expression of jolly snobbery but grim fact, science, in the person of Professor Wilhelm Eitel, head of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Silicate Research, launches news of a discovery suggesting that the old-fashioned kind of diamonds and jewels will soon be out-of-date anyhow, so why worry about them. A glittering future of synthetic stones more beautiful than the most precious gems of to-day lies before us.

The Professor declares he can produce synthetic stones "far more beautiful than anything Nature has produced. By applying the pressure of as much as 5,000 atmospheres, the result is a glass of astounding hardness and perfection.

So much for the consolation of the new-rich or everlastingly poverty-stricken. The scientist realizes that he ought to be sorry for the jewellers, too. He is. But only because he has made so little progress in the making of glass windows through which their "modern" stock is to gleam invitingly.

"The ordinary window-pane of to-day is made of exactly the same ingredients used in the same proportion to one another as the glass made over 5,000 years ago by the Syrians. This product has not experienced the least change, as there is really no other way of making it."

ESTHONIA'S BID FOR COMMERCE: A new aerial view of the harbour at Reval, showing the recent improvements which have rendered this port on the Gulf of Finland one of the most prosperous in Europe

PRAYING *for the* SOULS *of* JAPANESE STEAMERS

And Other Pictures of Items of Interest from Abroad

PRAYERS FOR THE SOULS OF INANIMATE OBJECTS: The scene at Osaka when members of the Ship-breakers' Guild offered up prayers according to Buddhist rites for the vessels broken up since 1923

THE CHAIRMAN PRAYS: Mr. Seiichi Sakamoto, the Chairman of the Guild of Ship-breakers in Japan, makes his obeisance before the high priest and invokes his prayers for the "souls" of the 109 steamers demolished in the eight years since 1923 representing 455,200 gross tons. The personification of vessels (seen in the habit of referring to them by feminine pronouns) here reaches its apex

"THE PRINCE OF SALES" and Prince George chatting in Buenos Aires. T.R.H. have in the one case achieved and in the other enhanced a great popularity by the democracy of their bearing and the affability of their manner

THE FINEST MARITIME RAILWAY STATION IN EUROPE: A picture from Genoa showing the splendid new building which has just been completed at the famous Mediterranean port. A new bridge carries the road from the town to the station across the permanent way

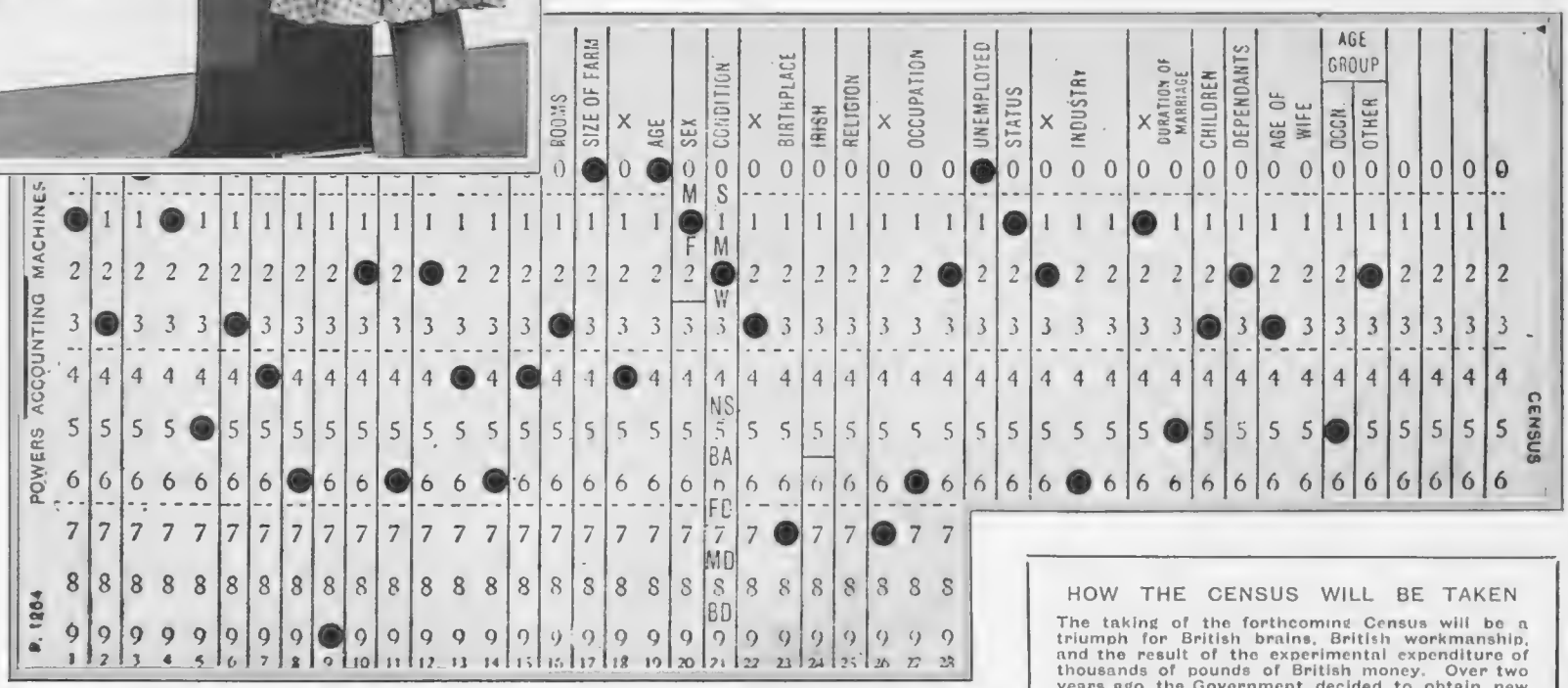
HANSEATIC TOWNS UNITED: Hamburg and Lubeck, two autonomous States, deriving their freedom from the old Trade League, are to unite. A new society is at work on the fusion. The town hall of Hamburg is seen above

"THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD": The Egyptian Exploration Society, headed by Mr. John Pendlebury, during an expedition to El-Amarna, 200 miles south of Cairo, has discovered the only complete early Egyptian town yet found. Here a quarter-of-a-million people, before the birth of Moses, followed the first monotheistic faith, the solar deity of Akhnaton. It was abandoned in 1315 B.C. Above is seen an inscribed lintel with the cartouche of Akhnaton and Nefertiti

FORTY MILLION PUNCHED CARDS

The Taking of the Census

PRINTING—COUNTING—SORTING: The astounding new machine which has been devised to assist in the taking of the Census. It deals with over 20,000 cards an hour and provides thirty-eight totals. It segregates, counts and prints in clear figures the total of each group according to the holes punched on the cards



A PUNCHED CARD: One of the cards with forty-five totals which are used in the compilation of the Census. These cards are prepared by a special staff and incorporate in prearranged numerical code the data accumulated in the schedules filled in by the public. The punching of the 40,000,000 cards will take a year

COPING WITH THE CENSUS: Some of the key-punching machines which will deal with 40,000,000 cards prepared to incorporate in code the statistics gathered by the 40,000 enumerators employed in the gigantic house-to-house canvass undertaken on Sunday, April 26

HOW THE CENSUS WILL BE TAKEN

The taking of the forthcoming Census will be a triumph for British brains, British workmanship, and the result of the experimental expenditure of thousands of pounds of British money. Over two years ago the Government decided to obtain new and special machinery, and for that period hundreds of British workmen have been employed carrying out the new ideas of the engineers entrusted with the task of evolving machines capable of doing a most complicated work. In one case thousands of pounds have been expended on altering and perfecting a machine which will be used for the first time. This year, when all the schedules have been collected and bound into books corresponding with each local area, and the vast business of co-ordinating and grouping the returns is finished, a section of the Census staff will examine the written information and translate each entry into prearranged numerical codes. Then the machines will be brought into operation. Forty million cards will be passed through punching machines at the rate of about 350 cards an hour, each hole denoting some item for the recording of an essential fact. It will take 150 girls about a year to complete the punching, for it must be remembered that each of these millions of cards has forty-five columns. Once punched these cards have all to be sorted into groups and counted. To accomplish this stupendous task a printing-counting-sorting machine of a new type will be used for the first time. This is the machine referred to earlier. It will deal with over 20,000 cards an hour, and it will provide thirty-eight different totals. It segregates, counts, and prints in clear figures the totals of each group according to the holes punched on the cards. It is from the cards as they leave this machine that the statistical reports upon the result of the Census will eventually be prepared. It is probable that the Census will be taken every five instead of ten years owing to the necessity for the Government to obtain statistics as a result of the Local Government Act, 1929. It is probable that the L.C.C. and other public bodies will adopt these machines for statistics dealing with personnel, health, and living accommodation figures. Between twelve and fourteen millions of the ordinary household forms will be distributed. 40,000 enumerators are to be employed. A sort of school for enumerators is being carried on now at the Census headquarters at Acton, where the calculating machines are being installed. This year's Census is expected to cost just under £240,000

HONOURED *by the* NAVY, A GREAT ARTIST GOES HOME

The Passing of W. L. Wyllie, R.A., the Great Painter of Marine Subjects

THE LAST VOYAGE: The coffin of the late W. L. Wyllie, R.A., in a twelve-oared galley manned by Sea Scouts and escorted by naval pinnaces en route *from Portsmouth to Porchester, where it was interred in the family vault. The galley is seen passing H.M.S.* Nelson

THE MARITIME FUNERAL OF W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.: An aerial view of the funeral procession of boats en route *to the cemetery (see on right). This is a unique view of Porchester Castle and the little church within the castle area. The latter belonged to a priory of Austin Canons founded in 1133 and has a fine Norman west front. Dominating Porchester, some seven miles from Portsmouth, is the Nelson monument erected by the great Admiral's comrades at Trafalgar*

Inset—*The coffin is seen being borne between lines of Sea Scouts to the galley wherein it was rowed from Portsmouth to Porchester for interment. The funeral was remarkably impressive*

SET IN A FOREST GLADE: A general view of the Exhibition centring on the Madagascar Pavilion. The work is, as may be seen, still in progress

A NEGRO VILLAGE: The colossal Empire (about which an article appears in this section of "The Sphere") created in Africa by the great European Republic is shown by the remarkable exhibits thereof in this Exhibition. This entire village is an accurate representation of the type of settlements in the Saharan hinterland

THE TANGLED ARTS OF THE EAST INDIES: The complicated ornamentation which is, in Europe, symptomatic of the Baroque and its decadence is, in the East, the norm. This pavilion is one of those representing the Colonial Empire of Holland, and is, therefore, cast in the mould of Java and Sumatra

THE PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE: The great snakes adorning the Temple of Angkor Wat—the great sculptural relic of Cambodia, France's possession in Indo-China Save for a slight freshness, it is difficult to differentiate between the original and the replica, so accurate has been the workmanship

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FRANCE DISPLAYS HER EMPIRE

Latest Pictures of the International Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes which Opens at the End of this Month

THE FRENCH WEST INDIES: The façade of the Martinique Pavilion which, with that of Guadaloupe, forms the exhibition of French activity in the south-west Atlantic

EQUATORIAL AFRICA: *One of the finest of the pavilions in the entire exhibition—showing to the world the enormous strides France has made in what has hitherto regarded almost as terra incognita—an article on which appears on pages 106–7 of this issue.* Inset above on right *are the decorations on one of the Indo-China pavilions. An e on the International Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes (which is mainly, though by no means entirely, French) from the pen of Mr. Jossleyn Hennessy, our special Paris correspondent, appears on the following page*

A RELIC OF MADAGASCAR: One aspect of the pavilion devoted to this island off the East Coast of Africa. In the foreground is the ruin of an ancient temple of rude, though powerful, workmanship

FRANCE DISPLAYS HER EMPIRE—IN PARIS

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

I am not one of those who cannot see any good in the things of their own country, and who find everything abroad infinitely superior. At the same time, homage where homage is due, and I think that most people will admit that in the important matters of cooking and exhibitions our French neighbours *connaissent bien leur affaire*. A few days ago I was privileged on behalf of THE SPHERE to go all over the French Colonial Exhibition which opens in Paris at the end of this month, and I came away with feelings of admiration for the architects and producers who have housed and staged some really wonderful exhibits in settings of real beauty and artistic value.

Comparisons may be odious but they are definitely great fun, and in any case it is impossible for an Englishman to visit the French Colonial Exhibition without at once thinking of Wembley. From the point of view of beauty and (here I speak for the layman and not for the business man) interest, I think the Paris show beats Wembley. The French, however, have had a far easier task than the organizers of Wembley; half their battle was won by being able to use the outskirts of the Forest of Vincennes, with a large natural lake ready to hand. The result is that unlike the flat ground Wembley, where buildings of all sizes and shapes jostled each other and diminished the effect that they could have produced if seen alone, the palaces and pavilions of the French Exhibition stand amidst clearings in beautiful forest glades and their domes and towers are seen from afar rising out of the faintly stirring green of the tree tops. Consider for a moment how wonderful Wembley might have appeared set amidst Savernake or the New Forest.

A second advantage, of which the French organizers have made the most, is that their colonies are all in countries with picturesque and out of the way civilizations, quite unlike our own. On the other hand Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, for example, are peopled by our brothers and sisters; their pavilions showed us ideas of life with which we are more or less familiar. Merely to name a few of the French colonies is to conjure up visions of exotic strangeness and romance, which, be it said, are fully realized in a wonderful series of palaces, temples, and native towns of Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, Syria, and the Pacific Islands.

In one respect, however, Wembley will have left the Paris Exhibition, and indeed almost any future Continental exhibition, simply nowhere, for there will be nothing to compare with the magnificent torchlight tattoos which thrilled and awed us in London. In passing, it may not be out of place to observe that our military tattoos are a unique feature of our island life, and if their organizers set about it properly they could make them the same kind of international attraction as the Bayreuth festival, the Leipzig fair, or the Oberammergau play. Trump cards like this are not meant to be kept up the British sleeve: they are meant to be played.

As an illustration of the thoroughness with which the French understand the organization of their exhibitions, I would draw attention to the fact that the Colonial Exhibition is not, strictly speaking, the *French* Colonial Exhibition, but the *International* Colonial Exhibition, for all colonial Powers were invited to exhibit, and six have accepted. This makes the exhibition an attraction not only to the French, but to the citizens of the other participants who in their own national pavilion have an added inducement to go. By contrast, too, the size and number of the French exhibits will stand out and enhance the prestige of the world's second colonial empire. It was, of course, impossible for the British Empire to accept the invitation because, for worthy representation, an area as big again as the whole of the present grounds would have been necessary, and to put in a solitary pavilion would have created a very false impression. British participation is therefore confined to a stand in the *Cité des Informations*.

While one of the objects of the exhibition is certainly to show the world France's colonial effort, its prime object, I should say, is really to develop the "empire-consciousness" of the average Frenchman. If the outside world knows little of the French Republican Empire, with its population of over a hundred millions, still less is it known in France, for, with the exception of an active and brilliant handful of men ardently interested in the "imperial idea" and the development of France overseas, nowhere is public opinion more concentrated on the proper working and management of the parish pump than across the Channel. Paris is a cosmopolitan city, where foreign affairs are naturally much discussed, but the foreigner cannot be reminded too frequently that Paris most certainly is not France. France, with 53 per cent. of her population on the land, is still the country of the peasant proprietor, and *grandpère* Dupont is either indifferent to Indo-China, or indicates very clearly to his local *député* that he considers money voted for the local post office a good investment, and money voted for the subsidy of the air-mail route to Saigon is a bad investment. It is, therefore, largely to arouse his interest in Greater France, by showing him the magnificent work achieved by his fellow countrymen overseas, that the Colonial Exhibition has been undertaken.

The chief French palaces and pavilions of the exhibition are those of Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, French West Africa, French Equatorial Africa, French African Mandated Territories, Madagascar, Indo-China, Guadeloupe, Réunion, Martinique, Syria and Lebanon, and the Pacific Islands. Of the other countries there are the Belgian, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, United States, and Danish pavilions to be seen. To go over all the varied, beautiful and interesting exhibits would take three or four days, and it is difficult to suggest which are those which must not be missed.

Undoubtedly the most striking to the eye is the amazing reproduction in its actual dimensions of the vast and massive temple of Angkor Wat, approached from the lake by a long stone-paved and balustraded avenue ending in an ascent of hundreds of steps to the temple door. By a happy chance the friend who accompanied me on my visit to the exhibition had seen the original only a few months ago: he stood amazed and assured me that, save for an air of having been recently cleaned and polished up, the illusion was startling. Of the many fascinating curiosities to be seen, the Souks, or native quarter of Tunis, should certainly be visited. Here in a maze of narrow streets, many covered in by vaulted roofs, are little old decrepit houses which look as though they would fall down at any moment were it not for each other's support. All along the way native artisans are singing at their work or calling out their wares to the passers-by. The strident cries of the vendors of coffee mingle with the tinkle of chasers hammering copper into shining pots or ornamental trays.

Farther along a snake charmer pipes to his snakes hissing as they sway. The rich smells of leather which a tireless native embroiders with gold and silver mingles with the concentrated essences of the perfumer, and, even if my possibly ultra-sensitive nose was alarmed by a strong cross-current of the penetrating odour from the fritter merchants frying oil, I was entranced by this glimpse of another world. I would also recommend intending visitors to see the pavilions of the French Pacific Islands; from the economic point of view these islands may not be of first-class importance, but their pavilions at Vincennes have a peculiar lovely charm quite different from anything else in the exhibition. A particularly interesting exhibit in this section is an animated diorama of the deep sea fishes found off Tuamotu; a cunning arrangement of changing hidden lights enables the rich and varied colours of the fishes to appear as they would at the different ocean depths in which they swim. Readers of the article on Clipperton which appeared in THE SPHERE for February 14th will wonder what sinister influences have been at work to prevent the erection of a Clipperton pavilion in the Pacific Isles section.

But the present article is not meant to replace the official guide book (which, by the way, should be bought at its proper price *inside* the exhibition and not outside for three times as much), and everyone can decide for himself what he wants to see far better than the best intentioned of advisers.

The choice of Marshal Lyautey as organizer-in-chief of the exhibition is a particularly happy one, and, for a very unusual reason, was almost inevitable. This fine old warrior is one of the most capable, as well as one of the most popular figures in France, who did deeds of valour as Commander-in-Chief of the armies in Morocco during the Great War that have become legendary. But probably his most famous military exploit was the organization of the great exhibition of Casablanca in 1916. At that time a handful of French troops were all that could be spared from the western front to keep the French peace in Morocco.

It was most necessary to create the impression amongst the native population that all was going well with the Allied cause. Lyautey organised therefore the exhibition at Casablanca, which not only created the right "business as usual" impression, but, even more, it might not be going too far to assert that it settled the fate of all Northern Africa. Here I quote the laconic words of the report sent in to Paris at the time by the French Commander-in-Chief: "I would remind you of Abd-es-Selam . . . In June, 1915, he was the chief leader of the Harkas who were troubling our northern zone. In spite of his defeat, he refused every term of submission offered to him, when suddenly in September he himself made new offers . . . accepting without discussion all the disarmament conditions and fines which were imposed, *provided that he was allowed to visit the Casablanca Exhibition.* He came, and I received him there. Since then, it is he who commands the tribes which cover our front on Ouergha . . ."

From between the lines of this brief soldierly report springs the vision of the distracted Abd-es-Selam torn between his desire for independence and his desire to visit the glories of the Casablanca Exhibition. What a tribute both to the attractions and to the pacifying influence of an exhibition organized by the gallant Marshal! In any future emergency one pictures the League of Nations hastily summoning him to pour an exhibition on troubled waters!

THE EAST AFRICA SECTION: A general view of one of the most picturesque group of buildings at Vincennes

FRANCE'S EMPIRE *in* NORTHERN AFRICA

Ewing Galloway

DESERT TRANSPORT, ANCIENT AND MODERN: Peaceful penetration is effected by the French motor highway

A NATIVE TRADER IN NORTHERN AFRICA: One of the old time-honoured centres of Moroccan commerce. It is set outside the old Moorish gateway of Rabat. *Inset above on right* is a typical North African sheikh

In this section of "The Sphere" we deal with the vast expansion of France's Colonial Empire in North and West Africa—an expansion which France, alone of the Great Powers, has had the foresight, initiative, and energy to foster and maintain, while still continuing her place as a dominant factor in the Conferences that have obsessed the attention of the other nations of Europe during the post-War period. Unhampered at once by international complications and Parisian Passfields, France has created a *bloc* which on the one hand gives her a source of wealth and man-power and, on the other hand, may well prove a buttress for the dominance of the white race

FRANCE'S *Republican*

"Le Bloc Africain Français"

By R. V. C

PETROL IN THE DESERT: A "Shell" depot in the chief Mozabite oasis—that of El Ghardaia in the Sahara. Nowadays the camel is being dispossessed of his monopoly of desert travel by the motor car and motor coach

When in July, 1830, the French Army, after a campaign of barely three weeks, marched into the city of Algiers, France had laid the foundations of one of the mightiest colonial empires in the world. The French flag at last flew over African soil, thus fulfilling the ambitions of the sixteenth-century traders of Henri III who had visited the port of Algiers in 1580, and avenged the defeats inflicted on the fleets of Louis XIV by the Barbary corsairs.

The plans used by the generals of Charles X to assault Algiers were based on those which had been drawn up in 1808 at the time when Napoleon was imagining a French colonial empire of the same magnitude as that of the Romans of two thousand years before, though it is doubtful whether even the emperor's ambitious mind ever visualized the immensity of *Le Bloc Africain* which was to be realized under the plebeian auspices of the Third Republic. To-day, even, there are not many travellers spending a winter holiday in North Africa who have any conception of the stupendous achievement of France in the knitting-together of this immense territory.

To the average tourist who leaves the misty London station in search of warmth and sunshine the country he is about to visit is probably a somewhat uncertain vision of blue skies, palm trees, and disdainful camels. The inspired painters of the P.L.M. railway posters have dazzled his eyes with enchanting prospects of golden beaches and rolling expanses of sand, rosy in a perpetual sunset, while the scaleless maps of the tourist agencies have graven in his mind the names Algiers, Biskra, Tunis, and Timbuktu, leaving him with a vague impression that all these places are in the same country and within easy reach of one another. He has probably not realized that Algeria differs greatly from Tunisia and Morocco in people and in physical aspects, or that those countries are in direct communication with Equatorial Africa. He would be surprised to hear that he could travel in a straight line from the Channel ports of France for nearly four thousand miles and, with the exception of crossing the Mediterranean, remain the whole time in French territory, requiring no other intermediary for expression than the French language and with need of no other currency than French francs.

Four million three hundred and forty thousand square miles of French territory, a part of which, it is true, is unfertile, but the rest so productive that its riches more than compensate for the tracts of desert.

What makes the achievement all the more remarkable is that the French are bad colonizers in that, unlike the British, they do not assimilate themselves to the countries which they occupy, and are consequently unwilling settlers. The home country remains always foremost in their minds and, with rare exceptions, the French colonist will somehow manage to retire to France and end his days in his native town. I have myself seen numerous examples of French colonial landowners who could have remained in affluence in their prosperous African homesteads, preferring to sell out in order to live their old age in comparative poverty in their own Department. I have also had before me cases of young men brought up in North Africa who had chosen to be bank clerks or lawyers in France earning small salaries with meagre prospects, rather than carry on their fathers' work in wealthy circumstances, but in so-called exile!

Contrarily, Frenchmen are excellent colonial administrators and utilize their inherent patriotism to make of their possessions overseas Provinces of France. To the Englishman, accustomed to the system of government applied to British Dependencies in Africa and in the East, the French method at first appears to be fraught with dangers; but after many years in North Africa, intermingled with journeys to various parts of the world, I have come to the conclusion that the French are right and have moreover proved themselves so by the fact that of all colonial empires theirs has given the least trouble.

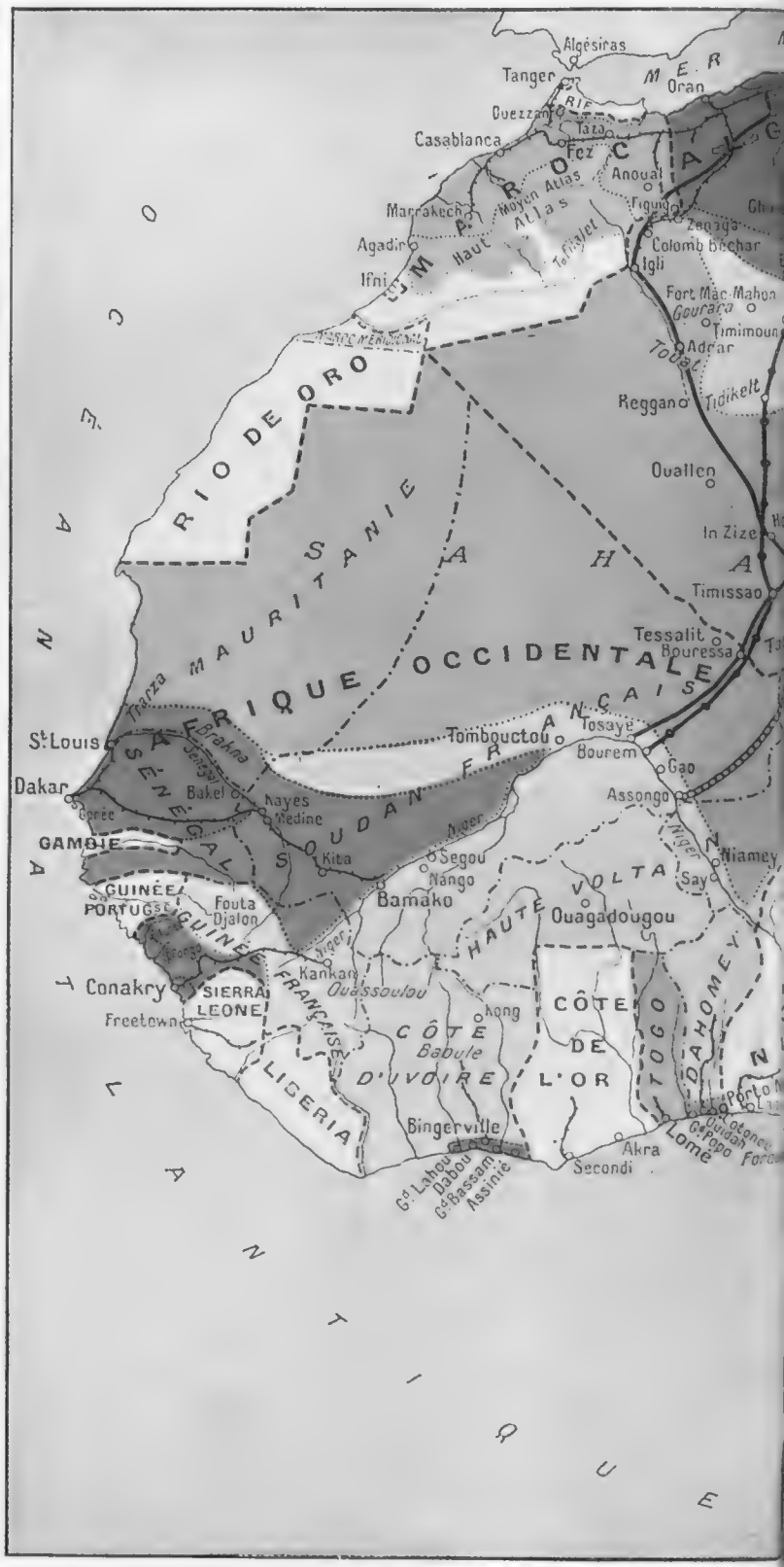
The French argument for their method of administration is that, having sacrificed money and lives in the conquest of overseas dominions, they are not going quietly to submit to the natives becoming autonomous and taking back the lands after they have been developed and made habitable at French expense. Whatever happens, they are going to remain French.

This, however, can only be done economically by populating the countries with Frenchmen; but as, even if there were sufficient surplus people from France to carry this out, the racial instincts make it impossible, the only solution is to turn the natives into Frenchmen who will regard France as their mother country. The success with which this policy is being carried out is unbelievable until one has seen it.

THE EDUCATION OF THE ARAB into good French citizens is largely the work of the White Fathers—a scene from El Golea

Take as an example the French North African possessions, Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco. A century ago Algeria was a roadless wilderness inhabited by nomad tribes, fanatical and ignorant of all outside the teachings of Muhammad, while the cities were held by the Barbary corsairs who lived by open piracy on the high seas.

To-day Algeria is divided into Departments which send Deputies and Senators to sit in the Chamber and the Senate in Paris. The Arabs, who have practically the same



"LE BLOC AFRICAIN FRANÇAIS": The Regio

The above map of the huge portion of the African Continent, now controlled by France, is reproduced direct from one of the most recent French charts. The whole of the tinted area indicates French territory. Varying degrees of density indicate the length of time since the occupation of a particular area. Thus the two darkest areas—Algeria and Senegal—indicate that these are the two oldest colonial areas within the African dominion of France, having been occupied before 1871. The paler tint round Algeria and in the South indicates territory colonised between 1871 and 1885; the Western and yet paler shaded tint, from 1885 to 1900; the huge bulk of the Sahara from 1900 to 1914; and the area marked Togo and Cameroun since 1914. The

rights as Frenchmen and all their social privileges (with the exception of some of the nomads), all write and speak French. Those chiefs, who can afford it, spend their holidays in France; the less wealthy go up to Algiers and stay at the best hotels.

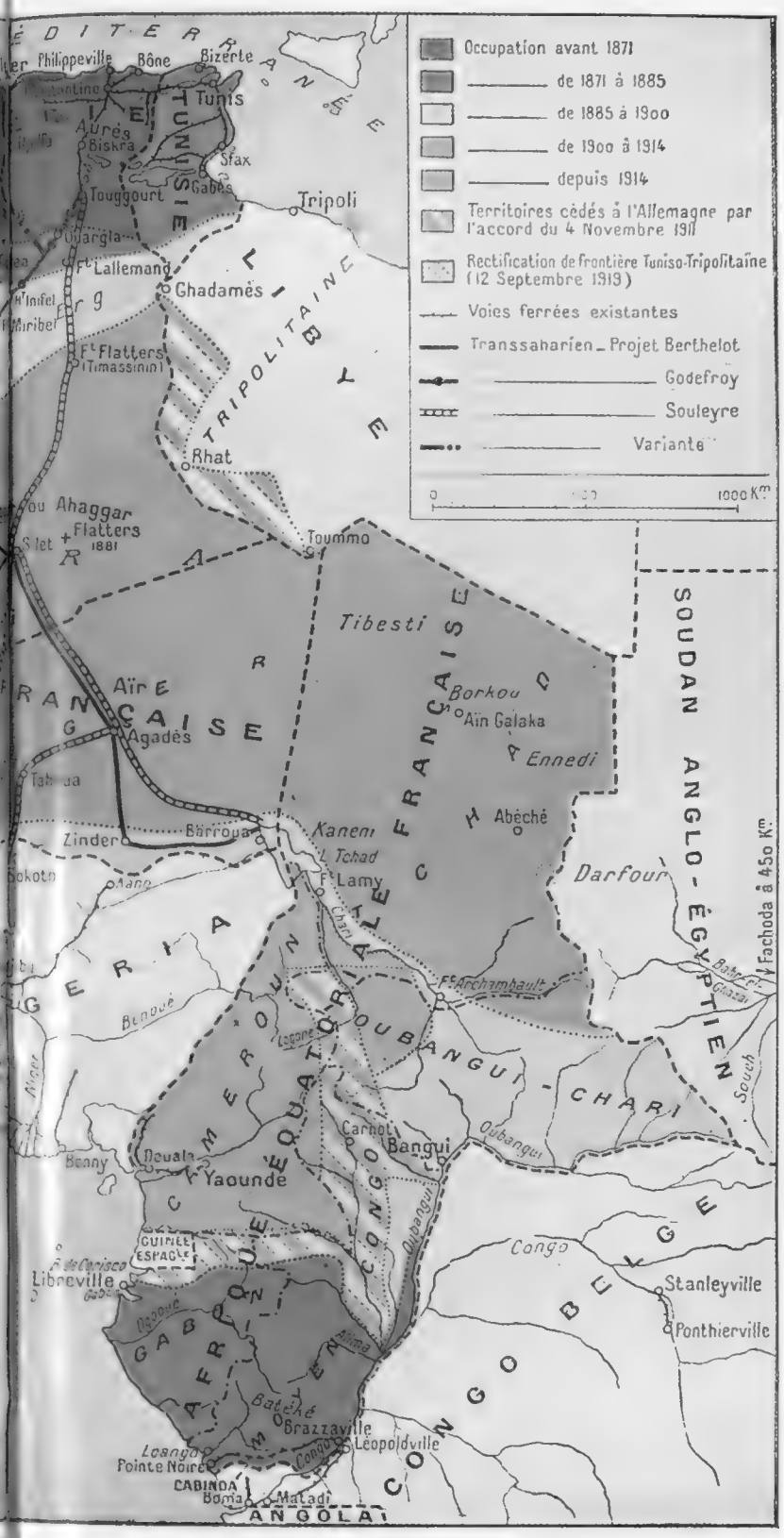
The prosperous date-growers and sheep-breeders make a point of sending their sons to the most up-to-date French *lycées*, some of them are educated in Paris. There are elementary schools with French schoolmasters in some of the remotest oases of the Sahara; the native children living in the Northern Territories attend all the local examinations, and many of them no longer speak Arabic. Sitting in the cafés in Algiers it is not infrequent to hear turbaned Arabs talking French among themselves.

As education has progressed, the Government of France has placed more and more power in Arab hands. A proportion of the "Conseil Général du Gouvernement" is Arab, and Arabs sit on the local municipal councils. In the Southern Territories the big chiefs are the virtual rulers of the nomads, with only a sprinkling of French military officials to assist them. There is no question of colour bar, and an Arab dines with the Governor-General or at a smart restaurant in Algiers on terms of equality with the Frenchman. The law courts and military tribunals are the same for Europeans or Arabs; Arab officers are often in command of white conscript troops of the Armée d'Afrique;

—*Imperial* EMPIRE

Its Meaning and its Implications

BODLEY



where Republican France is most magnificently Imperial

main area of the Sahara is known as French Western Africa. There is another huge bloc running southward which is known as French Equatorial Africa. Beyond these two main areas there is the large Ivory Coast district which includes the Volta and Timbuktu. In addition there are the more highly developed colonies of Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, and other smaller possessions. None of the railway schemes which are shown crossing the Sahara have got farther than the stage of survey work, trans-Saharan communication being kept up at present by special desert automobiles. An idea of its extent is shown by the fact that the distance from Dakar on the west, to the border of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan 2,800 miles, while that from Algiers to Leopoldville is 2,700 miles.

and during the Riff war thousands of Arabs volunteered to fight against Abd-el-Krim, a Muhammadan, but an enemy of France.

By tempting pay and other privileges the natives are being encouraged to join the colours for long periods of enlistment, so that in a few years' time there will be a big volunteer army recruited from this *Bloc Africain*, and it will be possible to abolish conscription in France without really affecting the fighting power of the French Army. The French Government, though anti-clerical, has wisely followed the policy of interfering in no way with the Arabs' religious observances; and the Orders of the White Fathers and the White Sisters, those admirable bodies of men and women which have done so much to establish the French national spirit in all the far-flung confines of French Africa, were forbidden by their founder, Cardinal Lavigerie, to proselytise.

The situation in Tunisia is but slightly different from that in Algeria. Conquered some fifty years after the taking of Algiers, Tunisia is not yet a Department, and remains a Protectorate governed by the Bey, assisted by a French Resident, but the development of the country is on a par with Algeria, and the spirit of the natives is entirely French, in fact, if there is anything to fear in this part of North Africa it is not from the Tunisians but from the Italian immigrants who hold the first place numerically among the European population.

SYMBOLS OF AUTHORITY: An air squadron on the natural desert 'drome at El Golea. Wireless is established between oasis and oasis to enable 'planes to be concentrated as required to control the stupendous territory

This is not the place to discuss the aspirations of the Italian dictator, but to anyone travelling on the Eastern boundaries of French North Africa, it is impossible to close the eyes to the difficulties of having a rival nation settled next door in the unfertile deserts of Tripoli so close to a rich State populated to a great extent by Italians, and with evidences of the Roman African rule in every hamlet. While France was still a province of Rome the Imperial Legions ruled North Africa, and for over four centuries made of it the richest colony of the world.

Morocco, also a Protectorate, is less developed than Algeria or Tunisia. Its pacification did not begin in earnest until 1900, and during the War a great garrison had to be maintained under Marshal Lyautey to keep the country quiet, whereas from Algieria and Tunisia thousands of native troops went voluntarily to die on the Flanders battle fields. However, the French are now steadily following their system of assimilation of the natives of Morocco. Broad roads have been constructed, and well-planned European towns are springing up in close proximity to the feudal cities of the pashas. It is true that much of the Great Atlas range is still unpacified, but the young Sultan and his retainers make a point of spending their holidays in Paris or at French watering places, and with Ben Gabrit in charge of the new mosque at Vincennes, it will not be so long before the rebels of the Atlas will recognize that it is pleasanter to watch war films in a comfortable cinema in Casablanca than lead a precarious existence battling with the Foreign Legion, which is always so much better equipped and trained than their rugged tribesmen.

However, to my mind France's greatest achievement has been their penetration of the Sahara and the linking up of Algeria with Equatorial Africa.

When first I began my African travels most of the journeying had to be done on camels or on horseback. The Grand Erg, or sand desert, was a symbol of thirst and death, the veiled Touaregs still pillaged passing caravans regardless of nationality, the Hoggar had only been visited by adventurous military missions. That was barely ten years ago.

To-day the Compagnie Transatlantique runs through trips from Algiers to Timbuktu in luxurious motor-coaches, and there are few oases where this enterprising company has not established hotels where one can obtain whiskies and sodas and hot baths.

Amenelouk, Chief of the Touaregs, has been entertained in Algiers, and now delights in receiving guests in the Hoggar. The Grand Erg is no longer an unknown terror because it has been discovered that it can be avoided on the journey south.

If the project of the Trans-Saharan railway materializes it will be possible to take a ticket at the Gare de Lyon direct to the Niger! At present the question of the route to be selected is troubling the engineers. The most obvious place to start a new line is at the most southerly railhead now existing, Colomb Bechar, on the borders of Southern Morocco and Oran, but the people of the Department of Algiers object to this plan on the grounds that, Algiers being the largest North African port as well as the most central, this should compensate for the extra stretch of railway required, while the inhabitants of Constantine suggest making a compromise and utilizing the line from Algiers to Touggourt and continuing on from there *via* the Hoggar. However the main question as to whether this line will be of any real commercial value is a matter of doubt to anyone who has travelled in the Sahara.

To within 500 miles of the Algerian coast, that is to say some 300 miles into the Sahara, the desert is comparatively fertile. There are well-watered oases producing valuable date crops, good pastures for the nomads' sheep, alfa concessions, and in years when the rainfall is above the average cereals can be planted in many parts of this area. Military roads link up all the most important points in these districts, and motor lorries convey the produce to the railheads, so that even if the Trans-Saharan line materialized it would only have the effect of ruining the business of the motor transport companies in its immediate neighbourhood, while the others would have to carry on as before. South of this oasis and pasture area the real desert begins, arid and rainless. Nothing can grow there and there would not even be any passengers to make use of the train, so that unless the line was carried on to Bamako and Porto Novo it does not appear to warrant the great expense which the laying of the lines would incur, quite apart from the cost of the water points and vast fuel dumps which would have to be created. There is, of course, the often-raised question of the Sahara inland sea which might alter the whole aspect of the case, but that again is a matter for conjecture. As a matter of fact it is probable that all these controversies will be solved with the perfection of air services. At present little flying is done in the Sahara except during the cold months of the year, as from March to October the atmospheric conditions make flying dangerous, and though landing on the desert is comparatively easy, death from thirst is almost a certainty unless the crash takes place on a frequented caravan track.

However if French progress continues in their *Bloc Africain* at the same rate as it has during the past fifty years there is no doubt that it will be as simple to go from Deauville to Dahomey as from Paris to London to-day, with the greater advantage, from a Frenchman's point of view, of finding the same sort of cafés and the same apéritifs at the end of the journey.

A MODERN CARAVANSERAI: One of the new hotels recently established by French initiative in the oases of the Northern Sahara

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"White Horse Inn."

If activity in the matter of new productions means anything the theatre is having a spell of good health at present; and if novelty and gorgeousness are box-office attractions, it will be a long time before Sir Oswald Stoll has to search about for something to replace *White Horse Inn* at the Coliseum. It looks like being a big success.

A well-known comedian once said of the vast Coliseum that the only possible plan was to "shut your eyes and bark into the chasm." There was a good deal of truth in that, and the difficulty was always to "get over" a song or a speech or anything that did not appeal solely to the eye. Herr Erik Charell has realized that if the barrier between stage and auditorium is too formidable, the best plan is to surmount it—literally. So bits of the *White Horse Inn* scenery sprawl over to where the boxes used to be, and if not sufficient takes place in the auditorium to make one long for a nice quiet seat on the stage, it is not a case of "eyes front" all the time. One comedian suddenly pokes his head out of a tiny window on a level with the top of the proscenium and complains that his bedroom in the White Horse Inn is too small. The effect was irresistibly funny, though for the life of me I could not say why.

It was Reinhardt in *The Miracle* who showed that he had the sort of theatrical faith that moves mountains—and he actually did move mountains. At the Coliseum Herr Charell moves restaurants, cow-sheds, bathing-pools, chalets, Tyrolese yodellers, and other Teutonic appurtenances in exceedingly workmanlike fashion. He never moved me. This is not because I am not prepared to be impressed—the appearance in this play, for instance, of the old Emperor Francis Josef caused quite an uncomfortable lump in the throat—but because mere spectacle, however realistic and however skilfully done, does not take me in that way. The rain, for instance, at the Coliseum is awfully clever and obviously wet. But the only way in which it did not resemble real rain was in its refusal to fall on the umbrellas.

However, spectacle was, of course, the only card to play. If one gets a little tired of the primary colours and the tinsel of the Tyrolese peasant dresses and the general atmosphere of dolls' eyes and silly little clocks, the precision and efficiency of the whole thing are wonderful and they will assuredly carry it through. For the libretto (this word in my last week's article was printed as "Ghetto" with appallingly embarrassing results) does not amount to much. Captain Harry Graham has done what is humanly possible with it and has revealed a knowledge of Hammersmith, Clacton-on-Sea, and jellied eels unsuspected in the Brigade of Guards, but there is little scope for his neat and pretty wit. The love passages between Miss Lea Seidl and Mr. Clifford Mollison I found decidedly boring, charmingly though the former sings. Miss Rita Page has a natty personality and scored a hit. Mr. Jack Barty was hearty rather than arty and Mr. George Gee, sartorially and anatomically not unlike another G. G., contrived to be funny when occasion allowed. I congratulate Mr. Frederick Leister on his touching performance as Francis Josef. The make-up, too, was uncannily exact, as I happen to be able to testify, since many years ago I used to catch sight of the old Emperor every day for about a fortnight.

The music is more than adequate and was very well conducted by Mr. Charles Prentice, Mus.Bac. Mr. Charles Prentice, Mus.Bac., will go far, for he is a most able young musician, is Mr. Charles Prentice, Mus.Bac.

"Autumn Crocus."

A much quieter Tyrol is the scene of *Autumn Crocus*. Scenery does not sprawl into the auditorium at the Lyric Theatre, and there is no rain, though much moisture at times about the eyes of the audience. For "C. L. Anthony" has a pretty tale to tell and has told it well. The autumn love of a middle-aged schoolmistress for a handsome young Austrian innkeeper, with its renunciation and the determination of the woman to go back to common sense and her native England, might so easily have become maudlin. As it is the sentiment rings as true as the scene on a similar theme in *Der Rosenkavalier*. It is beautifully acted. No one can handle sentimentality with so delicate a touch as Miss Fay Compton, for she never underlines her effects. Mr. Francis Lederer, who made his London debut in the unfortunate *My Sister and I*, is here all the better for being on saner ground. He is enormously good-looking, of course, and may I be forgiven if I am wrong in suggesting that he appears to be a trifle "profile-conscious." His acting is fair to moderate and will undoubtedly improve. Miss Martita Hunt again showed that she is one of the best actresses we have, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow has changed one Lyric Theatre for another with supreme and vocal nonchalance.

SCHOOL MARMS ON HOLIDAY: Miss Martita Hunt and Miss Fay Compton are received in the Tyrolean inn which forms the setting for a moving romance between the innkeeper, Mr. Francis Lederer, and his little school-teacher guest

"The King's Messenger."

Sir John Martin-Harvey is not having the luck he deserves. He is, to my mind, the perfect actor. He has grace, the advantages of a splendid training and tradition, a handsome face, a good voice, charm, and undoubted genius. Yet his visits to London of late have given his admirers, among whom I count myself as one of the most enthusiastic, a sense of disappointment. At the Savoy a few months ago he chose in *The Lyons Mail* an old play that was obviously too old-fashioned. At the Royalty he has in *The King's Messenger* a new play which is equally old-fashioned and incredibly silly into the bargain. It is such a pity. Sir John should be permanently established in London, with a theatre of his own and Shaw and Galsworthy and Besier writing for him; he should be an institution, as his great mentor, Sir Henry, was before him. Yet he seems condemned to the long, long trail of the provinces and the colonies with *The Only Way* and *The Breed of the Treshams*, varied by short (and, I should imagine, unprofitable) seasons in London with unsuitable material.

Sir John made something of the King's Messenger himself: a gloomy person in a Spanish hat and an Italian black shirt, who held up an express train in order to search for a stolen diplomatic document which, unless recovered, would plunge humanity into a ghastly world-war. I don't believe secret documents can ever do anything of the sort, or that the theft or the recovery of them matter twopenn'orth of cold vodka one way or the other. If the world wants to plunge into war, plunge it will, and all the documents and all the King's horses and all the King's men and even all the King's messengers will not stop it. The irritating thing about this King's Messenger was that he hovered uncertainly between an American gangster and the stranger in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. For he talked to his captives searchingly about their immortal souls and their stock of good deeds—a touch here of the Examiner in *Outward Bound*. In fact, *The King's Messenger* has a touch of so many plays that I soon lost count and could only marvel at the singular infelicity with which all the merits of those plays had been avoided. I believe the author, Mr. Jackson, wrote that highly successful musical comedy, *Stop Flirting. Ne sutor . . .*

"The New Gossoon."

They are delicious people, these Irish Players who are now at the Apollo; and if *The New Gossoon* is a decidedly thin little piece, it serves well enough as a vehicle for their brogue and their banter and their blarney. It seems that modern Ireland is not so distressful that it cannot run to motor-bicycles and jazz bands for its young people, and, of course, the old people, who think the youngsters should be working on the farm, resent the innovations. All that curiously Irish mixture of generous hospitality and nearness in money matters, of thieving and laughing and quarrelling and making it up again is there, and *The New Gossoon* should have a pleasantly long stay. Miss Sara Allgood is again a managing and worried mother, but she does not have so many troubles to put up with as she had in *Juno and the Paycock*. Mr. J. A. O'Rourke has such a high-pitched brogue that he seems to sing his part rather than to speak it. But I, for one, am always glad to listen. Mr. Sydney Morgan, having shown London what a first-rate actor he is by his performance as that supreme idler, "Joxer," is now equally successful as a farm labourer who works overtime at half wages because he is in love with the woman who employs him. Miss Moya Nugent was quite charming in Cochran revues and suburban pantomimes and is now still more charming in her native element. A clever little actress, and most undeniably Irish.

"The Belle of New York."

I have seen *The Belle of New York* several times and have never yet been able to fall down and worship it. The secret of its immortality—for that is the word that one can legitimately apply to a musical comedy that can be revived, with prospect of success, after thirty-three years—must be its music. Its tunes are admirable. The book I have always counted, and will count, in its revival in 1941, if I am there to see it, as utter rubbish. The Polite Lunatic I class with Old Gobbo and the Gravedigger in *Hamlet* as one of the classic pests of the stage. Yet people were yelling with laughter at "The Belle." Good luck to 'em.

The production is a good one, with Miss Lorna Hubbard's Fifi as the best performance. Miss Kathleen Burgis was rather too long a way after Miss Edna May and Miss Iris Hoey.

ROMANCE IN TYROL: A group in the inn in the old Carinthian setting. From left to right—*Mr. George Zucco as the Reverend Gentleman; Miss May Agate as the Hot Lady; Mr. Frederick Ranalow as the Hot Gentleman; Mr. Jack Hawkins as the Young Gentleman Living In Freedom; Mr. Francis Lederer as the Gentleman in Gay Braces; and Miss Fay Compton as the Lady In Spectacles (which she has taken off under the rejuvenating influence of the Tyrol)*

PREPARING *for the* ACADEMY

A Group of Works by R.A.s and Others Destined for Burlington House

"**The Ruthven Twins,**" **by Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, R.A.** unloaded at Burlington House. *Inset above on left:* "**The Lady Hayter of Chislehurst**" and its artist, **Mr. Arthur T. Nowell**

BY A VANISHED HAND: "**Storming the Mole at Zeebrugge,**" one of the last pictures the veteran marine artist, **W. L. Wyllie, R.A.,** executed before his death

"**Don Juan in Hell,**" **by Charles Ricketts, R.A.**—a spirited canvas destined for Burlington House. *Above on left:* A NUDE **by Mrs. Dod Proctor,** who worked on it right up to sending-in day

"**The Labourer,**" **by Mr. Harold Speed**—a delicate and extraordinarily human treatment of an old charwoman—a subject with which an almost unknown artist created a sensation at the Academy some years ago. *Detail on right:* "**Consuelito Carmona,**" **by Russell Flint, A.R.A.**—a vivid portrait of a noted Spanish *danseuse*

"HERE'S A CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD THAT IS FOREVER ENGLAND": The memorial at Seyros in the Ægean erected to Rupert Brooke, the greatest of the war poets. The grave is set beneath the olive trees. On Easter Sunday there was a literary and international pilgrimage to the tomb, while next month the Poet Laureate, John Masefield, is, it is hoped, to be present at the unveiling of a memorial statue

A CRITIC CRITICISED

"The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse"

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

The power of the critic has always seemed to me one of the ludicrous and pathetic facts of literature. The greatest genius will cringe, or go out of his way to curry the favour of some creature of mediocre ability whose daily, weekly, or monthly pulpit enables him to scold, commend, insult or praise, as the mood takes him. It happens that the critic may be a man of genuine ability and enthusiasm for letters. Even so, the publicity that he can give to an author endows him with a power out of all proportion to his merits. Sir Edmund Gosse was something of a scholar, although a careless one; he had a genius for languages, a passion for literature, but all these things did not justify the power of life or death that he wielded for many years over men of genius. The excellent study Mr. Evan Charteris has given us in *The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse* (Heinemann. 25s.) should do much to expose the humbug of literary fame. Here are all the wire-pulling, the log-rolling, the sycophancy of bright young men, the prize-giving, and palm-bestowing that underlie so much literary fame. In middle life and old age Sir Edmund Gosse had made himself the gate-keeper to the Gardens of Immortality. A few slipped in without paying tribute, to be caught by the heels later and brought to the throne in Hanover Terrace; but they were very few.

I well remember how a certain famous author impressed me with the fact that, as a beginner, I could not possibly emerge without the seal of approbation being placed upon me by Sir Edmund. "My Gosse is a jealous god" was the refrain of the pilgrims to Hanover Terrace. He had to be propitiated, or one was consigned to outer darkness. The famous author who was prepared to confer upon me the tremendous favour of bringing me into the presence was a curious, if not singular specimen of what I might term "Gossitis." I would find him one morning terribly apprehensive that the goodwill of Gosse had been withdrawn from him, that the wayward old gentleman, in an irritable mood, had actually been praising the Sitwells. A cat-like capacity for scratching might be exhibited after the most purring moments. This uncertainty resulted, even among the famous, in an attack of "Gossitis." Would his next review crown them with immortality or hold them up to ridicule? There was no knowing. The offering of the Sunday incense must not be omitted.

All this was impressed upon me as I was led across Regent's Park one Sunday afternoon for that momentous ceremony of presentation. What I had to say, what authors I must like and dislike, the tremendous effect upon my career a favourable impression might make—all these things were reiterated by my fearful and obliging friend. Finally, long before I reached the dreaded portal, where my cicerone assumed an expression of permanent acquiescence, I revolted. I turned upon him and renounced all hopes of immortality. I told him he was a poor whipped cur who had sold his inheritance for a mess of Gossage. He regarded me with a blanched face as one who had blasphemed against the gods and could nevermore appear in print.

There is much in this admirable book that makes me glad of my stand for independence on that memorable Sunday afternoon. There is much that makes me regret that I never looked upon the face of a man who played so great a part in the literary world throughout two generations. Gosse was surely the last of his tribe. Never again will a critic be suffered to make himself so potent. That day has gone forever. One has only to read the publishers' book advertisements to realize that fame as a critic depends, to-day, upon a gift of extravagant praise. The fastidious discrimination of a Gosse has no place in this age when books are immortal no later and no longer than their jackets are clean upon them.

With all his faults, and they were based upon admirable loyalties, Gosse had a passion for letters. If he was a snob, and combined it with a passion for titles, the combination was not a singular one, and condonable in a librarian of the House of Lords. And even here the claws were occasionally out.

"Lord Camperdown lifted one of the brass network cages protecting the little lamps always kept burning for the heating of sealing-wax, and blew with some violence on the flame to extinguish it. As the fumes from the wick reached the nostrils of the Librarian, he raised his head from his writing and said, 'Did you do that on purpose?' 'I did!' was the answer. 'Then,' said Gosse, 'I must ask you to apologize.' 'I shall do nothing of the kind,' Lord Camperdown replied, seeing cause neither for offence nor penitence. Gosse got up and, tripping hastily away, repaired to Sir Henry Graham saying that he had been insulted and must receive an apology, But no redress was forthcoming, and the quarrel was never patched up."

He met all the great literary figures through a life of incessant industry in the service of literature. When on presentation to Wilde he said, "I was afraid you would be disappointed," the great man replied, "I am never disappointed in literary men, I think they are perfectly charming. It is their works I find so disappointing!" Many years later, in the hour of calamity. Gosse revealed a greatness of mind surprising in one of such narrow upbringing, a greatness that seems to have sprung from deep wells of kindness and pity underneath the hard surface of his critical mind.

Gosse was undoubtedly the architect of his own fortune. The story of his boyhood, the inevitable conflict between a father whose religious mania inflicted upon a sensitive child an insupportable spiritual discipline, and the growing catholicity of a young man making contact with the freest minds of the time, has been told by Gosse himself in a book which, if overrated by those who sought to please the man who wrote it, has a unique honesty that gives it vitality.

Mr. Charteris is annoyingly reticent upon the matter of Gosse's education. Who taught him, and where did he obtain the groundwork in languages that must have been so thorough, apart from the wide knowledge of literature that may have been acquired by any eager young man whose daily work was in the library of the British Museum? There is a strange silence upon this point, and the years of preliminary struggle, surely the most formative in Gosse's career, have been glossed over.

Few men can have had a pleasanter career. He loved books. A Civil Service appointment at the Board of Trade provided him with a comfortable livelihood. Later, the congenial atmosphere of the librarianship of the House of Lords, at a salary of a thousand pounds a year, in times when the pound sterling was an impressive thing and had not one quarter permanently clipped out by the Inland Revenue, placed him beyond all financial anxiety. In his later years his literary labours provided him with more than another thousand a year. He had the unique distinction, though not a University man, of becoming a lecturer at Cambridge University, where his manner and matter won the admiration and loyalty of the younger generation, so that he was not snuffed out by the fierce attack of Churton Collins, who exposed his inaccuracies. At the age of fifty Gosse by his own ability had made himself the literary ambassador of Great Britain. He gave the Lowell lectures in the United States, was received with honour in Scandinavia and had begun that *entente* with French literature that resulted later in his being the only known English critic in France. Never did he fail to enhance the dignity of English letters.

At home his accomplishment was no less remarkable. He cannot be credited with any discoveries, but he had a prescience that prevented him from sinning against the light long before it was widely visible. Stevenson valued his friendship, he was one of the earliest admirers of Hardy, and before *The Dynasts* was finished he had realized its magnitude and spurred on the poet to his great work. His care to remain up to date seldom led him into folly. There were, indeed, moments when his conservative spirit somewhat shocked his friends. When Mr. Edward Marsh was "tipping" E. M. Forster for a rise on the literary stock exchange Gosse soundly trounced *Howard's End;* and some of the young poets who went to Hanover Terrace expecting praise were boxed on the ears and told to learn prosody.

Gosse loved words for their own sake. At seventy he was alert to the qualities of *South Wind*—"It is refreshing to read him after the nausea of letters to *The Times* by the Bishops of London and Willesden. I get to be more and more a Frondeur in morals as I get older and older." In his old age he naturally was a repository of reminiscences of the great figures gone down the shadowy way. To Mr. E. S. P. Haynes he imparts a memory of Herbert Spencer, who proposed at the London Library that, in future, no novels, "except of course those of George Eliot," should be purchased. When the proposal was rejected he arose in dignified protest, and left the room without saying good-bye to anyone. Later, Gosse writes a letter to André Gide that reveals, in old age, the true modernity of his mind.

There will be many who will chide Mr. Evan Charteris for his indiscretions. But it is indiscretion that gives life to a book of this nature. Gosse is not spared. He could shatter a life-long friendship over a fancied insult, he was vain, he was susceptible to flattery, he was always at hand to help the great into their overcoats. But he was incorruptible, and a tireless champion of those in whom he found merit. Such is the figure that emerges from this large volume, from the many letters, and the too few sketches of its subject by the editor. It is not a giant who emerges, but it is a man of industry and character who, through a life of eighty years, never lost his passion for the right word. If, like a ringmaster, he dominated a circus, one may marvel at his ringcraft while somewhat amazed at the docility of those he made to prance or kneel at the crack of his whip.

Recommended List

Old London Bridge, *by Gordon Home* (J. Lane 31s. 6d. net).—This is a complete history of London Bridge, begun in 1176 and finished in the reign of King John. It follows the growth of the bridge for the subsequent 600 years. Often called one of the wonders of the world, two streams of history flowed over and under it. This magnificent study, with sixty photogravure reproductions and a fascinating description of all the scenes associated with the great bridge, is one that combines a history of the English people with the growth of London itself. It must remain for a long time the fullest and finest work on the subject. The scholarship involved nowhere detracts from the readable quality of the book.

Jungle Ways, *by W. B. Seabrook* (Harrop. 10s. 6d. net).—An astonishing narrative of travel on the Ivory Coast of West Africa. Witchcraft and sorcery in the jungle, cannibalism, magic jugglery with human bodies impaled on swords, an ex-monk who went native, blood sacrifices, and symbolism, page after page astounds the reader. The adventure is admirably told and illustrated.

In the Days of the Giants, *by W. J. Doherty* (Harrop. 10s. 6d. net).—A bruiser's reminiscences of his famous colleagues of the roped ring.

They Walk Again (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. net).—An admirable anthology of ghost stories by living authors.

Go Marry, *by Brendan Williams* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net).—Three young ladies who are no better than they should be. A desperately modern novel of determined naughtiness.

Gauntlet, *by Lord Goreil* (Murray. 7s. 6d. net).—A Society marriage charmingly reported.

Snobs, *by M. A. Dormil* (Appleton. 7s. 6d. net).—An American girl marries into an English family and brings with her a riotous sense of the ridiculous. This is the brightest and kindest of satires by one who plainly loves our follies and makes them delightful.

LA VIE BOHÈME: *Does this spirit yet lurk in Paris? This picture was taken but a few days ago, so that it would seem the types immortalized by Merger still persist despite the influx of Anglo-Saxondom into the French capital. One sees them to the best advantage at the* Foire aux Croûtes, *the academy composed of struggling Montmartre painters and sculptors who, by exhibiting their works on the streets—works possibly rejected by various galleries—contrive to make ends meet until fame comes to them*

THE DAUBS' ACADEMY: M. Pierre Petitjean, the creator and originator of the Foire aux Croûtes *(Daubs' Fair), with some of his canvases exhibited on the Paris pavement*

THE NOT-SO-ROYAL ACADEMY

Types from the *Quartier Latin* of Paris

THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ELISABETH, THE XIIITH CENTURY SAINT OF THURINGIA

St. Elisabeth, one of the few royal saints, was born at Presburg, the daughter of Andreas II of Hungary. Married at fourteen to the Landgrave of Thuringia, she was educated in the ten years of her betrothal near Eisenach where her statue now stands. Her lord died on the Crusade and she was dispossessed of her regency owing to her disbursing State funds, on charity, to the alleged impoverishment of the Landgravate. Although restored by her late husband's warriors to the throne, she entered a convent, and later, lived, a pure philanthropist, in a cottage. She was canonized in 1235—four years after her death at the age of twenty-four

ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINT VENERATED IN THE AUSTRIAN PROVINCE OF STYRIA

That Roman soldier of Cappadocia who, suffering martyrdom under the Emperor Diocletian at Nicomedia in 303 has been adopted as England's patron saint, is revered as a great figure in hagiography in countries other than our own. He was in fact, adopted as a tutelary saint not only by England but by Portugal and Aragon as well, and many orders of chivalry adopted him as their ægis. He is especially revered by the arsenic-eating peasants of Styria, the ancient Duchy of Austria, abutting on Hungary on the East and Carinthia on the West, as is evidenced by this XVth century statue recently acquired by the Vienna Kunsthistorisches Museum

SCULPTURE *of* YESTERDAY

A COIFFURE OF TO-DAY is to be seen in the XIIIth century bust on the left, while the mode of the long ear-ring was obviously also in vogue in the days when these three portraits in stone of the Rufolo family were executed on the pulpit in the Cathedral of Ravello, near Naples

Saints honoured abroad in these modern and iconoclastic days which have, it seems, been forestalled even in the latest foibles of their fashions and fripperies

A library panelled with carved pine woodwork in the eighteenth century manner, with mahogany furniture reproduced and adapted from the best eighteenth century models. Manufactured by Messrs. Howard and Sons, Ltd., of Berners Street, W. 1, at their Cleveland Works, W. 1

The Irresistible Charm of PERIOD FURNITURE

An attractive group of eighteenth-century furniture consisting of a 4 ft. secretaire bookcase, a bow front inlaid mahogany sideboard fitted with cellarette and drawers, a mahogany pedestal breakfast table, two chippendale carved and guilt mirrors. Also included is a Hepplewhite upholstered armchair and a Chippendale armchair with loose seats. From Gill and Reigate of George St., Hanover Square

Specimens of genuine old furniture of the Sheraton and Adam periods, including a set of six cream and gold elbow chairs and a painted window seat. From M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street

Furniture of Various Bygone Ages Seen Against Harmonizing Backgrounds

The WORLD of WOMEN

"The Gossips," a delightfully realistic group of porcelain, made by the famous Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory

The World of Women — (cont.)

FURNISH *your* HOME

The room illustrated herewith is a dining-room in one of Hamptons' new specimen flats. All the rooms of this flat have just been decorated and furnished throughout in the *modern style*. The various colour schemes of these rooms are in soft and extremely decorative pastel shades. They exemplify interpretations of the modern style which have all the restfulness of the traditional styles and are entirely free from eccentricity and cubistic effects. One of their advantages is that they are very inexpensive, and as they represent the last word in the best phases of the decorative fashion of to-day, readers who are interested will find that a visit to the showrooms of Messrs. Hamptons will well repay them.

At their shop in Regent Street, Messrs. Lawley are displaying a vast selection of china and the famous Moser glass, an example of which is illustrated on this page. It is fascinating to visit this ceramic world of decorative and practical accessories for the home.

Again, no home to-day is really complete without its wireless set. An excellent light-weight four-valve portable set is made by the well-known firm of Rees Mace. It is called "Gnome" and weighs only twenty pounds.

THE OPEN FIRE.—The fact that we are looking forward to warmer weather should not allow us to overlook the question of the fire-place, which after all is one of the points that can make or mar a house. Messrs. A. Bell and Co., Ltd., are showing at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia a very fine selection of Bell all-tile and faience fire-places fitted with various types of Bell fires, the most interesting of which is the sunk fire, constructed entirely of fire-clay and used in conjunction with a raised hearth. This fire is a patent feature, and incorporates a self-contained air-feed which always keeps the fire burning brightly. One of the chief merits of a sunk fire is, of course, the fact that it obviates all metal work, and therefore no cleaning is required.

This firm are also exhibiting a new patent inset gas-fire, which is an independent fire for insetting into an ordinary coal-fire opening.

Another interesting feature which should prove very popular is the electric or gas fire-place which is built in one unit with a black mantel and stands on a raised hearth.

GAS IN THE HOME.—One can neither furnish nor equip the home of to-day without giving very serious consideration to the merits of gas both from a heating and lighting viewpoint.

An interesting display is shown by the London Gas Exhibit Committee at their stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition. Here one can see the very latest gas appliances and gas-fires. One fire should prove of great interest to the householder who wishes to combine comfort with economy. It is fed by coke, and has all the appearance of a cheerful coal fire, but it is ignited by a gas fixture which is placed at the bottom of the grate. The gas is only lit for about a quarter-of-an-hour, and the fire then burns brightly for the remainder of the day. This fire needs no cleaning or raking.

This candlestick and the smoking accessories are made by the Moser glass factory, and may be seen in the showrooms of Messrs. Lawley, Regent Street

Another interesting feature of this exhibit is a novel water heater which is fixed over a wash-basin. By setting the mixing valve at any point between hot or cold, water at any temperature can be obtained—from warm to piping hot.

THE CHARM OF PORCELAIN.—The group of Copenhagen porcelain called "The Gossips," which is illustrated on this page, is one of the charming specimens made by the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, who have their showrooms in New Bond Street. This factory was founded in 1779 by Queen Juliane Marie of Denmark, and at that time produced soft-paste porcelain after the manner of Sèvres. However, in 1883, Philip Schou invented a new oven which made it possible to create new and a wider variety of shades.

The beauteous lines and colours of the Royal Copenhagen porcelain find a welcome in every home, and especially valuable are pieces of this manufactory since they are happy in a room of almost any period.

MARJORIE DAY

A charming dining-room which may be seen in a model flat decorated and furnished by Hamptons of Pall Mall, S.W.

Only recently have we begun to appreciate fully the psychological importance of furniture and the influence that surroundings have on our daily lives and mentality. We cannot therefore take too much pains or trouble when we are buying furniture for the home. An all too common fault is to buy in haste and repent at leisure, and repentance in this connection is merely foolish. Take time and visit the stores and well-known furnishing houses before you make a definite purchase. Look at their model rooms. Consult their experts, and let them guide but not persuade you.

Harrods, for example, are now exhibiting a number of interesting rooms at their stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. There is a dining-room suggesting Spanish influence with a fascinating fire-place flanked by quaint windows. An original bedroom suite has aroused much comment. It is called the Crusaders Suite on account of the small carved and painted figures which decorate the limed oak furniture. This method of decorating oak by carving and painting is something quite new, and produces a most pleasing colour effect in the room. The woman who is fortunate enough to be planning a new home, or making additions or changes to an existing one, will do well to visit Harrods Stores, where an entire floor in the vast building is devoted to furniture. This house has also a wide selection of furnishing fabrics to suit every purse from gay floral cretonnes to reasonably priced artificial silk damasks in rich fadeless colours.

A really comfortable chair is one of the essentials of a well-ordered life. A model, made by Minty of Oxford Street and Victoria Street, London, will always prove a practical and economical purchase. The Minty Club Chair is manufactured by a new method which eliminates most of the old-fashioned dust traps, since both seat and back are loose and can be removed for cleaning purposes. The frame is built of hardwood and the seat is double sprung.

On the preceding page are illustrated some beautiful pieces of furniture and decorative schemes by such well-known firms as Messrs. Howards, Messrs. Gill and Reigate, and Messrs. M. Harris.

Introductions by Abdulla

"CRACKING A CRIB"

That gallant Explorer, Snitch Beverley, creeps
Past locks, bolts and bars while Society sleeps,
In search of a world-famous treasure;
At the Super-Crime College he learned to despise
Mere silver and jewels that dazzle the eyes,
Though his tool-work on safes is a pleasure.

Should a Householder tactlessly leap out of bed
And hold up our Hero with gestures ill-bred,
He is promptly appeased and made mellow.
What true Connoisseur with a heart in his breast
Has Abdulla's Adorer placed under arrest?
Snitch is clearly an excellent fellow!

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA VIRGINIA SUPERB TURKISH CIGARETTES EGYPTIAN

THE JUMPING OFF PLACE: Steamers avail the tourist at the many quayside stations of Stockholm

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The CITY *of* TIME-STAND-STILL

Visby on the Island of Gothland—one of the Glories of Sweden

By ESTELLE NORMAN

Tucked away in the blueness of the Baltic Sea there is an island, and upon this island there is a city, and round that city there is a wall. The island is called Gothland (where the Goths came from), and the city is named Visby. It was built I don't know how long ago. It was built as they built cities then, with queer-shaped, many-windowed houses, that shot up too quickly for their strength and leaned towards each other over narrow, crooked, cobbled streets; with churches bobbing up tall, black heads everywhere; and with a massive 10-ft. wall studded with thirty-four great battlemented towers girding the city about.

Visby was like that in the year 1361—a proud and beautiful city, dictating to the great Hansa towns round the Baltic. But in that year there came the Danes by sea and sacked Visby. They burned what would burn, they pulled down what would pull down, and they put to the sword all who came their way. Then they sailed away with their riches and left what was left of Visby to the tender mercies of the sun and sea air.

In the course of time a few frightened people crept back to the city. Roses stormed the battered walls, grass trod over the cobbles.

THE RUIN OF ST. LARS: One of the ancient attractions of medieval Visby

But a strange thing happened. Perhaps it was the mild, sweet air of the island, perhaps it was the mingled influence of sun and sea, perhaps—but who knows what it was. All we need know is that some beneficent preservative influence hovered over the remains of the city. The walls did not fall, the eleven churches still lifted proud heads—even the surviving houses still leaned over the same crooked streets.

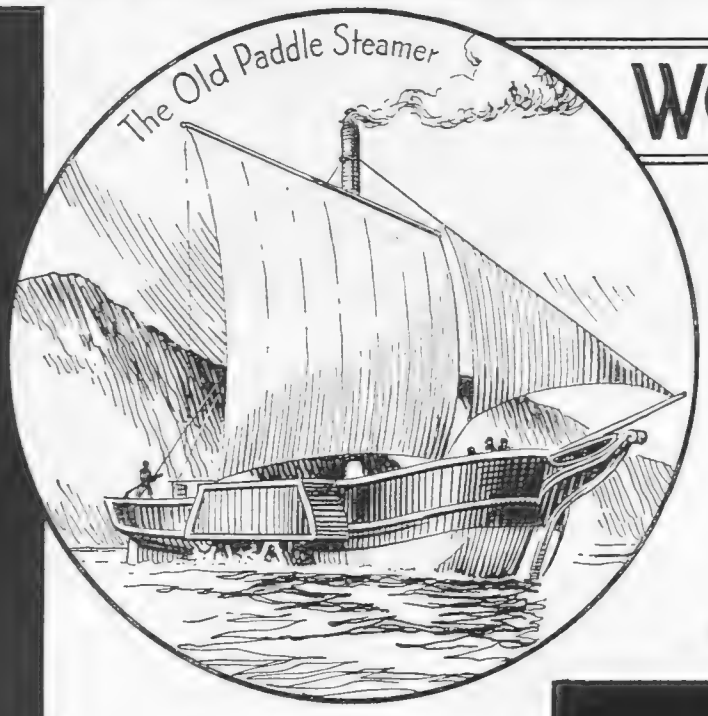
And as they were then so they may be seen to-day, burning under a Baltic sun and swept by a clear, cooling air off the Baltic Sea. Visby is still the capital of Gothland, but life has passed it by. It has not been "restored." It has never again achieved greatness. It is just a sunny, sleepy provincial city. And so, in it, you can recapture the sense of ancient days as in no other place in Europe. You can walk where the gallants walked; you can lean from windows where their ladies sat: you can encircle the city upon its great wall with the tiny harbour and the broad sweep of blue sea at your feet; you can climb up the towers of its churches, and you can hear the old, old service held still in the medieval Cathedral of St. Mary. There it all is, just as it was left in 1361.

But you may wonder where, in such a place, you are going to do anything so prosaic as go to bed. You may even think that a dance or a bathe or a hotel waiter would be a pleasant change at times. Well, the Gothlanders have thought so too. But they have seen that cafés and dance floors and bathing beaches do not blend well with a medieval city, so they have kept the two apart. About ten minutes by car from Visby on a cliff above a cove they built the hotel of Snackgardsbaden. In the hotel they made a superb circular dancing floor. From the hotel they constructed a series of terraces leading down to the beach. On one is a café. On another, tennis courts. On another, a croquet lawn. On another, a rose garden. And so on, until one reaches the hot crescent of sand, rimmed by the cool stretch of blue.

GOTHIC OF SWEDEN: The Dominican Friars, Church, St. Nicolai, dates from the early XIVth century

So there you are. On the one side, you have a medieval city; on the other, a quiet but essentially modern bathing resort. And wherever you go you will have in your ears the pleasant murmur of a foreign tongue. As for cleanliness—well, Visby is Swedish territory now, and in Sweden everything is spotless.

Visby sounds a long, long way away, but it is not. It is exactly two days from London. Moreover, you can go one way and return another. Every Wednesday and Saturday a liner leaves Tilbury and reaches Gothenburg thirty-four hours later. An electric express train takes you from Gothenburg to Stockholm in six hours. And from this most beautiful capital in Europe a steamer sails through the magnificent 60-mile Stockholm archipelago to Visby, twelve hours away. Homeward bound a steamer takes you to Kalmar, famous for its mighty moated castle, in eight or nine hours. From Kalmar a train runs through the sunny Swedish province of Skänia—chock full of castles and bordered by delightful seaside resorts—to Trälleborg, whence a train-ferry crosses the Baltic to Sassnitz in Germany. A day-and-a-half from Sassnitz overland by Berlin or Hamburg to Rotterdam, Ostend or Calais, and you are in London again. The total travelling cost, first-class boat and second-class train (excellent in Sweden), is £20. Living in Visby can cost as little as 10s. a day.



WONDERS OF THE AGES..

They marvelled at the PADDLE STEAMER—you will marvel at.....

"Tricoline" REGD

THE EQUAL TO SILK

SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

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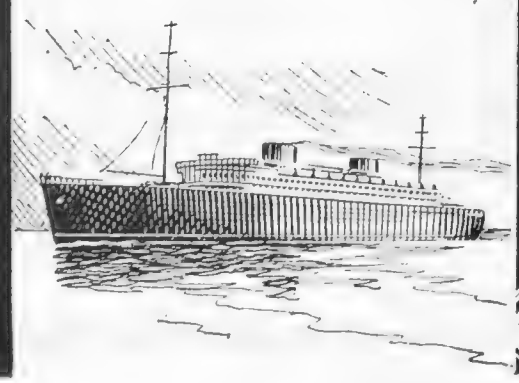

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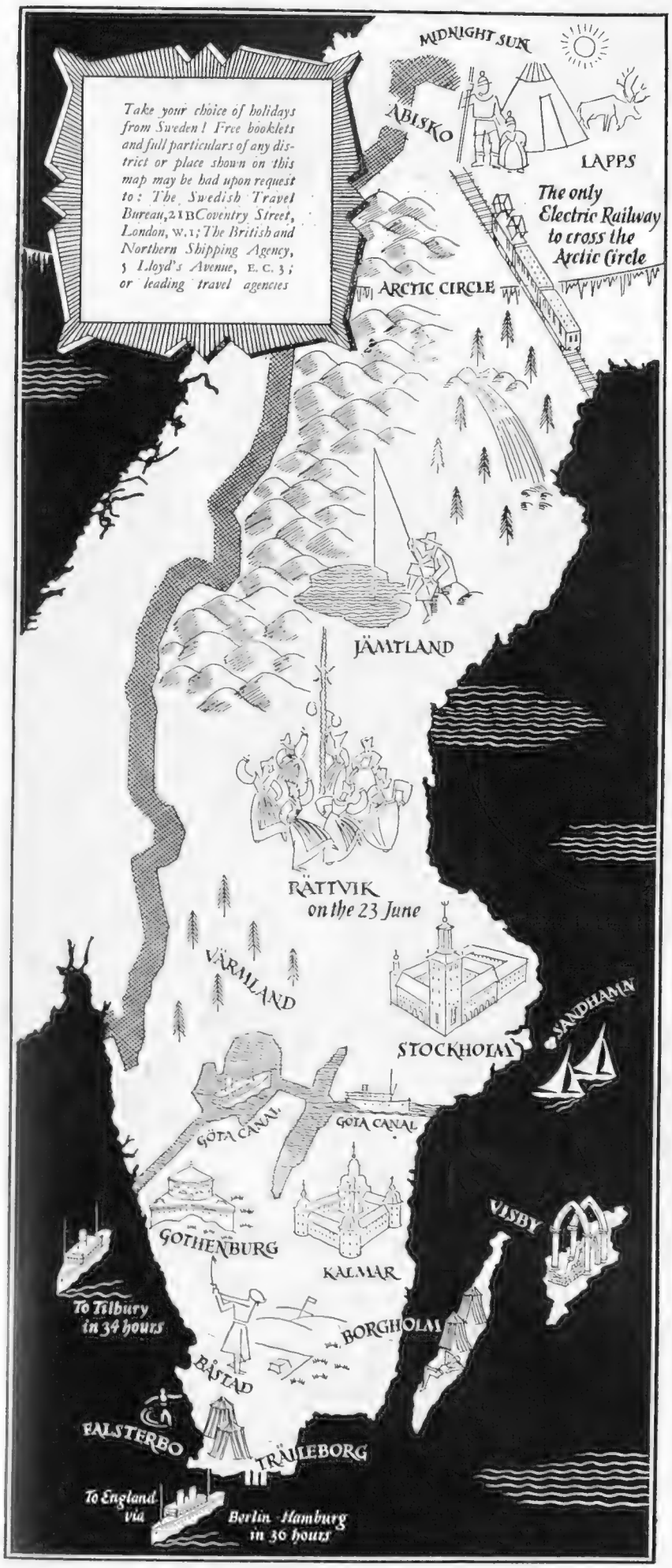

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L.A.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

NORWAY—The LAND of the MIDNIGHT SUN

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Norway is, indeed, an intriguing and delightful land, with a coast-line both of charm and magnificence, and of fjords, which for beauty of scenery challenge that of any other country in the world. Who can forget their first approach to Bergen after a voyage across the North Sea, which in the summer months is seldom sufficiently rough to upset any save the worst of sailors.

The coast of Norway is everywhere cut into by the deep winding arms of the sea, or fjords, which run in some places almost into the heart of the country, so that one can reach it while still being on shipboard. In all there is a coastline of nearly 10,000 miles in length. The north portion of Norway is, however, a mere strip of moor and mountain, which rises rapidly to the heights of the easterly frontier dividing it from Sweden. Lower down it broadens out, and all the way it has a background of mountains.

Bergen, which is usually the first port of call, is built partly on a promontory, and juts far into the fjord with water on either side. It is a delightful town, which has generally been described as one of the most beautiful and interesting in Norway. As we remember it in long past days it was rather for its interest and picturesqueness, than for any really fine buildings, that it had a claim for distinction. It is still a picturesque rather than an architecturally distinguished city. Nevertheless when seen from the funicular railway, which climbs up the steep sides of the Floien nearly 1,000 ft. in height, Bergen itself appears charming.

From it one usually goes up the Sögne Fjord to a point from which an interesting excursion is made among the mountains at Mundah, where one has a magnificent background of mountains snow clad, except in the height of a very hot summer.

If one has a favourite spot in Norway among the smaller places, we think the palm must be given to Molde, that altogether beautiful little place with its many islands and magnificent views. One reaches it after visiting Sögne Fjord, Nord Fjord, and Geiranger Fjord, with their famous mountains and waterfalls and zigzag mountain roads. Few people forget the beautiful waterfall known as "The Seven Sisters," which comes sheer down the cliffs many hundreds of feet into the water beneath.

From Molde one usually goes to Trondhjem with its fine cathedral, wide boulevard-like main streets, and tree-shaded by-streets, many still flanked by wooden houses.

From Trondhjem to Tromso, on the way to Hammerfest and the North Cape to see the midnight sun, one has a comparatively long run of sea outside the islands.

One can climb the Cape without great difficulty, and it is a popular excursion. From the summit the prospect is fine. And it does not much matter, so far as the midnight sun is concerned, at what date one goes between May 13 and the end of July, for during that period the sun does not sink below the horizon and there is practically what is perpetual day.

It may be safely claimed for a cruise to Norway that it is one of the most healthful and restful holiday excursions that modern enterprise has provided, and it matters little nowadays, so splendidly have the various shipping companies risen to the possibilities of Norwegian cruises, whether one goes by the Orient Line, Blue Star Line, the B. and N. Line, or by any of the other well-known companies who run cruises to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

It would, however, be wrong to assume, as we fear too often is the case, that Norway is a country merely to be visited because of its magnificent coastline and wonderful fjords. On the contrary, the interior of the country is just as well worth seeing as the unrivalled coast, and the Norwegian State Railways in recent years have done much to open up this land of nightless summers, by planning tours in connection with their lines which never fail to arouse great interest on account of the wonderful engineering feats which have carried the railway lines across the mountains and valleys, the former of which would have seemed to present insuperable difficulties in the laying of the track. It may be truly said that all railways in Norway are scenic railways, and as a consequence every journey taken by them is one of interest and surprise. "Observation" cars are attached to most of the trains, with large windows, and the carriages themselves compare favourably for convenience and comfort with those of any railway company in Europe. On all day trains there are always second- and third-class carriages, and on the night trains there is first-, second-, and third-class sleeping accommodation.

Norway is a land which offers many attractions to fishermen, sportsmen, and motorists, and, indeed, many of the magnificent tours planned by the Norwegian State Railways provide motor journeys to link up the various railways, and to allow explorations of the beautiful countryside.

There are also many fine mountains inland, but, strangely enough, many of these, although they have been climbed for half-a-century, are still a good deal neglected. The Norwegian State Railways do everything in their power to make travelling easy and comfortable, and the large number of excellent tours which have been arranged are most attractive, and cost from 20 guineas upwards for a period of ten days to three weeks, with extensions for those who care to stay at any particular place for a longer period. All principal beauty spots and interesting places are covered by these excellent series of tours, which have been arranged to suit all tastes and almost all pockets.

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"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

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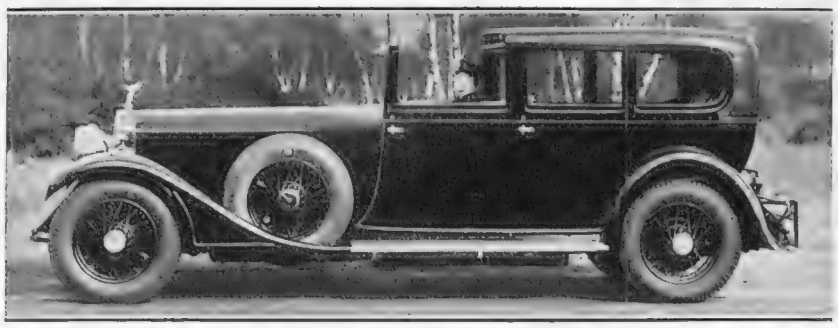

ON SHOW IN ITALY: One of the two "Phantom II" cars which Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., are exhibiting at the Milan Motor Show, which opened last Wednesday. The above is fitted with a Hooper enclosed limousine body finished in black with apricot mouldings. The upholstery is in brown Florido leather with brown head-lining to match. The interior woodwork is in inlaid ebony with silver-plated and ivory fittings

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

AN UNSUCCESSFUL INNOVATION.—The Mobile Police, the "Berties" or the "Crikeys," as the Shell-Mex people suggest they might be called, have now been in existence some months, a sufficient period to enable us to judge their worth. After talking with many fellow motorists I find that opinion is sharply divided, and therefore I feel I must rely on my own judgment based on a fairly large mileage since the beginning of the year. Up to the present moment I consider that these new police have not been a success and that they have missed an opportunity of doing good which may not come round again. The police forces in the country made one great initial mistake in selecting the personnel from existing constables. Like many newspapers and journals, they have laid the emphasis on the wrong word in a compound name. When the Press appoint motoring correspondents they too often look for a journalistic man with a smattering of motoring knowledge, instead of obtaining the services of an experienced motorist who can write accurately, though perhaps not in such a fluent and polished style as might be wished. The result is obvious, because never before in the history of motoring have the Press published so many grossly inaccurate reports on motoring. As motorists become more and more experienced so will they kick more and more against the ridiculous statements which are sometimes printed for their edification.

TEACH THEM TO DRIVE FIRST!—My contention is that the Mobile Policeman ought to possess ripe road experience first of all and then be taught the police part of his job. He would then be far more capable of detecting the thousands of road offences which we motorists observe and bring the offenders to book, whereas at the moment he is so busy trying to control his motor-cycle or car that he has no time to see what other people are doing. Even if he did watch the driving of others he is so raw in his motoring knowledge that incidents of foolish driving would probably pass unnoticed. I think we all had visions, when the Mobile Police Force was first mooted, that they would be continually circulating along our roads and would, in a friendly way, keep checking any foolish drivers who were inclined to misbehave themselves. In this way they could have done much useful work in educating the average driver. After all the whole object of any such controlling force should be to make our roads safer and not to collect a few thousand pounds, particularly for offences which are of the manufactured type. Instead of this state of affairs existing, what do we find? A motor-cyclist policeman prosecuting some unfortunate motorist who leaves his car for five or ten minutes outside a shop in a street which is not by any means too narrow. Surely that sort of job was never intended for the Mobile Police. If motorists must be prosecuted for such infractions of the law, the local constabulary are far more fitted on account of their local knowledge to take the necessary proceedings.

HOW TO CAUSE AN ACCIDENT.—I myself have run up against the Mobile Police on one occasion. Going along the Kingston by-pass towards London and near Putney Vale I found one of these constables approaching me on a motor-cycle. There was no one but the two of us on the road and I was travelling along at about six feet from the near side kerb at a speed of about 55 m.p.h. He was approaching me and he was driving his motor-cycle well in the middle of the road and as he passed he waved me in closer to the kerb. I was very indignant, but I instantly obeyed his apparent wish and I was glad I did so, for when he took his hand off the handle bar to wave to me he and his machine wobbled in the most alarming manner. First of all, I consider I was quite close enough to the kerb considering my speed, and I am still of the opinion that the reprimand was unwarranted, but even had I been at fault I am afraid I would not have mended my ways in future as I and any other motorist naturally have very little respect for and rather resent being "told off" by someone who was so obviously a novice in motoring.

It certainly does not increase our respect for the new police force when we learn that a very high percentage of the machines owned by the Metropolitan Police are continually in dock for repairs. As their "mounts" must be all brand new, one can only assume that the hospital cases are due to accidents. We must be very careful that by placing so many unskilled motorists on the road we are not making conditions more dangerous and creating more accidents than we otherwise would have if the police remained on foot.

Only the other day a friend of mine told me that as he was coming down the Portsmouth Road there was a string of about eight vehicles all following behind each other when the leader unexpectedly pulled up suddenly. The only vehicle that crashed into the one in front out of the whole eight was that driven by one of the members of the new police force. I think this and the other instance I have mentioned are sufficient to show that the new force should have been recruited from really experienced motorists who could easily have been taught the elementary duties of a constable.

A STITCH IN TIME.—Motorists are continually being told to test their tyres every Friday. I don't know how many act on this advice but I would strongly urge every car owner to carry out such a test at least once a week. In the old days when punctures were frequent the pressure of tyres did not go down gradually and unnoticed, as we had to mend them and pump them up anew almost every second day, but in these modern times there is a distinct danger in the pressure dropping without the owner knowing it and so causing unnecessary wear to the tyres. To test the pressure a reliable and accurate gauge is necessary, and the only one which I have tried and which comes up to this standard is the Schrader. A new model of this gauge was recently introduced and I have found it a great improvement on the old design. To commence with, the scale on which the figures indicating the pressure are marked is now in the form of a small black rule. This allows the user to read the figures more easily and more accurately. Further, the end which is applied to the valve is now set at an angle which makes its application a simple matter.

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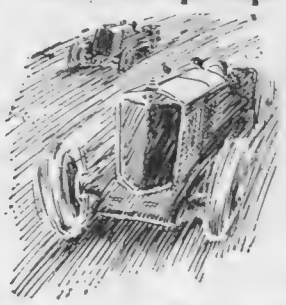

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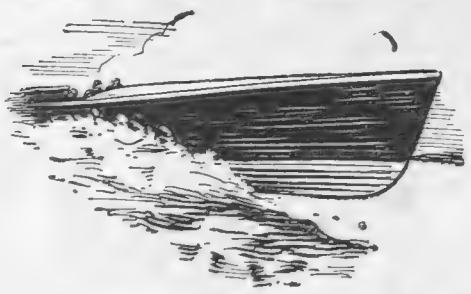

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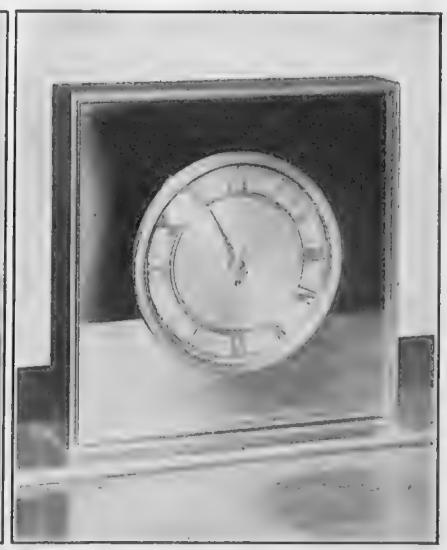

IN "SWEDISH PEWTER": A cocktail bar designed by Uno Ahrén and a clock by Estrid Ericsson, both to be seen at the Swedish Exhibition at Dorland House

ART *in the* SALE ROOM *and at the* EXHIBITION

During the first week in May Messrs. Christie are selling a very fine collection of arms and armour belonging to the late Sir Henry Farnham Burke, Garter King at Arms. The collection is a very large one, consisting of over 200 lots, and is of greater importance than any which has been in the market for some years past.

There are two complete suits of armour of German make, one of them being of the sixteenth-century, fluted Maximilian type, made of shining steel over a long-sleeved chain shirt. But the most important suit is the work of a fifteenth-century Milanese armourer, a certain Arrigold d'Arconate, who has left his particular sign-mark on the steel. The bright steel of this suit gets its decoration from the steel-headed rivets by which each part is united to the other. The origin of these fine suits is not known, and they therefore have not quite the same interest as the magnificent armour which one remembers from Wilton House, which was dispersed about ten years ago, when suits of armour actually made for the use of the Herbert family, and not acquired by a collector, were brought for the first time to the sale room. Everyone present at Messrs. Sotheby's on that occasion was thrilled as the bidding for the suit of armour made for Henry Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, rose from an initial bid of £4,000 to the huge sum of £25,000! Besides the suits there are other fine pieces to be sold, fifteenth-century helmets, some fine horse chamfrons, and many daggers and swords of excellent workmanship.

The most important sale of the present year took place on March 13 at Messrs. Sotheby's, when some tapestries and furniture from Bramshill Park, Hampshire, were sold. Two panels of tapestry, dating between 1,500 and 1,520, known as "compartment" tapestries, in which the main subject, representing a Biblical incident, is separated by Renaissance figures, was sold for £6,000. A Chippendale mahogany suite, consisting of a settee, twelve single chairs, and two armchairs fetched £2,800. This suite was a particularly fine one, the seats being covered in needlework, showing animals, birds, and flowers. Another set of six Chippendale armchairs, covered in the original Soho tapestry, and with back of lattice design showing Chippendale's pronounced Chinese tendency, were sold for £1,080. On the same day the furniture from Woodhall Park, Hertford, was sold, mostly Adam and Sheraton. A gilded Adam suite realized £300, and an Adam pier-table £185, while an English carpet, illustrated in THE SPHERE a few weeks ago, fetched £390.

A collection of miniature books was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, all under four inches in height for £80. The earliest of these small books was dated 1568, printed at Sedan, and two of them were the smallest known books, being less than an inch square. One of these midget books was the New Testament, printed in 1895.

The auction room was crowded as in the "boom" days, when Messrs. Sotheby opened the bidding for the Paston Letters. When they fell at £5,800, one felt that they had not realized the reserve price, which had been almost predetermined by the recent legal decision concerning the sale of the famous letters. The Pepys Relics were also offered in one lot, but again, at £5,500, failed to reach the reserve, and were at once offered in separate lots, when the total reached to £9,520. The collection consisted of silver belonging to Samuel Pepys, some of his pictures, and his private correspondence. Mr. Gabriel Wells secured the letters for £1,600, while the silver gilt Pepys porringer sold for £1,509, and the portrait of the diarist by Sir Godfrey Kneller, went for £1,750.

Gulliver's Travels, in two volumes, illustrated by Rex Whistler and published by the Cressel Press, and specially printed for Mrs. Hugh Godley, with the original illustrations, was among the books to be sold. The illustrations were specially coloured by Mr. Whistler, who added additional decorations. This is probably the most beautiful and unique edition of *Gulliver's Travels* ever produced, and it fetched, on this account, the large sum, for a modern book, of £215.

THE MASTER GOLFERS AND THE SHORT GAME.

On Saturday and Sunday the 25th and 26th of April there will be assembled on the small course of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, thirty-two of our leading professionals, their object being to take part in the Second Annual Small Course Invitation Professional Golf Championship. This was won last year by Mr. E. Ray, who will defend his title, some of the other competitors being:—C. A. Whitcombe, Abe Mitchell, Henry Cotton, Fred Robson, Archie Compston, George Duncan. Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, Ernest Whitcombe, Josh Taylor and Alec Herd.

The majority of the players from whom the Ryder Cup Team will be chosen are included. From the public point of view this competition will be of outstanding interest, for surely to witness a short game exhibition by such a galaxy of stars, all striving to achieve success and share in the prizes—amounting in all to £300—will be an irresistible attraction.

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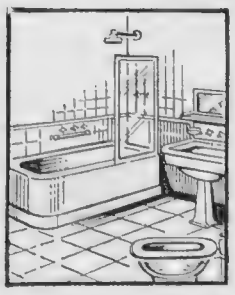

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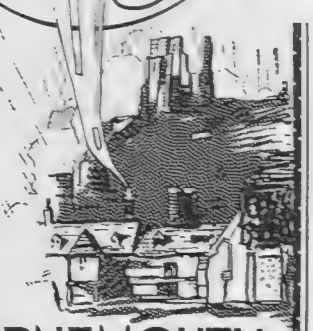
Spring at BOURNEMOUTH



COOL green glades, with the delicate tendrils of the bracken underfoot, the budding trees overhead . . . you'll find beauty at Bournemouth this Spring.

Take an early holiday in England's loveliest countryside, rich in historic memories, and let Bournemouth's brilliant sunshine and healthy, pine-laden air give you renewed health and vigour.

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THE GARDEN IN APRIL :

A Golden Week of Spring and the Charm of the Rockery

So far, it has been a wonder month, this April. There had been a strange, unkindly winter. No hard frosts, no heavy rains, but hardly a day on which rain did not fall. Few bright days, but weeks of cold, dank fog obscuring a sunless sky. Plants suffered like human beings, and died from the same causes as the Belgians in the Lille district. Followed a March of snow blizzards and bitter easterly winds. The hedgerows remained black as in the depths of winter; not a shoot appeared; not a bulb dared raise its head. 'Twas useless, impossible to sow seeds in that, the month of sowing. Never, then, was a month so anxiously awaited by the gardener, seldom a month so warmly welcomed as this April. Suddenly a week borrowed from June has burst upon us. Hot sun, soft rains, and softer breezes kissed the parched and shivering soil, and stirred its denizens to life. The yearly miracle was wrought. Plants, whose withered stems and branches proclaimed them dead one week, rushed into leaf the next. Green tufts covered lifeless stems, and a few days later revealed pink buds in the heart of them. Nature in all her breeding strives to maintain the average. So lost time has been made up, and the famine of February and March has been balanced by the plenty of April. The gardener who waited impatiently to transplant his seedlings has been fully compensated. The young plants, moved into soft, warm soil, and nursed by sunshine and the genial air, developed as by a miracle. Beds bare yesterday are to-day a riot of colour and bloom.

The result has been a queer mingling of the seasons. Bulbs whose proper time was overpast came suddenly to birth. Snowdrops, primroses, and crocuses, and the delicious light blue scillas and chionodoxas, the glory of the snow, jostle the daffodils which claim April for their own. All the daffodils are now in their prime, from the early single wild daffodil nodding in the orchard mead to the golden trumpeters displaying in the richer border their more opulent charms. On the border's edge aubretias greet the spring with flashes of mauve and purple amidst the white foam of double arabis. Behind them, crimson and pink and white, old-fashioned double daisies, nestle amongst clusters of small bells, the "heavenly blue" of the grape hyacinth and the pale and deep shades of the forget-me-not. Wallflowers mingle their sweet scent with the odours wafted from the violet bed. Polyanthus, yellow and pink and crimson and white; purple primulas and anemones complete the colour scheme of the spring border; whilst doronicum, the common flower to which one is always grateful for its bold splash of yellow, is just coming into flower. Of April-flowering irises, the dwarf early bearded varieties should now have been in bloom, chamaeiris and pumila and reticulata, the queen of irises, dark blue with a golden blotch of colour, and with the violet's scent. But this April it is stylosa, the fragrant flower of Algeria, which is in bloom, long overdue. So with the flowering shrubs. Forsythia, and sweet-scented daphne, ribes, and almond and bird cherry are all mingling their blossoms with the pink and white blooms of peach and pear. In the rose bed, trim and prim, the bushes, lately pruned, are just breaking into bud. But on the pergola the first bronze leaves of Emily Grey, best of all yellow climbers, are changing into green.

Every garden, however small, can find room for a rockery, and in a rockery its most intimate and beloved corner. Cossetted in those diminutive pockets, each dowered with its peculiar exposure and its own private parcel of soil adapted to its occupant, lurk tiny immigrants from the Alps, the Caucasus, the Apennines or Kashmir. Here cyclamen has passed its prime, but anemone pulsatilla is marking the season with her sisters, the yellow Alpina and the blue Apennina. Here too, narcissus nanus and the blue scilla siberica are in full blossom, and mountain tulips and spring phloxes. And all the prostrate saxifrages are hastening to hide their green cushions with gay flowers.

BY THE ORPINGTON NURSERIES: One of the finest exhibits at Olympia. The effective back cloths were executed by John Bull and a staff of assistants

THE GARDEN BY THE POOL: A delicious springtide floral exhibit by Carter's of Raynes Park. The massing of blooms round the fountains is extremely effective

A ROCK GARDEN: Executed in Welsh granite; this is seen (at Olympia) against a background of the Cambrians, while *above* is a Tudor house setting

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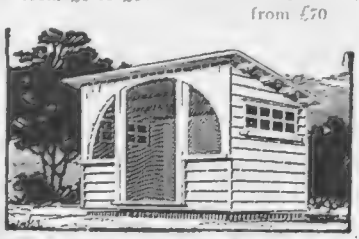

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Have you Friends There?

The inauguration of the African air route by Imperial Airways Limited as far as Mwanza (Tanganyika) opens up a new era for shopping by air in the old country.

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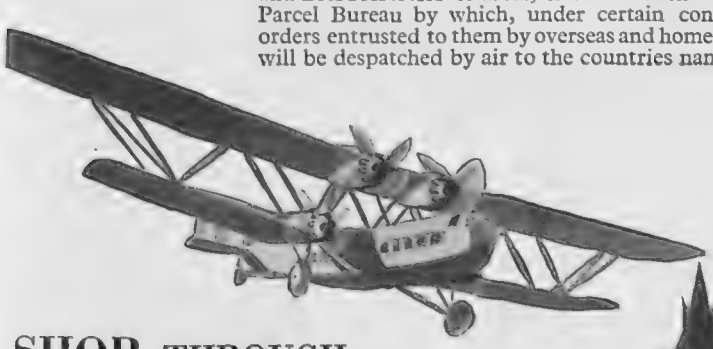

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The cockpit of an instructional 'plane. By courtesy of Brooklands School of Flying Limited.

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The last word! The cabin of a D.H. Puss Moth—2-3 Seater de luxe high speed tourer. Photograph courtesy "Flight."

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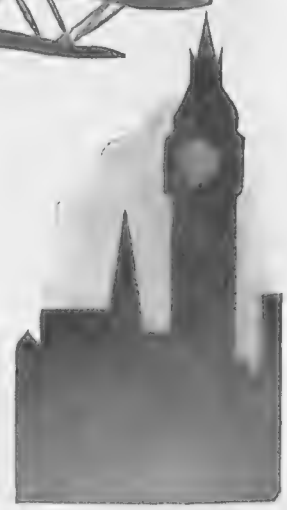

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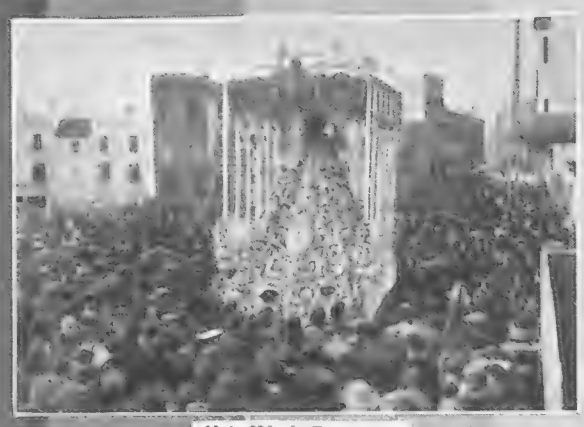

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Holy Week. Procession.

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Andalusian Fete

Folding of Bulls.

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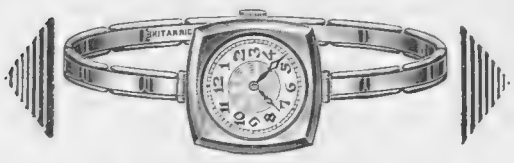

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The CHILDREN'S MATINÉE

To be Held at

The CAMBRIDGE THEATRE

Next Monday, March 23

Organized by the Hon. Mrs. C. R. Hoare, and to be visited by the Queen, the Children's Matinée, to be held next Monday at the Cambridge Theatre, will concern itself with a Victorian drawing-room. Queen Victoria herself will be played by Lady Mary Cambridge, and the Prince Consort by Master Angus MacNaughton. The rôles of the Duke and Duchess (Harriet) of Sutherland will be filled by the son and daughter of the organizer, and the Lord Chamberlain will be taken by Master George Seymour. The young cast will number some sixty children—all well known in Society. Above are seen the Misses Streatfeild and Miss McClure *en route* to the dress rehearsal held at Lady Beaumont's house in Pont Street, Mayfair. The matinée is being held in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society and the Women's League of Service for Motherhood.

A London Newsletter

Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 18, 1931.

A False Move.—I will comment on the chief political event of last week in its sequence of stages. "The Conservative Party cannot be represented at any further Round Table Conference to be held in India as now foreshadowed by H.M. Government." Like everyone else I was hoodwinked by this obscure pronouncement, like everybody else I rubbed my eyes and voiced the obvious criticisms: Another party-dog being wagged by its tail—Churchill back to the fold in triumph and every loyal friend of Lord Irwin embarrassed and discontented—the Empire's weal once more sacrificed to some anticipated party gain—a shrewd blow struck to one's loyalty to Mr. Baldwin, etc., etc. Next day came the inevitable "Explanation"—too late, as usual, since the fat had already sizzled on the fire in India for twelve hours. The Conservative Party intended to imply no more than was said at the Round Table Conference twice at least, and very fairly and frankly and tactfully by Sir Samuel Hoare; no more than this: that months of painful and meticulous investigation and informal conversations must now precede any attempt to translate into steel, concrete, and bricks the architectural designs for a new Indian Constitution. Did this explanation remove the reproach from the party? A thousand times, no. They had not, it seems, been criminal; they had been betrayed into a blunder. And at this juncture assuredly a blunder was a crime. India is watching England open-eyed; three sworn enemies — three political groups—are watching the Conservative Party open-eyed. And the party organization chose that moment to make a schoolboy howler of the first order, to drop a giant brick into the already mud-darkened pond.

Cincinnatus Wakes Up.—It was enough to make an angel weep, if Heaven has any tears still unshed. A decade of loyalty to Mr. Baldwin cannot suppress a heart cry that he has become an enigma of politics. If he is ill-served in his party organization, it is no one's fault but his own. He is not in office, he is in Opposition, and in very mild opposition at that. He has had plenty of time to choose his lieutenants, to set his house in order, to stabilize his policy, give his orders of battle, and reward his trusted officers. But no. Mr. Baldwin loves to treat the Conservative Party as Cincinnatus treated Rome. He sits aloof while lieutenants bungle and mutineers intrigue, and then when the fat's in the fire he comes like a whirlwind into the Senate and dashes the fire out. His great speech of last week has "*closed the ranks of the party.*" But please note we have said and unsaid those italicized words five times in six months. It is astonishing how in a moment Mr. Duff Cooper stands out, a clear-cut silhouette, before this nebulous background. He has in a few days revealed the old courage of his class and convictions which has become a rarity in that fine old party. He has expressed unqualified loyalty in his leader, he has without reserve paid that tardy tribute and act of justice to the finest Conservative of them all, Lord Irwin, and he has faced and attacked the garrotters and stranglers of his party. He knows his own mind, and is not to be deterred from speaking it from party or personal considerations. Truly he is like a breath of fresh air in the stale atmosphere of a deserted banqueting-hall. He, a junior, has set his own leaders an example in loyalty, courage, energy, and clear-thinking. He is fighting Mr. Baldwin's battle.

Birth of an Idea.—The unique spectacle of an English gentleman speaking out his mind in politics without fear or favour—revealed by Mr. Duff Cooper—brings home to me a great truth. Because we have learned by bitter experience to distrust parties in politics, we have come to despise party leaders, knowing that they are mere pawns in a deep game played continually between parties or party cliques. We have come suddenly to admire above all a solitary prophet crying out in the political wilderness. We have grown to regard a following of any importance as a prophet's heaviest handicap. To that extent Sir Oswald Mosley has shrewdly appraised public opinion and cleverly timed his one-man show. Is it possible that that powerful and remarkable organization—the British Israelite Society—has jumped to the same conclusion and judged the times (bad as they are) ripe for a grand expenditure on Press propaganda to announce the arrival shortly of the Great Prophet, a superbly solitary figure? Certainly the society could never have found an apter moment for a sympathetic hearing of its curious and elaborate evidences of the coming of that divine event to which the whole creation moves.

The Game and the Candle.—Death, defection, discontent, disloyalty, and degradation are the constant lot of Mr. MacDonald's Government. Never in politics has the chance of promotion from the ranks been so swift. The private soldier keeps his Field-Marshal's baton at the top of his haversack. He may need it before he needs his spare boots. I wonder what Mr. MacDonald thinks about it all. He must be so very tired, so utterly disillusioned. In introspective mood he must wonder if the game of power and the charm of flattery are worth so much donkey-work, so much humiliation. If you are writing an illustrious page in history, fame may be worth dying for; but when you are surely raising, brick by brick, the mausoleum of your country's credit and your own reputation there is much to be said for private life. Power and wealth are not so well worth a surrender of dignity and hearts-ease as once they were. Even then material advantages have declined. That the game is not worth the candle we have had before us at Westminster and in the Law Courts during the past few days glaring, blazing object lessons.

Lord Stamfordham.—That grand old man, master of statecraft and kingcraft, Lord Stamfordham, has once more revealed the fine temper of his metal. He is coming successfully through a severe illness and a serious operation. He is eighty-two years of age, and it is not very likely that he will fully resume his work at Buckingham Palace which, it is safe to say, no other living Englishman could carry out as he has done it. When in the fullness of time he lays aside his responsibilities he will carry away with him a knowledge of precedent and confidential history and an experience in statecraft of infinite value to the Crown. A friend and mentor of kings and princes, a good companion to young and old, high and humble, he impresses even a stranger at a first interview with his wisdom and soundness. Yet when this fourth son of a country parson as a junior captain in the Gunners was transferred from the staff of Sir Evelyn Wood to be assistant private secretary to Queen Victoria in 1880, he owed nothing to birth, connections or heredity for this chance to make a career. He carried nothing but a label on which his superior officers had written: this young man has character, industry, tact, good sense, and pluck. These are the Big Five among virtues for success in any business, and how seldom are they found united in one man!

THE AWAKENING SUN: Spectators at the Eton College Sports

THE FIRST DAYS OF SPRING—THE POET BELIED! The warm days that succeeded the bitter weather of ten days ago has affected Londoners' clothing—but their hearts appear yet frozen!

Dropping the Pilot.—The great Harmsworth discovery—now the tradition of popular journalism in Fleet Street—was in essence to give the public what it wants. I always understood that Alfred Harmsworth first tumbled to the truth that the British public had learned at last to read, and liked doing so provided the type was large and the sentences short. Hence the popular daily with its inch-long head-line type, its potted knowledge, its masticated meat, its purple précis, and its essence extracts—the whole business of serving up half-truths to the half-educated. And I conceived that this great discovery would go on paying dividends until the course of public education turned the reader into a reasoner, a long lease of prosperity for Press Lords. And now I observe a very curious and amusing occurrence in popular journalism, an occurrence that seems to prove that a sensational newspaper proprietor must never deviate from his rôle of servant of the reading public. So far as his own private ideals and inclinations are concerned he must conceal them as a vice, stifle them at birth. For some years our sensational Press Lords have shown an unfortunate personal interest in politics. Look at the result. The snappy leader and the stunt par are being crowded out or broadened out into daily, lengthy elaborate political articles of the old *Times* pattern. The Harmsworth tradition has been forgotten. The public that has learned to read (not yet to reason) is no longer reading without tears. The sensational Press is beginning to prose, to bore its public with heavy political journalism! It is an intriguing spectacle. Readers of the sensational Press are not getting their money's worth. They want close-ups of murderers and the intimacies of frail film stars, not sermons on political economy.

"The Sphere's" Evidence.—I was interested to note how apt was the publication by The Sphere, in a recent number, of Mr. James Reid's charming "Hampstead Heath in 1859." The sight of this newly-discovered picture coincided with an initiation in the *Times* of an inquisition into the origins of the "pram" or baby carriage. This arose out of the revival of interest in the 1851 Exhibition, which so many of our octogenarians claim to have "visited in their prams." Jealous septuagenarians questioned these claims, alleging a later origin of the baby carriage than the 'fifties. The value of Mr. James Reid's testimony is now confirmed by information supplied by the secretary of the Royal Society of Arts, who states: "Charles Burton, in 1852, started a small factory in Hampstead where he made perambulators according to his patent dated 1853." This was the three-wheeled "child's carriage" invented in 1840. The "pram" was common in 1856, when London possessed four shops devoted solely to this trade. Mr. Reid's picture shows two examples of this three-wheeler, and no doubt they came red-hot from the factory which was turning them out within a mile of where the picture was painted. I have handled one of these very vehicles. It was preserved in my grandfather's "country house" at Wimbledon, where I was born, and it served me for the coach which Robin Hood and Dick Turpin repeatedly "held up." I doubt not it was the very pram in which my father visited the Exhibition of 1851.

A Bit of Old London.—I shared the top of an omnibus for a full ten minutes last week with an extremely garrulous driver for the G.O.C. He talked at tremendous speed and with a truly charming geniality. I take to myself some credit for making a mental précis of that part of his conversation which might amuse or interest Sphere readers who remember and regret "the good old days in London." It was snowing hard and he began conversation with: There will be a lot of overtime done to-day — what with overtime and all, fetching up busses, I made £5 7s. 6d. last week. Not that I thought much of that in old days. 'Orse-bus driver I was; them were the days; never without a passenger to come and talk to a chap. Reckon I cleared over £4 a week in tips in the tourist season. I 'ad the knowledge and they wanted it. "Who lives behind them big 'ouses in Piccadilly and Park Lane?"—that was what they wanted to know. I knew every one on 'em, carried a list but never looked at it. How did I get to know? (Copied out of a Red-book, thought I.) Every night there'd be a party at one of them 'ouses in the season, and every morning I'd find a notice of them parties in my paper, so each day I filled up another blank and inside two years I'd got the lot. Never less than four quid a week. Mine was the fust bus to get along Piccadilly after the Queen's funeral. Ay and the fogs; them *was* fogs. My old No. 90 was the only bus in London 'ud cross Hyde Park Corner in one of them black particulars without 'alt or check. . . 'Ow did I do it? Just a trick of knowing the shape of 'alf-a-dozen particular lampposts. . . I left the bus at this moment with regret.

Aere perennius.—The Haig Statue. Mr. Lansbury "wept like anything" when he told the British Legion that in the matter of the Haig design his art advisers were his masters, though themselves in fetters. As for Mr. Hardiman's symbolic second thought, said he, "we deplore it but we're 'elpless." (That is a quotation from that funny play, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment.")

The Last Straw.—Everything is cracking or cracked? England—a clever Frenchman has been assuring *The Times* that we have been cracking since Waterloo, and that the crack opened irreparably decades ago when the world first heard a whisper that Britain's coal supplies were not inexhaustible. The Empire—it has been handed over to a "half-naked black." Our credit, our political institutions, religion, ideals, traditions, foundations, Europe, America, civilization. There is a chorus of proof that every single institution, built up by man's hand on the earth's crust, is cracking. Small wonder then if the scientists now tell us that the earth's crust is cracking, too, and that the fissure will ring the circumference of our globe. In all this there is only one way of consolation, to minimize the disaster. It is after all a very "parochial" affair. Half-a-dozen times in the world's history mankind has philosophically accepted the cracking of his universe. What matter a slit in one little grape on that huge, unstable cluster?

The Old Stager

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THE MORNING PAPER : The Indian Nationalist leader in his usual garb studies the latest news (printed by machinery of which he disapproves) on the verandah

THE SPINNER OF THREAD : Mr. Gandhi devotes one hour a day to spinning—the craft he is attempting to revive in India

SOLEMN CONCLAVE : The Mahatma in conference with his subordinate seditionists

IN WALKING COSTUME : Mr. Gandhi en route for a conference with the Viceroy. It is on the cards that Miss Madeleine Slade, known now as Mira Bai, the Mahatma's devoted English follower, may also come to England

"EVEN MR. GANDHI HIMSELF MAY BE HERE" : *Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the House of Commons*

In view of the fact that if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should be still sitting on the Treasury Bench, there is a possibility of Mr. Gandhi actually coming to London in person, it is well that our readers should be prepared for what they might possibly see in and around India House. The pictures reproduced here are not, as one might first suppose, part of an anti-Congress film. They purport to show the daily life of Mr. Gandhi at the house of Dr. Ansari, his host at Old Delhi. These intimate personal studies of the leader of Congress seem almost unbelievable to Western eyes, but we give them just as they have been received from India

The CREDO *of the* AVERAGE ENGLISHMAN

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

In the present crisis in world affairs the views of the "average man" count heavily in the turn of events. The official opinions of the nations are registered at Geneva, but what is the man in the street thinking?

Recently André Maurois, the noted French writer, depicted the attitude of the average Frenchman. Here Sir Philip Gibbs presents the viewpoint of the average English man.

Let us take as our average Englishman, the fairly intelligent, moderately well-educated, middle-aged business man. He is not widely travelled, but goes for a foreign trip now and then to France or Germany. He does not read very much, but is interested in the day's news which he finds in his morning paper. Occasionally he thinks about things outside his business (not too good), his family affairs (the young people are restless), and his game of golf, which keeps him "fit." His view of the rest of the world is slightly coloured by prejudice, insufficient knowledge, and a touch of intolerance.

The average Englishman is not so arrogant in his mental attitude toward foreigners as was his Victorian grandfather, who despised the whole lot of them, but he is still fairly convinced that the English way of life is the best in the world and that the English character—apart from lamentable exceptions—is superior to that of any other people in honesty, decency, a belief in "playing the game," good manners, and common sense.

He is especially strong on this common sense of the English nation. He is willing to admit that other people may be more intellectual and artistic—the French for instance. They may have certain qualities of charm or humour—like the Irish or the Austrians. They may have more drive and energy like the Americans, or more gifts of industry and organization like the Germans. But they have not the common sense of the English, he thinks. And by common sense he means the avoidance of fanaticism, emotionalism, hysteria, and all forms of unbalanced judgment.

Most foreigners, he thinks, get unduly excited about trivalities and, what is worse, fail to keep their hair on in a serious crisis when cool judgment and self-control are most needed. Italians get excited about almost anything. All the Latin nations, he believes, have this distressing excitability. The French are apt to lose their heads over a question of politics—the Chamber of Deputies is sometimes like a monkey house—although, as the average Englishman admits, they were cold and courageous when they faced the ordeal of war. He is not quite sure about the common sense of the United States. Sometimes he suspects that the American people may be swept by an emotionalism—fanned up by patriotic propaganda, a yellow press and women's clubs—which would be highly dangerous to themselves and others.

Then there is the question of "playing the game." The average Englishman is quite sure that no country in the world knows how to play the game quite as well as the average Englishman. By "playing the game," he means not only the sporting spirit which can lose with a good grace and cheer the victory of the other fellow, but standing by a friend in his hour of need, giving as well as taking, not kicking an enemy when he is down, showing a decent gratitude for favours received, giving fair play to opponents as well as friends, hating treachery. It is unfortunate, and no doubt wrong, that the average Englishman does not believe much in the loyalty of other nations to those ideals of fair play.

That is why his admiration of France is not so high now as it was before the war. There are 1,000,000 British dead lying in French soil. They died partly to save France. But no sooner had the war ended than there was a campaign of abuse against England in the French press which has never ceased since then, though sometimes it has lulled. The average Englishman feels hurt with France because at least he has not seen many signs of gratitude for the part played in the war by British troops or for great sums of money lent by England and not repaid. There was that affair at Chanak when British battalions were surrounded by Turks, and French battalions next to them were ordered to retire. It didn't seem like playing the game.

Nor has the French behaviour toward Germany since the war fulfilled the average Englishman's ideal of fair play. The entry into the Ruhr seemed like kicking a man when he's down. The Poincaré mind doesn't appeal to the English mind. The fear of Germany by a nation with a supreme army seems morbid and hysterical. "Why can't France make friends with Germany?" asks the average Englishman. "The war is over and done with, isn't it? Why go on hugging hate?" The Englishman is incapable of hugging hate. He forgives because he forgets. That was his quarrel with Ireland. The Irish people would never forget painful episodes of history. The English people had never even heard of them. Why rake up the eighteenth century?

The average Englishman, as represented by private soldiers, sergeant-majors, cavalry officers, and others, forgot the war within twenty-four hours after getting to Cologne. They found the Germans a decent human folk. They made friends with them. They even married some of their girls. They gave their own rations to hungry children, although the British Government maintained a blockade. They admired the cleanliness, the good home life, the industry, and the orderliness of the German folk. For a time the average Englishman believed that the average German had buried the hatchet and had scotched militarism and was set fair for peace.

Now he is not quite so sure. The victories of the "Nazis"—the followers of Hitler—have given him a slight shock, though he is not hysterical about it like the French press. He hates to think that German youth is going to play the fool again and depart from that "common sense" which is necessary to the peace of the world. Why can't they get on with their jobs instead of talking hot air about freedom and world domination and the tearing up of the treaties? Given a little time, the injustices of the Versailles Treaty could be rectified by general consent and by an economic union of European States. The average Englishman admires Germany, though he dislikes German gentlemen who shave their pates, and German manners in tramcars and railway trains, where men won't give up their seats to women; and German tourists in Venice, and this German cult of nakedness and sun baths.

Is there any other nation on earth where the average man is so decent, so good-natured, so tolerant, so law-abiding, and yet so free as this friend of mine? He doesn't think so. There are all these dictatorships about. They may be necessary to people who have not learned the art of self-government. They are only justified when people are hopelessly divided by extreme views of political and social life, revolutionary on one side, autocratic on the other. Let Italy have its Mussolini by all means. But the average Englishman does not want a Mussolini in England. They would not stand him for half-an-hour. They read some of his speeches with surprise and disapproval. What is all this war talk? The Italians have many fine qualities, but it is a long time since Julius Cæsar and the Roman legions. Pilsudski in Poland is given to strange speeches and does not like his politicians. God knows what is happening in Russia.

Russia? The average Englishman has given up trying to solve that riddle. The reports that come through are too contradictory. "Russia is starving," says a special correspondent in Riga. But grain is pouring into Liverpool from Black Sea ports. "The Five-Year Plan has failed," says one newspaper. "The Five-Year Plan is succeeding," says another paper. The average Englishman on his way to the City skips the news from Russia. It gives him the "hump," or the "cafard," as the French call it. Dimly and darkly he is aware of a new system of life and government in the Soviet States which chills him with a sense of horror. It is contrary to his nature and his faith in individual liberty, the rights of property, the right of free speech and free thought.

Now and again he meets an American from the United States. He sees Americans driving around London and other cities. Occasionally an American asks him the way to Buckingham Palace or Marlborough House or Piccadilly. He meets them abroad in Paris and Venice. Every time he goes to a "picture palace" to see a movie or hear a talkie he sits for an hour or two seeing life through American eyes, with American sentiment, with American thrills. He hears the American accent. He sees London being Americanized by American capital. Now and again he reads *The Saturday Evening Post* or a novel by Sinclair Lewis or a story by Fannie Hurst. There are snippets of news from New York in his morning newspaper. The slump in Wall Street reacted heavily in the City of London. Henry Ford is interviewed at Claridge's. The average Englishman is more interested in the United States than in any other country, because he knows that what happens there is going to have an important effect upon all the economic problems of life and civilization generally. The War debt to America puts another shilling on his income tax. He cannot ignore these people.

The average Englishman's view of the United States is a curious mixture of friendliness and irritation, admiration and annoyance, amusement and alarm, goodwill and great uneasiness. He was "upset" when the American people repudiated President Wilson and refused to join the League of Nations. He has never quite recovered from that shock. It spoiled his idea of "playing the game." It seems to leave Europe—and England in particular—with the responsibilities of a peace which the American President had helped to shape according to his own ideas, and was dependent upon this League which he had pledged himself to support.

THE AUTHOR: Sir Philip Gibbs, who in this article presents with great acumen the emotions and thoughts of the normal Briton

Then, later, American statesmen and orators kept calling upon Europe to disarm and to forgive each other their trespasses as they were forgiven, but no sign came from the Government of the United States that it was going to forgive debts incurred in a common cause. Mr. Kellogg decided to outlaw war, but American naval experts did not seem very sure about peace, and strengthened the American Navy. The average Englishman was boggled by the figures introduced into this naval discussion, but it seemed to him in this affair as in others that the Government of the United States was not taking any risk on behalf of peace or international goodwill. At international conferences there were always reservations allowing the United States to be perfectly free while other nations were perfectly bound. Probably the average Englishman got it all wrong.

He admires the United States for many things—for its dynamic energy, its great inventiveness, its optimism and forward-looking spirit and cheerful audacity in scrapping old things for new. He likes the individual American when he happens to meet one. He is vastly amused by American humour as he sees it on the screen. Constant visits to "the pictures" give him a sympathetic idea of American home life and American sentiment distorted and over-emphasized. Surely the house of an American business man cannot be so magnificent as all that! Surely American college girls are not quite so frisky. Still he makes allowances for dramatic exaggeration.

But what puzzles him and alarms him are constant reports of American lawlessness, graft, corruption, violence, intolerance and cruelty. In his morning newspaper he does not read about the uneventful side of American life, what is happening in millions of little homes where life is decent, orderly, and happy. He reads about the latest hold-up, the murders of the gun-men, the shootings in Chicago, the terrible outbreaks in American prisons, the torture of the third degree, lynchings, race riots, lurid scandals of the underworld and the statistics of divorce.

The searchlight of publicity is thrown upon these events. The Englishman in the corner of his railway carriage raises his eyebrows. How is it possible, he thinks, that the Americans allow such things to happen? There must be something very rotten in their State. What has happened to their system of justice, to the morality of their people? Why do they keep talking high idealism to us when these things are abominable in their own country? It is impossible for the average Englishman to square these newspaper accounts of American life with all that he knows and believes about the good character, the good manners, and the great traditions of American civilization.

He is afraid of the mechanization of life by the American type of civilization and finds it invading his own country. The machine is displacing old habits and old ideas. Being instinctively conservative and deeply individualistic, he is alarmed lest the pace of the machine, set by men like Henry Ford, should destroy the beauty, the leisurely rhythm, the quietude of that life in England which still lingers outside the cities.

This average Englishman, it will be seen, is a narrow-minded fellow with a good conceit of himself, priding himself on tolerance, yet intolerant of other people's ideas, wholly unaware, or quite incredulous, of charges brought against himself by other nations who accuse him of snobbishness, hypocrisy, craftiness, brutality, gross materialism, the arrogant domination of subject races, and commercial greed. He believes that his rule is very beneficial to Indians and Egyptians and Africans. He thinks it damned ungrateful of them to revolt against the British Raj after all that has been done for them. He would like to turn his back on Europe and let it "stew in its own juice." He would like to play his game of golf with a peaceful mind, hoping for a shilling off the income tax next year. He wonders why all these foreigners cannot learn a little common sense and play the game, like an Englishman.

SOCIETY *at* PLAY

Notables in the News Off Duty and On

HATS OFF TO THE SPRING SUN: The Hon. Eileen Hood (left) with Miss Farquhar, both of whom are well-known in Society, enjoy a stroll in the Park in the welcome clement weather which succeeded, bringing joy in its train, the "freeze" of a few days ago

ROYALTY AT THE SWEDISH EXHIBITION: The Queen with Prince Eugen, brother of the King of Sweden, leaves Dorland House, Regent Street, where the Industrial Swedish Exhibition is at present being held

AN ALFRESCO LUNCHEON: Real spring weather enabled this party to enjoy their mid-day meal in the open air at the Aldenham Harriers' Point-to-Point held at Friar's Wash, Harpenden

AN IMPENDING ENGAGEMENT: The betrothal will shortly be announced of Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, the Treasury official who was Organizing Secretary of the Lord Mayor's 1929 Fund for the Miners, to Mrs. Alfred Montagu. The bridegroom-to-be is the brother of Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, the famous K.C.

A LAST LOOK ROUND

VICTORY: Miss Courtauld presents the East Essex Club Point-to-Point Cup to Mrs. Cooper Bland. *On left*—BETTY WINS AT NICE: Miss Nuthall defeating Mme. Mathieu

FLYING HIGH: Miss Ruth Nichols, the famous American aviatrice, seen in the kit she adopts for high altitudes. It is stated that she has defeated the previous woman's altitude record by 3,000 ft., achieving a height of 30,000 ft.

THE CHILDREN'S MATINEE: A dress rehearsal for the performance (in which many Society children are participating) at the Cambridge Theatre. It is held in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society and the Women's League of Service for Motherhood

A LADY TRAINER OF HORSES: Miss Norah Wilmot, the daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., is helping her father train at Binfield, near Bracknell, Berks. In the string is Bunch (seen above after a gallop), owned by Mr. P. Johnson—a fancied outsider for the Lincolnshire

TWINS AT THE PIANO: The Misses Geraldine and Mary Peppin, the seventeen-year-old daughters of the Rev. G. F. C. Peppin, Vicar of Henstridge, Somerset, who play together with such skill that they are broadcasting pianoforte duets next month

A DRESS REHEARSAL: A group in preparation for the Victorian Court matinée in which so many Society children are taking part. Held in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society and the Women's League of Service for Motherhood, the matinée, played at the Cambridge Theatre next Monday, will be witnessed by the Queen. Lady Mary Cambridge as "Queen Victoria" is seen above with her "Prince Consort" and her retinue

The AMAZING VAGARIES of FRENCH PRESIDENTS

What Will be the Fate of "Gastounet's" Successor Shortly to be Elected?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

President-making—determining who shall stand as candidates for the occupancy of the Elysée during the next seven years, is in full swing in France. It is not a case of "drives" for this and that candidate, of trombone "boosting" amid every semblance of national hysteria, culminating in the prize and mammoth piece of assininity that is an American presidential convention: acme of democracy-gone-daft. Beside that sort of thing the election of a French President is a very staid affair leading to both Houses — Senate and Chamber — forgathering one afternoon out at Versailles in the guise of a National Assembly and voting for one or other of, usually, two surviving names. Nor is the electioneering period out of harmony with this sober finish—indeed, one would hazard that it is relatively the most dignified thing in French political life. It is as if Press and public were already honouring, by anticipation, whomsoever should be chosen First Magistrate of the Republic, because the President is the only man in France who is definitely honoured, who is above shafts and what we might call insult if not libel. Pretty nearly everybody else prominent in public life comes in, at one time or another, for criticism bordering on defamation, but not the President while he is in office, the French honouring themselves in thus honouring their elected Head. As soon as a First Citizen is such no longer, however, it is a different matter; he encounters his fair share again. Notable latter-day cases of this have been Poincaré and Millerand. As long as they represented the Republic, none spoke ill of them. As soon as they left the Elysée, each became once again highly distasteful to a multitude which did not hesitate to speak its mind.

The immunity on the personal side of French Chiefs of State has not necessarily implied an easy passage for them. On the contrary, one may scour the world in vain for a more remarkable run of Presidential vagaries. These began with Thiers who only lasted two years in the difficult post-Franco-Prussian War days before having to retire because of his autocratic tendencies. Marshal MacMahon, his successor, was openly the champion of the *ancien régime*—a parallel, if ever there was such a thing, to the Hindenburg of to-day, each a beaten commander coming through to the chieftancy of republics, each only desired to see supplanted—and MacMahon had to go soon after being summoned by Gambetta to *se soumettre ou se démettre*. There followed yet a third candidate for resignation in Jules Grévy who navigated a first term safely only to founder during a second in the Daniel Wilson scandal —his son-in-law secretary, who, it was found had been doing a lucrative trade in the sale of honours. They also used to shout "Panama" at Grévy. Nor was the next President destined to complete his term, Casimir-Périer getting bored with lack of consideration and resigning after only six months; to be followed by the ill-starred Sadi Carnot ("the greatest gentleman to sit in the Elysée"), stabbed to death on the way to the Opera in Lyons. Nor was that, either, the end of abnormality, Félix Faure dying in the Elysée with tragic suddenness and in circumstances which have been fruitful of racy legend. That was in 1899. During twenty-eight years six successive Presidents had come to grief in one way or another. Now there was to be a halt. From Loubet on, there ensued twenty years of smoothness and normality. Loubet, Fallières, Poincaré, were all that Presidents should be in the *protocolaire* sense and in their private lives. Then, in 1919, entered the "Tiger" and things began to revert to nineteenth-century unevenness. The hapless Deschanel beat old "Father Victory"—only to lose his reason eighteen months later, when he was found on the railway line in his pyjamas, having "fallen" from the presidential train near Dijon. He was unmjured, though the train was doing 30 m.p.h., and can one lightly summon up an odder scene than that of the arrival of this pyjamaed figure in a railwayman's hut, announcing that it was the President of the Republic? Deschanel was succeeded by Millerand and there presently followed a re-enactment in many essentials of the MacMahon affair. Millerand sought to dictate with the "Horizon-blue" Chamber, and when it was thrown out in 1924, at once the incoming Left or Liberal-Socialists went after Millerand with the result that he was forced to resign. Then came Doumergue, the smiling little "Gastounet" of the Midi and who has been vouchsafed the completion of a full term. It is a a remarkable fact that out of eleven French Presidents under the Third Republic only three others—Loubet, Fallières and Poincaré—can (or could) say the same.

What will be the fate of the President to be elected in May? If he be a deputy, does an omen lurk in the strange circumstance that not one deputy president has ever completed his term whereas four senators—presidents have? Or, should the newcomer be from the lower house, will he break this spell? Paris is canvassing the point, because a prime favourite is a deputy—Paul Painlevé—who was runner up to M. Doumergue in 1924. Here is the full list of "possibles":—

Senator Doumer	Senator Leygues
Senator Steeg	Deputy Briand
Senator Lebrun	Deputy Painlevé
Senator Chéron	Deputy Maginot

A name that would have been right to the fore, Raoul Péret, has been deleted by the Oustric scandal which may also mean *finis* for the chance of Henri Chéron, jovial 20-stone Norman farmer whose work Philip Snowden on a famous occasion thought grotesque. An ardent wire-puller, Chéron has only been indirectly mentioned—but that may be enough.

It should be understood that a French presidential contest is not an affair of parties. This rules out a great deal of potential bitterness and invective. The two ultimate candidates may very well be of the same party, if not precisely of the same *nuance*, as was the case with MM. Doumergue and Painlevé in 1924. The lobbying that is done is really directed more against (or in favour of) the personage than his party. Will so-and-so make a fair-minded, supple president? Is his private life above reproach? Is his health likely to bear the strain (a strong candidate, Clémentel, has had to quit on this head)? Has he the tact and presence necessary? Has he succeeded in remaining sufficiently aloof from party politics to bring respect and confidence? Such are among the main questions asked. Whether a favourite have money, or is married or a bachelor, hardly occupies the prominence it might do elsewhere, or that one would expect in a country such as France. One of the above, Georges Leygues, is the third or fourth richest man in the country but that will not augment his chance—actually, this is descending below the horizon for his being the leading protagonist of a bigger navy. Similarly, the absence of a hostess at the Elysée will not weigh. There has been none for seven years past—and things have gone along quite well—and by every token there will be none for the next seven years either inasmuch as two favourites, Doumer and Painlevé, are widowers, and two others, Briand and Doumergue, bachelors.

But before examining this interesting quartette, and having mentioned Chéron and Leygues, I shall dispose of the two remaining smaller fry: Steeg and Lebrun. The former is of Alsace-German origin and is quite unpopular personally, as his recent attempt to maintain a Cabinet showed. Yet no one denies his ability. Lebrun is a dark horse. He has the Poincarist backing, which means a lot, and he may be introduced should anything like a deadlock in balloting supervene. He is Vice-President of the Senate. The Presidencies of the Senate and Chamber are the accepted stepping-stones to the Elysée. This time the Socialist Bouysson, Speaker of the Chamber, refuses to stand, but his opposite number in the Senate, Paul Doumer, may well be in the eventual "last two," having long been "groomed" for the job (as the Americans say). He is a stainless citizen. Telling against him is his age; he would be an octogenarian in his closing period. In his favour is the capital fact (with the French) of his having lost four sons killed in the War. Doumer should poll a majority of the Radical Senate (he is certain to be put forward). But the Chamber may well opt for one of its own sons in the scholarly Paul Painlevé albeit the latter is of much the same political shading as Doumer. It is no secret that Painlevé has long desired the Elysée, having purposely kept out of the turmoil these latter years with this objective in view. The Air is his ministerial passion (he was the first passenger to be carried by Wilbur Wright in Europe). A smudge concerns his having been Premier during the Nivelle fiasco in 1917—although memoirs since have considerably vindicated him. "Paul," as Paris knows this candidate, is a cheery, rosy *bon vivant* addicted to *embonpoint*; wise, and broadminded for a Frenchman, seeing things from other nations' viewpoints, much as Briand. He would be bound to make a good President. In passing, this post carries nothing like the authority or creative power attaching to the U.S.A. article. A French President cannot initiate legislation, nor does he find himself in constant contact with both Houses as does a Hoover. Nevertheless, so frequent and increasingly intricate are French Cabinet crises becoming that the occupant of the Elysée, whose most important duty it is to select the right man to form a government at each successive crisis, is to-day little short of a veritable State pilot. Moreover, a French President of the times does a great deal more "off stage" than is generally known. While Hoover operates for all to see, his Paris opposite privately keeps a hand on the reins. The necessity for this has led to a steady pruning of ceremonial and official occasions — although these latter still remain thicker than anywhere else on account of the national passion for speechifying on the flimsiest pretext. M. Painlevé is not conspicuously well-off and would require all the £9,000 or £10,000 per annum the Elysée brings. So also would——

Aristide Briand, most telling French Foreign Minister since Talleyrand.

Will the former lawyer of Nantes come forward? The whole election at this stage revolves round that, and by a lucky chance I am able to give Briand's view of the situation very nearly in his own words. It is approximately this:

"Yes, I should like to conclude in the Elysée. And it is now or never, for next time I should be too old — on the way to seventy-five. But how can I leave the lists now—just when my Federation of Europe plan is at the most fragile stage and with the disarmament conference looming up? I must be there in each case, as the standard-bearer of French policy—of my policy."

To which the Briand-for-president organizers give reply:—

"But you could radiate *la France pacifique* also from the Elysée where your prestige would be enormous. And you would be certain of seven years continuity which even you hardly are at the Quai d'Orsay."

"Oui, c'est possible" (muses Briand). And then the *rusé* one may go off at a tangent, take soundings on a matter which weighs a great deal with him:—

"It is only since Loubet that the President has been a captive of the Elysée and of Rambouillet. Before then Presidents could go for week-ends to their estates. What can I fish at Rambouillet? Goldfish! Now . . . if I were able to go to Cocherel . . ."

Cocherel, village of his Norman farm, is where this exponent of *savoir vivre*, this brilliant if unenergetic virtuoso loves to idle by the local river or among his stock. In Paris, he is happy also in his *garçonnière* of the Avenue Kléber. Good company and a good table have ever been Briand's substitute for family life. These and devising penetrating anticipations in foreign policy (he has no use for detail; swims over it).

There is growing support for Briand but in my view he will not stand unless guaranteed of no opposition, akin to the "Tiger's" attitude eleven years ago, but in Briand's case emanating from a different motive, namely, that he could not take the risk of being beaten for the hurt this might bring to his international work. He would probably stomach his urgent distaste for the *protocolaire*, but not opposition.

(*Continued on page* 462)

Henri Chéron, jovial 20-stone Norman farmer who has been mentioned in connection with the Presidency

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POLITICAL PRISONERS: Women Congress volunteers being assisted into a prison van after a clash with the police. These women received very tactful handling from the police lest public opinion should be still further inflamed against that much harassed force

IN INDIA TO-DAY

A Vivid Pen Picture of Day-to-Day Life in One of the Great Cities of India

By a Bombay Correspondent of "The Sphere"

"People in Great Britain have an entirely wrong and distorted view of conditions in India to-day."

Whether this is so or not I cannot say, but it is important to realize that it is the firm conviction of all Indians, and one hears the above remark on all sides from one's Indian friends. One can hardly blame news editors for giving prominence to such startling items of news as rural insurgences, attacks on the police, bomb outrages, police raids on seditionists' quarters, "battles" with armed extremists, etc. These things receive more prominence than the more sober and very accurate weekly reviews of the whole situation throughout the country issued by the Government of India.

Some mail letters which Europeans out here receive from their friends in Britain give the impression the writers visualize an India not unlike the chaotic state of China to-day, or of Russia years ago. People have even had cables asking whether they are safe? Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. The "chaos" is economic in character, and the sporadic disturbances which occur affect the normal lives of most Europeans very slightly. The turmoil created touches chiefly Indian people, apart from the question of lost trade and stagnating industry.

Apart from certain rural areas in Gujerat and other places, and from the Frontier which always has its problems, the Congress stronghold of Bombay is India's most affected city. There are hundreds of other large stations which know little of the Civil Disobedience movement beyond an increased demand for Gandhi caps and Indian cloth. I have not heard of any Europeans in Bombay who have left the "Empire's second city" through the present troubles, or even sent home their wives and families, though it would be easy for them to do so. What has happened is a tremendous revival in political thought among them, and one hears political topics discussed in clubs and other places instead of lighter subjects.

The insularity of Europeans in India, which many people regret, keeps them out of it more or less.

Picture the daily round and common task. In many residential quarters one may be reminded fairly early in the morning, even at crack of dawn, of the "political war" by those singers of politico-religious songs, Prabhat Pheris. The ideal is that you should be gently awakened in the early hours by a reminder of India's just aspirations in the shape of pleasing melody, even though the words are in Gujerati; the reality is such a din that everyone has complained, and the strolling singers with their portable harmoniums have been largely discredited. They pass on; you turn over and go to sleep again.

Your wife goes shopping. Even in the European shopping area, known as "The Fort," the Indian women pickets are still stationed at the doors of the larger stores. Clad in the orange-coloured saris of khadi (home made) cloth, which form a sort of uniform, they have been given chairs and sit quietly spinning yarn from cotton on a *takli* or brass pendulum which revolves. They approach only Indian shoppers. Most of them are young, with the round — often childish and pretty — faces of the Gujerati Hindu woman. Very occasionally one sees a Parsi girl who has flung herself headlong into what is called "India's Great War," forsaking her studies at the college much to the disgust, sometimes, of her parents. These young women are good soil for the Congress seeds of disobedience. Of political problems they know practically nothing, but they are filled with a burning enthusiasm for the status of their Motherland. You cannot argue with them about India's future constitution, for their knowledge of such matters is too shallow; but they are quite ready to go to gaol, though so far the police have steadfastly refused to send them there alongside the men picketers, who have each received four months. When mixed up in police clashes these young Joans of Arc seem to expect the same treatment as men "volunteers"—but they don't get it because the police know that is how Congress-wallahs and orators play on public sentiment.

Clashes with the Police.

Bombay people—half of them—love processions. The other half have grown to hate them through surfeit. One sees them straggling along with the Congress tricolour flag, which really belongs to Bulgaria, many banners filled with slogans flying in the breeze, shouting some catchword. The favourite word just now is "Boy-cott," which splits the welkin with monotonous persistence, various people in the procession beating time. It would be more interesting if they sang a good rollicking "Boycott song," but they don't. In front are the leaders, but the people behind are obviously not of the same class, and even school-children are used to fill up; they seem to enjoy it, and have plenty of enforced holidays through *hartals*, that is to say, down tools, down books, shut-shop, down anything, as a protest. Sometimes there are processions of women, and they generally march better than the men, who straggle all over the place, resulting in the procession head halting every minute or so for the rearguard to get into touch. The women's processions have caused universal comment, as a few years ago such a suggestion as a political demonstration by Indian women would have been laughed at as impossible.

As a European you may stand on the pavement and watch the demonstration pass. Some of the school kiddies may grin and shout with a livelier tempo as they pass you; otherwise there is no difference. Around the corner, at that road junction, stands a khaki-clad Congress "War Council" volunteer. He is a volunteer in name probably, as many of them are paid out of Congress funds. This one is busy at a self-appointed task of controlling the traffic, and is evidently proud of his ability as point-duty man. He sees the procession does not interfere with the traffic—or tries to do so. In any Western country, of course, such a self-appointed traffic-man would be instantly removed by the police. Here he is left alone so long as he doesn't make a nuisance of himself; and to be just these volunteers very frequently help the police, clearing the roads during disturbances, and performing other work. The volunteer likes it because he gets a sort of uniform and is in the public eye; the congress like it because it gives them the ability to talk of orderliness, and while their volunteers are permitted to do this sort of thing the unthinking public may imagine they have some sort of official status.

Sometimes these processions come into troubled waters. Generally everyone knows when there is going to be a clash with the police, and a crowd gathers to watch. What happens in no way resembles a riot in the ordinary sense of the word. The processionists are determined to defy some order which has been issued, usually about the route, the police are equally determined to enforce the order. "Satyagraha" means "soul-force," and its apostles are pledged to non-violence, so their task of forcing things to an issue is a difficult one. "Non-violence is our sheet anchor" is a slogan rubbed in on all sides, and the leaders know when the movement becomes violent, in a general sense of the word, the cause is lost. Processionists squat on the road, and the police line up under the supervision of the Commissioner himself. The Home Member, one or two other officials, and the Commander-in-Chief may also be present for consultation and to watch the course of events. On more than one occasion all traffic has been held up and disorganized, while both sides have tried this game of patience for hours on end. Then it is obvious the people must be dispersed, and a lathi (or bamboo stick) charge is ordered. There has been a good deal of criticism about the amount of force used by the police, and Government have now prescribed "the minimum amount." Exactly what is "the minimum amount of force" when dispersing an unlawful assembly is an extremely difficult and delicate question; hence the various "inquiries." Generally speaking, when there have been unfortunate incidents these have resulted from the growing rowdiness of the crowd, and volunteers or processionists themselves have remained orderly.

These volunteers, by the way, affect to despise and boycott everything British. Yet they themselves are fashioned after British military tradition. They have "lieutenants" and "captains" wearing khaki uniforms complete with "Sam Browne" belts and the rest. They drill, salute their flag, and call themselves the National Militia.

Many Europeans watch these disturbances. If they remain neutral they have nothing to fear. There have been incidents in which Europeans were involved, but briefly through the excitability of more illiterate crowds. All the same, the inflammable mob material is there.

BOY-COTT: A Hindu woman picketed on a European shop. Only Indian shoppers are approached by these self-styled Joans of Arc

THE "MONKEY ARMY": The Vana Sena or "Monkey Army," an organization of boys and girls, in a Bombay procession

"The Sphere" Surveys the World

OUR DAILY BREAD: The International General Conference on the disposal of European grain opened at the Quai D'Orsay, Paris, on February 23. The illustration shows a general view of the meeting with M. Briand in the centre. Lord Tyrrell, who accompanied the the British delegate, Sir Sidney Chapman, is second from the left

HEIR FOR SIR HARI SINGH: The birth of a son to the Maharanee of Kashmir, whom you see above, took place in Cannes recently. Her husband, Sir Hari Singh, is one of the most famous and richest princes of India

CARDS IN COURT: The case is now being heard in the court of Alt-Moabit in Berlin of Erik Borchart and Bruno Datt, leading members of two of Berlin's gambling clubs, who are accused of taking part in prohibited gambling games. To obtain first-hand knowledge the President played the game in question in court

RIOTERS IN WARSAW: During recent demonstrations held in Warsaw by the Polish Democratic Youth Party against the Government, rioting ensued and the police were forced to attack the mobs with gas bombs and long hose pipes. One illustration shows the police and officials turning hose pipes on the assembled mobs; and the one immediately above a tramcar in the midst of the gas rising from the bombs thrown by the police

A FALLEN HERO: A 15-ft. bronze statue of Edward Everett, the famous statesman and writer, standing in Edward Everett Square, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, was knocked face downward when a speeding motor-car unfortunately struck the base Workmen with the aid of levers are seen above as they attempted to replace the effigy

NEWS FROM JAPAN:

Preparing for the New Royal Baby:

Mr. Salotsugu Ukita, secretary of Prince Kanin's household, the god-father of the expected Imperial child, proceeded to the Imperial Palace, Tokio, with the box containing a girdle of silk which was to be worn by Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress, to ensure the safe birth of the Imperial child. The birth of a daughter was announced last Saturday

Celebrating the Two Thousand Five Hundred and Ninety-first Anniversary of the Foundation of the Japanese Empire:

Japan on Guard Against Bolshevics

TOKIO.

The first contact of the traveller with Japan is an official one. At daybreak an important little tug draws alongside almost before the lines are out, and smart Japanese officials, with portfolios in their hands and short swords on their hips, station themselves in the smoking saloon for examination of passports, health certificates, etc.

I approached gaily with my open passport. It was a vintage of other years in which I had believed myself to be, and described myself as, a journalist.

"Ah, journalist!" said the young officer, and looked me over in an appraising way.

There followed much wrinkling of foreheads, much consultation between the Japanese officials, and some pointed questions as to what paper I represented. I could foresee all sorts of complications, so I made a rapid inventory of the sources to which I could turn for identification, not only as to my journalistic, but my moral and physical fitness.

I remembered that I could show documents certifying to my inoculation for smallpox, double typhoid, measles and mumps, and could, therefore, prove myself non-infectious. I remembered a birth-nick on the lobe of the right ear, marring an otherwise perfect physical form, which had long been accepted among my friends as proof of my personality. I thought I might even find a friend or two on board who might vouch for my claim as a newspaper man. But before these ideas could take very definite form in my mind the official noticed that I was a prospective attendant at Kyoto. This proved "Open sesame." "All right, thank you," and the queue passed on.

The same facilities followed with the Japanese customs officials, who waived all formality with our baggage on hearing that we were representatives to the Kyoto conference.

This was our first experience with a very searching and thorough system of Government surveillance. It confronts the traveller in Japan at a good many and unexpected places. Leaving the ship's side, all motors and rickshaws are stopped at a tiny sentry box, where a bevy of police officials catechize the traveller and scrutinize his effects. I was toying at the time with a moving picture camera and this filled the officials with curiosity.

I was puzzled over the curiosity displayed in the contents of a camera case, when I recalled the warning of a ship's official crossing to the Channel Islands a few years ago. "The customs people are very strict in examining binocular cases," he said. "My wife fell for the trap. 'Why binocular cases?' she asked. 'Oh, the ladies use them to smuggle their dresses in,' was the reply." However, here again the Institute mark saved a lot of questions.

The same surveillance is exercised in the fortified zones along the Japanese coast at points like Nagasaki and Shimonoseki. The ships, the wharves, the landing stations, are all literally plastered with notices forbidding, under heavy penalty, the taking of photographs within the fortified zone.

I mention these experiences with the officials because they were typical of others which we encountered later. One was sometimes unprepared for the drastic manner in which the Government of Japan supervizes the activities of its people. Their policy toward the expression of radical thought is of a most repressive kind.

A Noted Japanese Sculptor Copies a Famous Statue:

Mr. Shooun Sekine, sculptor, of the Imperial Art Institute, has just completed a replica of "Kitshoten," a famous Buddhist goddess which was made about 750 years ago and is now preserved at the Jyoururii temple, near Kyoto, as a national treasure. The original statue is carved in wood and is one of the best masterpieces of the Fujiwara era and is admired as the symbol of Japanese feminine beauty. The height of the statue is 3ft. and painted with striking colours. Mr. Sekine is seen with the replica of "Kitshoten" at the studio of the Tokio Academy of Arts, Uyeno Park, Tokio

Funeral Service of a Japanese Privy Councillor Takes Place in Tokio:

A New Royal Baby and Other Important Matters Occupying the Attention of the Island Empire of the East

The anniversary of the foundation of the Empire was observed on February 11 throughout Japan; 70,000 members of the various patriotic organizations participated in the big parade throughout the main streets of Tokio. Students of the Sooma sericultural school are seen in ancient war attire shouting three "Banzais" for the Emperor before the Imperial Palace

A good many of the younger element of Japan, especially students, have been captivated by communistic ideas which the Japanese officials believe have been fostered by Soviet propaganda. There has been a jailing of the offenders on a scale so wholesale as to excite a query of whether this radical temper has not extended further than appears on the surface and the Government cares to admit. During our visit to Japan, the Government released a long belated announcement with regard to the imprisonment of a large number of political agitators.

The names of each and the circumstances were disclosed in this official announcement, and it was amazing to those accustomed to more lenient treatment of such agitators to find that 827 men and women had been jailed during a period beginning in March of the previous year, nearly twenty months before. It was more amazing still to find that not a word regarding the identity of these political prisoners had appeared in the Japanese Press.

These facts indicated such a sharp censorship over a Press which is unusually keen and alert that I made some inquiries among my newspaper friends to find how this authority was exercised. I found that in each of the larger telegraph offices there was a censor official who stopped the dispatch of any message of which the Government did not approve. The reporter who filed the message was not, as a rule, even notified that the offending dispatch had been suppressed. It simply was not allowed to reach its destination.

With regard to domestic matters, such as the imprisonment of agitators already mentioned, a notice was served on each of the daily papers indicating that no reference was to be made to the matter. Even some notable crimes, murders, and bank robberies were put under the same ban, based upon the contention that publicity would facilitate the escape of criminals.

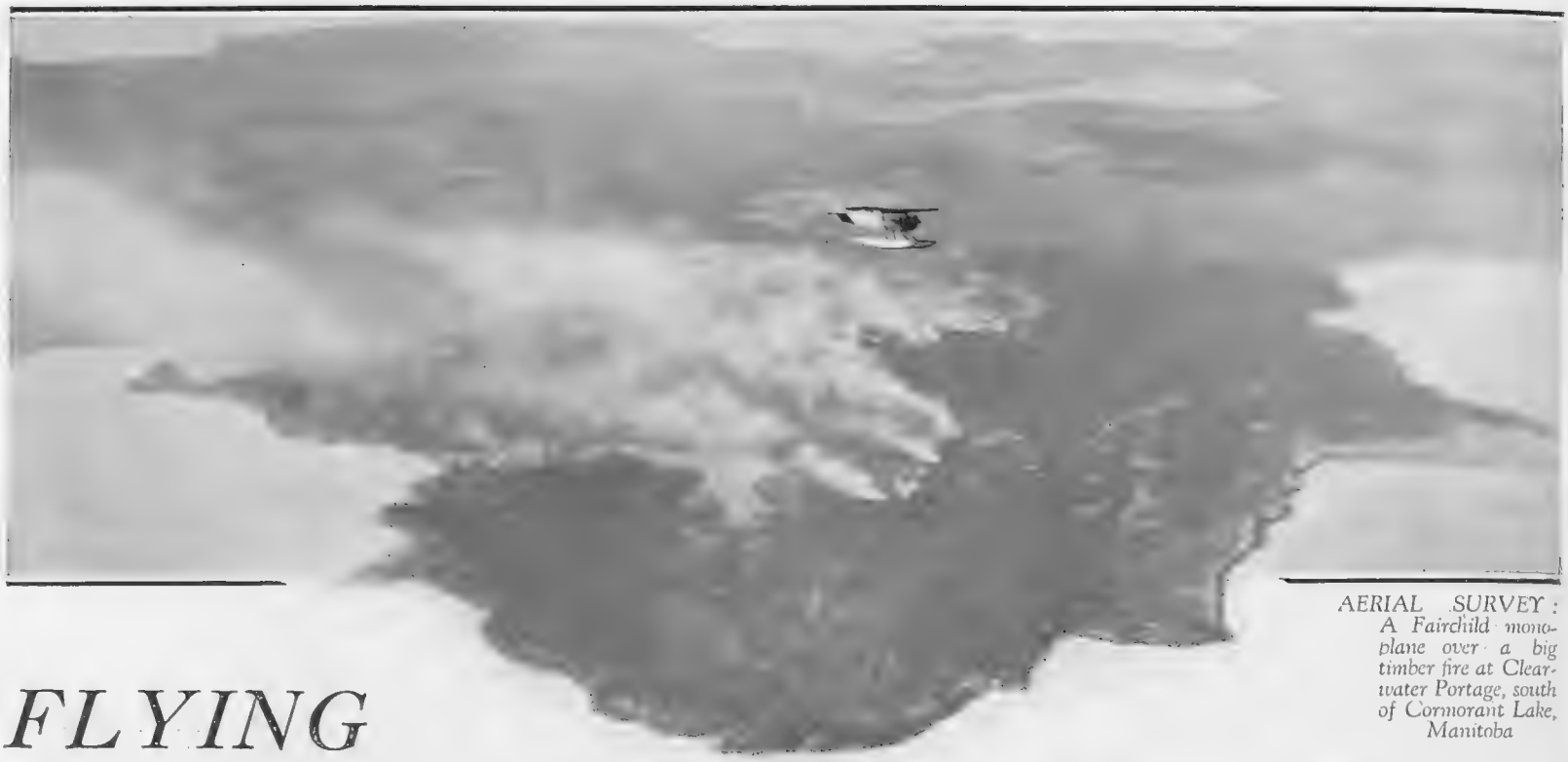
Japan's Princess Royal Returns to Town

Princess Shigeko Teru, eldest daughter of T.I.M. The Emperor and Empress, with her younger sister, Princess Kazuko Taka, returned to Tokio from the Imperial Villa, Hayama, a famous seaside resort where they stayed for about a month. Princess Taru is on the steps while Princess Taka is being held by one of the Court ladies on their return to Tokio station

The funeral service for Dr. Itasu Matsumuro, Privy Councillor and the President of the Hosei University, was held at the auditorium of the Hosei University, Kojimachi, Tokio, attended by about 3,000 students as well as notables, including Mr. Tanaka, Minister for Education. The funeral was conducted under the Shinto ritual

Strenuous Competition for Civil Service Posts in Japan:

The employment bureau at Koishikawa, Tokio, held a mental test of about 500 girls who are all thirteen years old and are expected to graduate at the primary school this spring, who applied for the position of bank employée at the leading banks. Out of about 500 girls only thirty-three will be given jobs after the test



AERIAL SURVEY: A Fairchild monoplane over a big timber fire at Clearwater Portage, south of Cormorant Lake, Manitoba

FLYING over CANADIAN WILDS

How Hundreds of Miles of Dense Forest Country are Flown Over - Daily Now—by Canadian 'Planes—a Natural and Not a Government Forced Development

By G. F. PAUL

Canada, land of vast timber domains, is taking to the air. Flying is not a mere sport or diversion in Canada. It is not a mere game of the idle rich who are seeking new thrills by piercing the ozone and battling with the buffeting gales. It is not the mere holiday sport of men experimenting with a new kind of toy, or of enthusiasts seeking to establish an endurance record in a flight that starts from Nowhere and lands them in Utopia. Far from this.

In Canada 'planes of various designs are being used for the most practical of purposes, to open up new territory on the far-flung frontier where mining camps spring up over night and then lift a long howl, like the call of the timber-wolf, for the necessities of life and industry; or to guard from the ravages of the fire-demon the tens of thousands of acres of priceless timber that constitutes the backbone of the wealth of the Dominion.

The *voyageur* portaging his canoe through the thicket along the turbulent rapids of some inland stream hears in the distance the hum of an engine, and he halts in his tracks to stare at his new competitor for travel honours, watching the 'plane with perhaps envious eyes till it dips far off to the north and disappears on the horizon. He knows that aircraft will eventually make all the remote corners of Canada accessible. The great broad pathways of the sky lead in all directions. Plenty of fuel and safe landing-places are all that are required to energize a mighty nation that for many months of the year has been held hitherto in the grip of the Frost King.

Ontario maintains twenty-six aeroplanes or hydroplanes or seaplanes scattered over Northern Ontario. There are 125,000,000 acres of timberland to be patrolled, 25,000,000 in the east that can be covered by towers and telephones, and the other 100,000,000 are in the extreme north and west of the province without telephones, towers, or railways, and little or no service. The greatest fears arise from that area. This means that 'planes have to travel enormous distances to reach their base when they discover a fire. On the Manitoba side they have even worse fires than in Ontario. In Ontario the country is covered with 'planes from eight stations, every station equipped with radio.

The activities of the Canadian Forest Patrol have attracted the attention of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who have purchased a 'plane for the purpose of experiment. They have a D.H. 61, a big 'plane operating as a mother ship that can carry a ton in supplies and men to the camps, and five more taxi-'planes that carry supplies to the sections.

What service a pilot actually performs in case of a fire may be shown by citing a typical instance. A fire started near Cairns Lake. It was discovered by the pilot of a Moth machine on July 23 at 3 p.m. from a prospector's camp. This was 120 miles from the base, and 100 acres were burning at that hour. The pilot found it altogether too much to attempt in one 'plane, so he flew to the base and reported the fire about 5.20 that afternoon, but it was too late to do anything that day. All stations in the vicinity were radioed to, because it was recognized that it was a big and dangerous fire. The next morning four machines flew in. It took ten days to extinguish that fire. They had sixty streams of water playing on it. All the hose had to be carried by canoes. Unfortunately 20,000 acres of timber were lost, but under the old conditions it is probable that nothing would have been heard of the fire until it was burning up the whole district, and many lives might have been lost as well as enormous quantities of valuable timber. That shows the difference of fire-fighting under modern conditions with the aid of aircraft.

In another case a fire was reported at 12.30 p.m. by a Moth. The pilot knew it was too much for him to attempt to extinguish single-handed, so he flew back sixty miles, and with the assistance of other machines the fire was put out the following day. An interesting feature of this fire is that the pilot discovered that some Indians working for a prospector had become discontented because he hadn't paid them, whereupon the Indians burned the camp, thereby setting fire to the forest. The Indians were followed up the river by 'plane and then the observer gave chase in a canoe, caught them and arrested them, and flew them back to the Sioux. They were fined 100 dollars each.

In the old days before 'planes began to muss up the air, the survey of a remote country meant the sending out of a small party, including a surveyor and his assistants, with several men and four or five canoes and other equipment. At the end of the season they might have surveyed a township, and they would think they had done a full season's work. Now the method adopted is quite different from that. Townships are still surveyed, but expenditure has been cut down and less time wasted. Out in the extreme west, in the Patricia district and by the Manitoba boundary, surveys have been made from the air. The 'planes fly at right angles, and in so doing take photographs of the forest right and left. These photographs are printed and put down on tables by a system of perspective, and most elaborate and accurate maps are made by this method. Enormous areas are covered that, under the old system, would have taken from twenty to thirty years to record in detail.

DEATH LURKING BELOW: The Devil's Head Mountain in Alberta. This section of the country is filled with strange rock formations, no safe landing being possible for miles around. In other districts there is much water, but shallow

FRONTIER FLYING in NORTHERN CANADA

Pictured by Geoffrey D'Egville

FLYING FOR GOLD: One of the air-mail 'planes arrives on the shores of a lake in Northern Canada to convey a prospecting party to another area to continue the season's work

MAKING FAST: The method by which the canoe is secured to the machine so as to offer the least possible wind resistance. The motive power of this canoe consists of a small one-cylinder outboard engine

LOADING UP: The canoe is now attached to one of the floats of the seaplane, and luggage is all aboard

MODERN FISHING IN NORTHERN CANADA: A view of the South Nahanni river, a stream having a ten-mile-an-hour current, shallow and rocky in parts. The fisherman (Geofirey d'Egville) and his companions caught some fine trout at this point

THE START OF THE JOURNEY: Many hundreds of miles will have to be covered before a landing is made. This at times is far from easy, owing to the swift currents and shallow water, which are typical of the country in this part of Canada

The incident illustrated above is a common occurrence in the Far North where air travel is rapidly becoming the most economical method of transport in Canada, and prospectors and trappers may now be seen any day "on the wing." "Frontier flying," it is called, because the machines travel hundreds of miles beyond the frontiers of civilization—traversing miles of territory as yet untrodden by man. These pictures were taken last autumn on the shores of one of the numerous lakes north of Lake Athabaska, when a prospecting party was picked up, bag and baggage, to be moved into another area to continue its season's work. The machine shown above is one of the air mail 'planes employed in the 2,000 mile run from Edmonton Alberta, down the Athabaska, Slave, and Mackenzie rivers to the Arctic. The initials "G. R." and the Royal Arms may be seen near the cabin door

THE LANDING: After a not very "soft" landing on the South Nahanni river, 150 miles from the nearest settlement—Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie river. The canoe was carried in on one of the floats, and the small outboard engine in the 'plane's cabin

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

PORTUGAL TO-DAY. — Fifty-one Ministries in twenty years and twenty-five Prime Ministers in the same period, some of whom have headed several Ministries. That is the record for little-known Portugal, tucked away in the South-Eastern corner of Europe. Few realize that in area of colonies Portugal stands third in the world. Britain is first, then France, Portugal, and Holland fourth. In colonial population Portugal, with but 6,000,000 in the Motherland, is fourth. Embroiled in the chaos of one Revolution after another, ever since the establishment of the Republic twenty years ago, desperately poor and half forgotten by the rest of the world, Portugal makes slow but appreciable progress.

At the time of the Revolution illiteracy claimed 80 per cent. of the people. This figure has been lowered to 60 per cent., education made compulsory, and travelling schools provided for the villages. Portugal was the first country to abolish capital punishment, and I was told in Lisbon the other day that little serious crime exists outside "crimes passionels," which are regarded very tolerantly, since jealousy is accepted as a natural and legitimate emotion. That is, perhaps, one legacy of former Oriental inhabitants, under the echo of whose traditions and customs the Portuguese women have a hard time to assert any independence in spite of "equal rights" and prospect of full franchise in the very near future. From what I saw of them this time and on a former visit I think it will be some time yet before the Portuguese woman becomes as "emancipated" as even her Turkish sister is to-day.

Contrary to neighbouring Spain, where omnipotent Church influence suppresses and arrests, where possible, feminine freedom, Republican Portugal definitely separated Church and State. Nuns and monks were banished, nunneries and monasteries emptied, but priests and the exercise of religion have never been interfered with. Portugal remains a very Catholic country, but the Republican is determined to force progress on the backward population. Co-education up to the age of sixteen is general for all, save the daughters of wealthier families who can afford a private education, but except in the lower classes, what we in the North would regard as a lack of liberty remains the hall-mark of elegance and social prestige.

There is no "middle class" in Portugal. Wages are low, averaging 3s. a day for unskilled and 5s. a day for skilled labour. Domestic servants get about 5s. a week. Conscripted soldiers have an escudo a day—about twopence-halfpenny. The working classes live mainly on bread, codfish, cabbage, and fruits. Despite incessant economic depression the Government steadily forges ahead in building new roads to open up the country. Flashes of the old spirit of seafaring adventure find expression in individuals, such as the famous navigator, Admiral Gago Coutinho, first man to fly the South Atlantic in 1922. In him and his peers are united the qualities of enterprise, courage, and tenacity which won for Portugal in the old days of her glory the colonies she is to-day too poor to exploit and develop.

THE INCREASE OF SUICIDE! — An appalling wave of self-destruction is following in the wake of the world-wide economic depression. A record spiritual and emotional "low"—to borrow a term from meteorology, due to the harder conditions of life—is causing thousands to take the suicide road. This is reflected in the vital statistics from a number of countries. Curiously enough, this suicide wave has been particularly severe, unprecedented in fact in the United States, country of the highest standard of living in the world. Last year saw the issue of the first "Suicide Insurance" policy by the National Surety Company of New York on behalf of a New York business man whose name is withheld. The policy consists of a £6,000 bond, and insures against suicide within the next two years.

"Family suicides," where entire families are wiped out by suicide pacts or by murder and suicide, have shown a shocking increase in two countries, Japan and Germany. Japan's suicide toll for 1930 is estimated at about 12,000 unfortunates. Young parents with children under six years of age furnished the greatest proportion of "family suicides," mostly provoked by despair at continued and irremediable unemployment.

GATHERING THE WINTER ICE HARVEST: On the waters of Berlin and its surroundings vast floes of ice are gathered. Over 30,000 big blocks are knocked off by means of the ice-axe

Hungary, another "suicide country," recently surpassed itself in bureaucratic efficiency following the suicide of a tramway conductor in uniform. The bullet with which he ended his miserable life damaged the company's uniform, rendering it unfit for re-issue to his successor. One of the managers of the aggrieved company addressed the employés to the effect that suicide in uniform was forbidden, and that in future the relatives of the suicide would be held financially responsible for the cost of replacing a blood-stained, torn, water-damaged or otherwise spoiled uniform.

We boast of our civilization, of our culture, our social laws, yet statistics challenge all these with figures proving the higher the civilization, the greater the percentage of persons who from one cause or another feel impelled to flee these amenities and privileges through self-destruction.

We are shocked in England because our Royal Air Force suffered three score of casualties last year, and the forty-eight deaths in the ill-fated *R 101* were a national tragedy. But the fact that a small army of 3,480 men and 1,504 women committed suicide in England and Wales during 1929 arouses little comment.

THE DECLINE OF THE HUMAN POWER OF ENDURANCE. — Our highly complicated modern civilization tends to increase sensitiveness to pain and is diminishing the strength of human will-power. We of the Western civilization cannot to-day endure pain and suffering as did the ancients or even the people of the Middle Ages. That is the opinion of the noted German surgeon, Professor Bernhard Martin, of the Berlin University Hospital.

"Hippocrates carried out operations of the skull, and amputations of limbs, which we, even in these scientific times, would regard as highly complicated, and those without any anæsthetics," said Professor Martin the other day. "Anæsthetics were unknown, and the most painful operations were performed while the patient was fully conscious. It called for what seems to us an extraordinary will-power that few of this generation would seem to possess. Compared to that how highly sensitive modern civilization has made us! Even the most trivial operation can now only be undertaken after the patient has either been put to sleep or a local anæsthetic administered to deprive him for the time being of all feeling in the affected parts."

The easier life of the modern world brings with it a softening of the human power, the German surgeons believe.

"Even the Middle Ages, with their horrible instruments of torture often endured by the victims with astonishing stoicism, show how greatly superior in respect to will-power past generations were to our own."

Professor Martin also declared that modern medicine is showing a strong tendency to return to the teachings of Hippocrates.

"We are beginning to realize that old Hippocrates of ancient Greece knew more about medicine than many present-day scientists."

"ENGLAND'S BEST SALESMAN." — Rivalry between Britain and the United States for the trade of South America is entering a stage of stronger and keener competition than ever before. Fearful that the popularity of the Prince of Wales, "England's best salesman," may make serious inroads on American trade in the Argentine, and in Chile especially, there is talk in America of sending Colonel Charles Lindbergh on a "good-will tour" to South America, on the trail of the Prince.

The picture of the heir to the throne of the British Empire, and the American hero of the air, both young men, in the rival roles of "drumming up trade" for their respective countries, is inspiring American and Continental writers and cartoonists to facetious efforts.

"Ninety per cent. of the people in the Argentine lean most pronouncedly in their sentiments towards Britain and British goods, but buy American goods when the price is cheaper and the quality better," said a prominent Argentine banker on the SS. *Cap Arcona* the other day when I was travelling to Teneriffe.

"Much as the vast majority of Argentines sentimentally prefer Britain and British goods, it is but good business to buy the best—cheapest. The British are loved in the Argentine," he continued. "They first helped us develop the country, built our railways, gave us loans, never interfered in our politics, admitted our products into England duty free. We cannot say the same of America. Notwithstanding all that, Britain must meet America in quality and in price if British trade with us is to hold its own or to increase. And I am sorry to say that neither in price nor in quality has British trade been doing that. You must compete with America in progressiveness of manufacturing."

RELIGION IN SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA. — The "advanced religion" of primitive negroes in South-Eastern Africa has surprised the Catholic University of America. Heathens in theory, since they never heard of Christianity, the Bahanga tribe worship a Deity who inspires little or no fear.

"God is good," they declare, "He does not bring sickness or misfortune," Working against their God of Mercy are the spirits of the evil or discontented dead.

Father N. Stam, a missionary, presented the first report ever made on this unusual religion emanating from Darkest Africa.

"In the morning," he relates, "the woman takes her baby out and spits towards the Sun, and asks God to protect her child that day. The Sun is the symbol of God because light proceeds from the Sun. Sunlight cures the sick and makes the seeds grow in the field. The Sun has been created by God to do this work, they believe. The wrestler, before he attacks an opponent, will take up a little soil, put it in his mouth and spit it towards the Sun, because the Sun fertilizes the earth and gives strength to the little seed. In this manner, may God give him strength to throw his adversary."

"I once asked a native why he spat towards the Sun," Father Stam continued, "because this was, to my mind, a sign of disdain. He wondered at my ignorance, and asked me in turn, "Has a dead man spittle? Is not spittle the sign of life in us? Who gives life except God? If life comes from Him, have we not to acknowledge it? Therefore we spit towards the Sun."

LOANS FOR VETERANS IN WASHINGTON. A general view of some of the thousands of veterans as they waited in line outside the United States Veterans Bureau in Washington, D.C., to be first to make their applications for loans on their bonus certificate

IN PYGMY LAND

Camera Records of the Little Folk of the Ituri Forest by Two Recent Expeditions

The Recorder and the Pygmies: Mr. Pat Doran, the cinematographer of the Wetherell Expedition, with a Pygmy chief and one of his many wives. Polygamy is the general practice among the tiny denizens of the Ituri Forest, a chief often having a dozen wives

The Victoria Nile: An aspect seen from the Murchison Falls recorded by the Furlong Expedition. This is one of the several sources of Egypt's famous river, and is set in a region abounding in wild life. Colonel Furlong is seen above

In the Ituri Forest: Colonel Furlong, the leader of the Furlong Expedition, and a Pygmy Chieftain

The Rite of Terpsichore: In common with many other African natives the Pygmy tribes also indulge in ritual dancing

The Ituri Forest is situated in the Northern Congo and covers an area of many thousands of miles. The forest contains dense timber, often 150 ft. high, consisting of the most perfect teak, mahogany, and other specimens of magnificent timber indigenous to this forest. The dense jungle contains, it is thought, many secrets still to be solved of the flora and fauna of what once was known as "Darkest Africa." Here is found a species of elephant very different in its structure from elephant of the open plains of the East, also the okapi, the bongo, and there are still many species of the smaller varieties of antelope yet to be discovered; whilst myriads of orchids and butterflies of the most fascinating kind, and monkeys in their thousands, from the mighty gorilla to chimpanzee, and a remarkable variety of smaller grey monkeys abound. The most interesting thing in this forest above all its many occupants is the Pygmy race. They are the most remarkable little people, with an average height of between 3 ft. 6 in. and 4 ft. but, in spite of their diminutive stature, they have the most perfect physique and, as a tribe, are remarkably honest and moral. They, of course, pay no tax; being a nomadic tribe living purely by hunting with their poisoned arrows, they just follow the game and construct a village in a few minutes near the spot where their quarry happens to fall. Their houses consist of a few branches forced into the ground brought over to the shape of a beehive, tied on the top, and leaves sewn all round. This, of course, is purely the women's work. It is considered very *infra dig.* for the man either to carry water, cook his food, or in any way assist in the construction of his house.

Their method of hunting is distinctly fascinating to the Shikari armed with a modern rifle. In the density of the bush they creep up to within ten or fifteen yards of their objective and fire the arrows. There is no noise, and, when hit, the beast therefore does not jump and run away, but quietly goes on grazing and searching for

(Continued on following page)

IN PYGMY LAND:

Special New Pictures from the
who, Despite their Small Stature

Pygmy Hunters: These tiny but intrepid Nimrods have their own standards below which they do not fall. It is their proud boast that they never "kill an elephant without first approaching it to be assured that it is fat" and, therefore, good for food. The arrows, which are their only weapons, are steeped in a mysterious poison, the secret of which, though unknown, is conjectured to be based upon a mixture of decayed humans and decayed fish. It induces a virulent form of tetanus, and a human thus affected will be dead in half-an-hour

A Family Conclave: A gathering of Pygmies outside a hut in the Ituri Forest. They are friendly and genial souls

(Continued from preceding page)

tasty morsels until the poison begins to take effect, when it will lie down, the Pygmy closely following of course all the time. Within half-an-hour the beast is stricken with a kind of tetanus, and dies. The hunter rushes in, cuts out the portion of meat that contains the arrow, bleeds the beast by immediately cutting its throat, and the meat is then quite healthy to eat. There follows a remarkable ceremony of burning the piece of meat that has been cut out of the beast and also lighting a small fire, or putting red hot wood ashes into the hole from which the arrow was cut. Should their kill happen to be an elephant or other large game a messenger returns to their last place of abode and the family then comes up, and within a few hours there is a very comfortable village constructed round their

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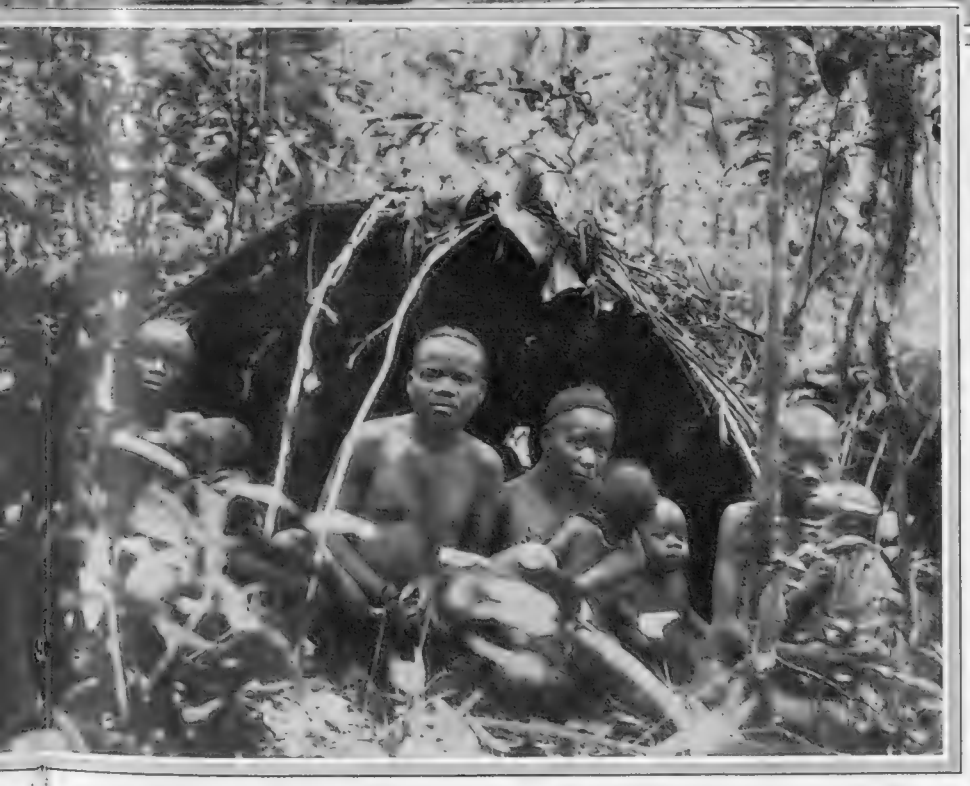
n the Wetherell and Furlong Expeditions to Central Africa where, in the Mighty Ituri Forest, Dwell the Tiny Heroes Stature, Successfully Attack the Largest of Big Game with no Weapons other than Primitive Bows and Poisoned Arrows

A Pygmy Village: A settlement in the Ituri Forest. The houses are rudely made by the women of the tribe and invariably take the form of a beehive



A Happy Family: A typical gathering outside a forest hut

A Pygmy Pram: The method of carrying babies

or the next month. The higher the meat the better they like it, and it is often possible without any of direction to find one's way to a Pygmy village in the forest blindfolded—the sense of smell is sufficient. e Pygmies are exceedingly kind parents and most gentle with their children; in fact, they would appear e traveller almost to worship them. During a day's hunting the Pygmies were quietly amused with my rn rifle and twelve-bore, but I am quite sure they felt that their own little arrows were much better. e village I fired at a tree with my '404 and the bullet went right through the tree. They looked at h a certain amount of amusement, and then one little Pygmy stood at thirty to forty yards away and d his arrow within a few inches of the hole where my bullet had penetrated the tree. Then, coming rd with pride, he pointed to his arrow and said, "That tree dead too," and in discussing our prowess gh the interpreter the little man informed me that he still had his arrow to use again whilst my gun inished. Upon my showing him some more cartridges he just shook his head, made various peculiar ls, smacked his arm, and made a further application for a little more snuff, using my empty cartridge as a receptacle. The Ituri Forest is a haven indeed; there is food in plenty and fuel in plenty, a ous climate, and above all no tax, no politicians, and no money. The Pygmy is a decidedly happy fellow. A Pygmy chief was asked to whom he paid tribute. He looked at me with blank amazement. I reiterated, "What tax do you pay to the Government?" and he very quietly shook his head and said: "We live in the forest"—obviously meaning that they could never be found.

M. A. WETHERELL

Head Gear: A load of dried fish challenges the wide brimmed sombrero as the latest thing in Cape Coast hats

WEST AFRICAN STUDIES: New Impressions of Little-known Cape Coast (on the Gold Coast) and Nigeria

Dwellings and Transport of Nigeria: Typical huts and canoes on the water-front of a Nigerian village. *Inset above*—

Contrasts of West Africa: Telegraph poles and palanquins show one of the vivid contrasts of Africa. In parts of Nigeria the only possible means of transport is by hammock. The West Coast — no longer "The White Man's Grave"—provides some of the most interesting native types of the whole continent, two examples of whom are seen in the top picture of this page

AFRICA — A swarm of locust approaching a railway station in Nigeria. Clouds such as this are so dense as to blot out the landscape and make the light overcast

". . . . The EAST WIND Brought the LOCUSTS"

The plague of locusts which attacked various parts of Asia and Africa last year had to be met with very strenuous measures, a veritable warfare being waged east of Suez. Recent reports received from correspondents in the threatened countries seem to suggest that the plague was temporarily defeated, but not completely scotched.

LOCUSTS IN INDIA.—The last invasion of locusts from the Punjab, with their younger brethren the hoppers (locusts in their wingless state), was apparently due to the wet state of that section of the country. The invasion was very much heavier than in 1926–27, and certain places in the Punjab suffered from their dense flights as the flight moved northward.

The danger in the Punjab was due to the fact that last year, instead of keeping to the desert land the locusts used cultivated areas in which to lay their eggs.

One of the easiest methods of locust warfare is to kill the wingless hoppers by driving them into trenches and burying them alive.

INDIA — A typical swarm of locust in India. Large sums of money are set aside to save the crops from this plague

NIGERIA AND WESTERN SUDAN. — Locusts appeared in Northern Nigeria after an interval of several years, and caused much damage to the native farmers' produce (chiefly corn).

They differ from the Egyptian and South African varieties in size and colour. Clouds have been observed round Kano as large as six miles long and two miles wide and of such density as to blot out the landscape and make the light overcast. The natives combat them by frightening them in beating gongs and empty tins, whilst the birds, fowls, and lizards become so bloated through consuming them that they can hardly move. The locusts are also used for food locally, being swept into bags and retailed at about 5s. per cwt. Deposits left by these 3 in. long pests on the railway metals have stopped trains and caused cars to skid on the roads.

Happily prompt and energetic steps were taken by the Government in mobilizing officials and natives in decimating this plague, so that it is hoped little damage will accrue from the eggs and hoppers this year.

DEVASTATION FROM THE SKY IN NORTH AFRICA.—The lazy serenity of an African noon was suddenly shattered.

"Look!" screamed a woman, crouching terrified against an old blue wall.

"Ay." The street rang with that exclamation of distress. "See what comes. Allah—Dios—Allah."

"Shut the windows," commanded the driver of the bus in which I had just set out from Ceuta, on the coast of Morocco, for Tetuan.

The passengers, Moors and Spaniards, cranked vigorously at the windows. The bus was filled with the sound of their hard breathing. All this excitement mystified me, for the cause of it was nothing but a swift-moving cloud that might bring wind or might bring rain. Even should it be the depressing cumulus known as the levanta I saw no reason for all this turmoil.

The street presented an odd spectacle. Some people ran for cover, some stood transfixed, staring upward; many doors and windows were being closed, others were flung open that astonished heads might poke through.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked the driver of the bus.

"Langosta," he replied,

And in that instant the hail began to fall.

But it wasn't our kind of hail. It was an incredible downpour of locusts—immense, repulsive creatures that simply took possession of the land.

The sharp rattle of their bodies on the car made a disagreeable sound. Some were able to cling to the hood and the windows. We drove as rapidly as possible amongst the people who danced like dervishes in a futile attempt to beat off the winged drops that whizzed dizzily about looking for a place to settle. After fifteen minutes or so we left them behind.

How far that cloud had come and of how many locusts it was composed, I cannot say. Figures were not available. But I do know that this dreaded pest, whose normal home is in the Sudan, can muster an army that halts at no such barriers as seas and mountain ranges, that travels on a favouring wind a thousand miles and makes a dense black shadow overhead ten miles long and two wide!

An African locust has a body about four inches long.

Gradually the excitement in the bus calmed down, and by the time Tetuan was reached we had almost forgotten our experience.

There was something unnatural about the countryside as I journeyed from Tetuan to Tangiers. For a while I was puzzled, then suddenly the answer came to me. We were driving through a desert, where on my previous visit there had been cultivated fields.

Peasants sat idly in the road, tragedy haunting their dark, patient eyes. Scarcely a produce-laden donkey passed us. There was no produce. There was no work, nothing to occupy the people, for they had been visited by the thirty-year locusts, and the enemy was still in possession.

(*Continued on p.* 462)

INDIA — A view showing a swarm of locust on the ground. These pests have been known to settle on a railway track and hold up a train for six hours because the engine wheels could not grip the metal over their greasy bodies

THE "AEGRE" TIDAL BORE flowing up the Welland River at Fosdyke—a natural phenomenon soon to vanish

TAKEN ONE MINUTE AFTER THE ABOVE PICTURE: An immense amount of water has entered the river as will be noticed by comparing the banks in the two pictures. Barges have always waited for this flow of water and come up as shown here on the high water

From a Spalding correspondent come these interesting records of the tidal bore or "Aegre" coming in from the Wash up Welland River at Fosdyke. This wave is from 3 to 4 ft. high and travels about five miles an hour, coming in from the Wash with a roar. The huge new outfall scheme, which has been passed, to take the River Welland out to deep water, will do away with this wonderful sight

'WARE "AEGRE"

A Fascinating Phenomenon which will Cease to be Seen on the Welland — and a Bi-annual Feature on the Severn

THE SEVERN RIVER BORE IN FULL FLOOD: Once more it was possible to witness a few days ago, near Gloucester, the phenomenon of the Severn River bore. This meeting of the waters happens twice a year, when the highest spring tides sweep up the famous salmon river and clash with the fast-ebbing tide

LAMBING IN SPRING

And Other Scenes in the Countryside

BOTTLE-FED : Lambs born on a farm at Tring, Herts., are being brought up on the bottle by the farmer's daughter. *On left*—A TOUGH CUSTOMER : A cavalry man at the Army Vocational Centre at Chiseldon, Wilts., where men are taught all branches of agricultural work, finds a pedigree bull a different proposition to leading a horse

HERALDS OF SPRING : The lambing season is now in full swing, especially in the districts where Hampshire Downs and Dorset Horned are the favourite breeds. These sturdy Hampshire Down lambs were born at Ashton Tinold in Berkshire

SHELTER : The recent cold spell has caused many deaths among new-born lambs. Shepherds have been compelled to bring them to their very fire-sides. The "best room" of these two girl shepherds has had to be assigned to these young lambs

WORCESTERSHIRE'S WOMEN BRICKMAKERS : The primitive art of treading bricks with bare feet is still practised daily near Stourbridge, where winter and summer these women knead the clay into moulds while supporting themselves with a stick. Bricks of unequalled quality are produced by this old-fashioned method, which has practically been supplanted by modern processes owing to the slow rate of production

WAR by LAND and by SEA—Another General Commits Hara-Kiri

By CECIL ROBERTS

Gradually we are being compelled to ask ourselves, has this age produced a truly great man? All the giants of the War era have steadily committed suicide. They will write memoirs and show their feet of clay. Almost the only figure of the Great War who has succeeded in enhancing his reputation by the written word is Mr. Winston Churchill. He has, unlike most of his less fortunate contemporaries, the equipment of a journalist and the style of a great writer; he happens to be a politician who is a man of letters. In *The World Crisis* he has produced not only a monument to himself but also a contribution to the history of a great conflict. But he is almost alone among the Great War figures who has not committed hara-kiri. The latest lamentable spectacle amid this throng of suicides is Marshal Foch. His book, *The Memoirs of Marshal Foch* (Heinemann. 25s.), will fortify those (among whom, let me confess, I am one) who have never been able to subscribe to the legend of the great leader of genius. One scans the horizon in vain for a distinctive figure of commanding stature. The War was not won by military tactics, it was won by the British Navy and the blockade. If the German nation had not cracked within the War would have gone on, and in the next six months Foch would have gone the way of Joffre and Nivelle.

Some have always believed this, but a victory must have a figurehead, and chance gave the moment of victory to Marshal Foch. In this book we see a brave, an obstinate man, but seldom an inspired one. It is not to be expected that generals should write great books or even good ones, but they should at least be accurate and just and balanced. This book has none of those qualities. In dealing with the Battle of the Marne one begins to wonder where the British Army was, whether it was ever anything more than the mere shadow that is represented here, how, in fact, it comes about that there are hundreds and hundreds of acres of British graves on French soil.

Even condoning the absence of any generosity, anything but the coldest recognition of the tremendous sacrifices and brunt of battle borne by an ally to a degree of appalling decimation, one finds it difficult to understand the single-minded interpretation of events which this book presents. It should be said in extenuation that Marshal Foch had no ability as a writer to gather or present his facts. The translator tells us that Foch was instinctively distrustful of three categories of men—orators, politicians, and journalists—for he believed that they all did more harm than good in the world. The narrowness of this view would be sufficient to stamp Foch as a man of restricted intelligence, albeit an able officer. Without Briand and Lloyd George there had been no national will to summon up the last reserves of strength; the policies of Clemenceau and Asquith brought the unity that provided the check to German aggression; the journalists, whether as agents of propaganda or directors of public opinion, or narrators of the conflict, played their part in the education, stimulation, or intoxication of the public whose war-mind had to be keyed up to the tremendous sacrifices called for. It is futile for a great general to affect contempt for these forces and the men that wield them. The degree of Foch's contempt is the degree of his ignorance of anything outside his own profession.

It is not to be expected that the Marshal should know how to write a book or even how to compile his memoirs, but he might, by employing a trained journalist or a skilled writer, have avoided the regrettable hotch-potch which now does disservice to his memory in this lamentable book. We are told that the Marshal's family made a point of allowing these memoirs, designed for publication only after the lapse of several years, to be presented at once and in their untouched state to the public because of recent painful controversies. To those controversies they contribute little. Whatever opinion the reader may form of the inadequacy and inaccuracy of the military chapters of this book, no one can fail to pay tribute to its sweetness of temper. There is hardly a bitter or censorious word in all its 600 pages. Of the generals with whom he was associated, of the statesmen with whom he came into contact, there is nothing but what is pleasant and complimentary. One service he renders to the memory and military character of Joffre:—

"The Battle of the Marne was undoubtedly a great victory. It was the work of the man who, as early as August 24th, had begun to plan it and had carried it through to the end. He created an army of manœuvre on the West, and then continued his retreat until a favourable moment for halting his forces should present itself. When this moment arrived, he judiciously combined the offensive with the defensive, after executing an energetic 'about turn.' By a magnificently-planned stroke he dealt the invasion a mortal blow."

As a book of memoirs it is singularly uninspiring. It consists for the most part of a slight decoration of military reports, and these wholly of French sources, of a self-centred survey of events, with no clear growth or division of the scenes of action. The lamentable decision to leave the book as it came from the Marshal's pen renders it almost illiterate. The narrative sometimes wobbles between the first and third persons in the most confusing manner. When we come to the great climax, to the stirring scenes of that hour in the forest of Compiègne, when the German delegates arrived to ask for an armistice, there is no clear narrative, no personal record of feelings such as history would be glad to retain, only a few fragmentary notes that read like the précis of a business meeting. One cannot finish this book without regretting that Marshal Foch was not saved by literary advisers from so weak a performance, and one so damaging to his world reputation.

Its contribution to the history of the War is *nil*. It cannot fail to arouse resentment in the breasts of the British, who find their tremendous efforts and sacrifices not ignored, but worse, scarcely noticed. As typical of this obliviousness one finds no mention of Mons until the final chapters dealing with the Allied advance in October, 1918. And Foch's cursory indictment of the breakdown of the British Fifth Army at St. Quentin cannot be allowed to stand, ignoring as he does the failure of the French to fulfil their obligations in the matter of releasing their reserves. The book has so many omissions of this nature that as a military document it is useless, and there is not even the consolation that it provides an intimate portrait of Foch himself. The only time that this figure becomes flesh and blood is in the introductory note of the translator, a brief sketch so ably done that it throws the rest of the book into the amateur class.

In one respect the wisdom of the Marshal was amply demonstrated. His outline of the conditions he desired for the granting of an armistice was that finally adopted by the Allies, the more moderate demands of Haig being discarded as insufficient to guarantee the fulfilment of the Peace terms. Haig did not demand the Rhine bridgeheads he was willing to be satisfied with something approaching the status quo of 1914. He did not share with Foch the opinion that the German army was completely demoralised. Foch's own opinion seems contradictory here, for when England demanded severe naval terms, Foch, for his part, was willing to forgo naval surrenders, as it might entail the Germans fighting on and the loss of more blood; yet another demonstration of the singleness of Foch's view and his utter incapacity to see anything outside the area of French interests. Yet he owed his military supremacy to the naval victory and was careful to insist that the blockade should be *continued* throughout the armistice.

Turning from the literature of the War to War literature, here is a play based on the last days in a German U-boat, *U 97*, by S. S. Forester (Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.). Mr. Forester writes with considerable knowledge of his setting and in this three-act play he vividly reconstructs the closing drama of German sea power. The scene opens with the revolt at Cuxhaven, and the last attempt of German officers to save the honour of the Fleet by taking out a U-boat in the desperate hope of entering Scapa Flow and sinking the British Fleet. The interior of a U-boat, the heroism of a well-nigh hopeless attempt at the price of death to maintain their honour, the doom that settles on this group of officers when the submarine is disabled by a mine at the entrance of the Flow, are all dramatically portrayed. I doubt whether the mechanical difficulties of stage production could be overcome, but, to read, this is certainly an arresting piece of work. The psychology of the German naval officer, under the cloud of defeat, amid the revolution of their own crews and the knowledge of the collapse of the German Empire, is subtly presented. It is a remarkable work to come from the pen of an Englishman, who has found in the German scene the material of a very vivid and moving sea-drama.

If you like a story in which a delicate artist uses words as a violinist uses his strings, delighting in every nuance of tone, with muted and pizzicato passages, here is the book, *The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker*, by Donald Corley (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). I gather that Mr. Corley is an American and that this is a first novel. Here is a very fine artist whose Puckish fancy is allied with an acute ear for sound and a keen eye for colour. This is the story of a family of Russians in exile. It is in particular the story of Ivan the shoemaker, and Pyotr his son. The fifth son of the shoemaker, from time immemorial, was destined to follow his father's craft. And here they are, living and working in the basement of a New York tenement house. Ivan loved leather; he was a craftsman of the supreme order who could make shoes for the puppets of the theatre, be they ballerinas, prima-donnas, or the traditional figures of the Russian folk-drama. His fifth son was also an artist in leather, and but for the advent of a fairy princess, a worker from the Settlement who opened the gate to a new world, he might have remained in that cellar with old Ivan. Prosperity came to them, and of all that it took from them, as well as all that it brought to them, this is the story.

Sentence after sentence of this fragrant idyll lingers in the memory. When Pyotr was brought a violin out of a pawnshop—"it smelled of music. It was like an early Greek torso, all that was left of some buried Psyche, patinated by earth not too brutal, but mellow, sufficing, enriching." Henceforth that delectable book *The Venetian Glass Nephew* shall have for companion *The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker*. Here is a pageant sweeping out of Russia, set to the music of Stravinsky, with a touch of Hans Andersen, Rip Van Winkle, and something that is uniquely Donald Corley.

Mr. Lytton Strachey's legacy of the sub-acid in our modern biographies is finding its way into our fiction. Here comes Miss J. E. Buckrose, known for her kindly rustic scenes, with a study of George Eliot. *Silhouette of Mary Ann* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). It is a novel which presents the life of the famous novelist. We meet her as Mary Ann Evans, the precocious child that disturbed her family, the rebellious young lady who fled to town, the renowned novelist who received in her drawing-room Spencer and Tennyson, the determined woman who absorbed the life of George Henry Lewes the unstable, and young Mr. Cross, who found in her a combination of goddess, mother, and wife. Here is George Eliot coldly analysed, the degree of pretentious humbug, the hero-worship of the age, the deification of herself, all most skilfully portrayed. And yet, despite the pin-pricks that Miss Buckrose administers to this bladder of fame, she never loses her power to make George Eliot a slightly sad, slightly victimized figure holding our sympathy. It is a novel faithfully and tranquilly written, with sober truth and cold humour, that unites excellent criticism with a portrait of the age, and, in particular, of George Eliot.

I once went to Cornell University to deliver a lecture. I was scheduled to stay one night, and I stayed six weeks. Not least among the attractions was the acute mind of a young Englishman, C. E. G. Catlin, the professor of politics. Remembering him, and those long-after-midnight talks above Cayuga's Lake, I have read his contribution to the Home University Library on *Liquor Control* (Butterworth. 2s. 6d.). I am not interested in liquor, either as a drink or a subject, but Professor Catlin has presented a most readable survey of one of the most complex problems of social legislation.

Recommended List:

The Russian Ballet, 1921–1929, *by W. A. Propert* **(John Lane. 30s. net).**—The history of this famous ballet, with 48 superb illustrations. A full, sympathetic, informative history of the greatest of stage spectacles worthily presented.

Royal Charles, *by David Loch* **(Routledge. 15s. net).**—A freshly narrated, independent survey of a Royal rake.

Brave Employments, *by Marjorie Borden* **(Collins. 8s. 6d. net).**—An historical romance of Ireland. Miss Borden's phenomenal output, together with her breadth, grasp on history, and mastery of narrative, now constitutes her Dumas' rival.

The President's Daughter, *by Nan Britton* **(Laurie. 18s. net).**—The story of President Harding's unwedded wife and illegitimate child. An amazing commentary on American public life. Banality and audacity with a Washington background.

Circus Nights and Circus Days, *by A. H. Kober* **(Sampson Low. 12s. 6d. net).**—An excellent book about circus life.

Spreading Germs of Hate, *by G. S. Viereck* **(Duckworth. 12s. 6d. net).**—War propaganda with the mask off, by one who undertook German propaganda in America. It makes the brain reel to wade in this morass of international lying.

Donjon of Demons, *by B. Fitzpatrick* **(Routledge. 10s. 6d. net).**—Life of Father Brebeuf, and the heroism of Jesuit missions among American Indians. A thrilling narrative.

The Stars in their Courses, *by Sir James Jeans* **(Cambridge University Press. 5s. net).**—Simplified astronomy.

Circus Show, *by Joseph Delmont* **(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).**—A full, vivid story of circus life, in which the animals have part. It will increase Delmont's fame as a master of narrative.

Concerning Peter Jackson, *by Gilbert Frankau* **(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).**—A collection of short stories.

THE LEE HANKEY EXHIBITION: There has just been opened at the Fine Art Galleries in New Bond Street a one-man exhibition of the work of Mr. Lee Hankey, A.R.W.S., R.O.I. It includes this breezy piece of work entitled "Arrival of the Sardines"

By courtesy of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons
WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: By Thomas Girtin

THE LEE HANKEY EXHIBITION: A good example of the bold, convincing treatment Mr. Lee Hankey can give to an impression of the cliff-like houses of Mentone—one of a series of landscapes now on exhibition at the Fine Art Galleries

ART of the LANDSCAPE
Old and New

On left—
OLD GODALMING, 1800. By Thomas Girtin
By courtesy of the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester

Girtin and Other Fine Watercolours at the Agnew Galleries

SOME FINE WATERCOLOURS by Old Masters of the British School and by later hands are to be seen at the Agnew Galleries, Old Bond Street, where they are on exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Immediately above is a view of the Rue St. Denis, executed in Girtin's best manner. Two other examples of Turner's rival are also reproduced above

MISS MICKY HOOD: One of the bright young things who appears nightly in the cabaret setting of Wonder Bar *which is drawing crowded houses to the Savoy*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Two Plays whose Action Leads one Into and Around Bedrooms, but which are Nevertheless Quite Discreet—The Return of Miss Olga Lindo

BY PHILIP PAGE

"Strictly Dishonourable."

With every sincere wish to help *Strictly Dishonourable* on its way as a box-office success, I cannot say that I found it in the least improper. "Unpleasant," "nasty," "suggestive" are among the adjectives that have been showered on this American importation to the Phœnix Theatre. I trust no one will blame me if I honestly declare that this is a pleasant and a nice play, suggestive only of the remarkable fact that a New York "speak-easy" can have a human and non-gangster atmosphere about it and can be frequented by, with one exception, attractive people. Another cheering element was the sight of a judge in that "speak-easy" breaking the Prohibition laws with a vigour that made me marvel that he was eventually able to speak at all, and making a policeman drink while on duty.

This was cheering because of the relief brought to anyone in this country by the thought that what is accepted as the natural order of things in America would be nightmarish over here. Imagine, if you can, Mr. Justice Avory in an unlicensed café in Soho at 2 a.m. asking Police-constable Albert Smith to desert his beat and have a whisky and soda. And, what is more, go to a very non-legal bar, pick up a bottle of whisky, and pour out the stuff himself. Yet this judge was neither a crook nor a villain. Indeed I found him, in the person of Mr. Lee Baker, as lovable as Smee. He was anxious that the innocent little girl from the country should not spend the night in the flat of the Italian opera-singer. This flat was part of the "speak-easy." So was the judge's flat, in which the opera-singer *did* spend the night.

For in America, it seems, judges and opera-singers have flats in "speak-easies," and this play by Preston Sturges was a comedy and not a farce. A very diverting little comedy, too, with a strictly moral tone about it. Of course the little girl from the country, bored by her caddish fiancé, had an amorous disposition which displayed itself the moment she fell in love with the opera-singer. But what Mrs. Grundy found to grumble at in the girl taking a sham Teddy Bear to bed with her instead of a real tenor who, despite her pleading, left her alone in his flat and slept elsewhere, I cannot for the life of me imagine. It was a case of *addio senza rancor* until the following morning, and then the curtain fell on a proposal of marriage. I would call it a homely situation were it not that the American actors, authors, and producers might think that by this I meant that it was an ugly one. Perhaps it was Miss Margaret Perry's green pyjama suit that gave some spectators the heebie-geebies of moral indignation.

Miss Perry is rather an adorable person with orange-coloured hair and the sort of American accent one can listen to for a whole evening and like it. The Italian opera-singer is an Italian and he can sing—Mr. Tullio Carminati. He is also a good actor with a likeable personality. But his touch at times might have been a trifle lighter. Mr. William Ricciardi, the proprietor of the extraordinary establishment where all those extraordinary things happened, is also Italian, very Italian. He is like some figure in a Renaissance Italian masque, with his broad gestures and his mighty nose.

A vast amount of information can be gleaned from the Phœnix Theatre programme. One is told that the painting on the safety curtain is by Jacopo del Sellaio (1442–1493), that hat-racks are under each seat, that the picture in the auditorium, "Angels Bearing Scroll," is after (rather a long way after) Filippo Corbizzi, who flourished about 1494, that an article in the Phœnix Booklet is by Mr. Jack Isaacs, and that the telephone number is Temple Bar 9078. But one is not told who is responsible for keeping the Phœnix Theatre warm. He is the man I would like to congratulate even more heartily than the author. Perhaps by the time these lines appear we shall be in the middle of a heat wave, and the Phœnix Theatre patrons will be anxious to roast him before his own furnace. But in a week of theatre-going during the cold snap, the Phœnix was the the only theatre in which I did not have to sit in a thick overcoat—even then with chattering teeth.

Much has been written about what is wrong with the theatre in this country. I will add one more thing. It is too cold. Granted that Paris theatres are stuffy and stifling. That is no consolation when one realizes that most London theatres, when the weather is chilly, are a combination of the Cave of Æolus and an ice-box. If any attempt is made to warm them there is no evidence of it. When the curtain is down one shivers. When it goes up an Arctic blast comes across the footlights, and one is too numb even to do that. I heard *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* at the Lyceum one night, and I will warrant that an opera-loving Eskimo would have had his physical endurance put to a severe test by that temperature. There is little advantage in good airs being sung on the stage if bad draughts are felt in the auditorium. The draughts always win.

Plucky—But is it Good?

There is some good material in the Carl Rosa Company—Mr. Hubert Dunkerley, for instance, is a superb baritone as well as a clever actor. Then the chorus look nice and, what is much more important in opera, sing well. In short, parts of most of the performances I have heard so far in the season have been good. But I am reminded of Sir Squire Bancroft's remark about Arthur Bourchier's Macbeth. "Parts of it are good," drawled the old man in his slow, pompous way, "but are the parts that are *good* quite good *enough?*"

A great deal too much is said about operatic ventures being "creditable" and "plucky." I do not deny the Carl Rosa and the Old Vic. productions certain virtues any more than I would deny the immense difficulties that beset those who run them—difficulties which are the lot of anyone who essays the thorny path of grand opera. But I have heard opera done by both the Carl Rosa and the Old Vic. on certain occasions about as badly as it could possibly be done. Yet these performances have been greeted with encouraging pats on the back and such words as "promising" and "plucky." It does not do either the above companies or the cause of opera generally any good at all for faults to be glossed over in this way. The only place where opera is given in this country as it should be given is at Covent Garden or by the Covent Garden touring company. There is not perfection here, by a long chalk, though there is by far the nearest approach to it.

Nevertheless the Covent Garden performances are in many quarters analysed and slated and disparaged while eulogies are heaped on other concerns. I suppose a sort of "agin' the Government at all costs" idea is at the back of this attitude.

"O.H.M.S."

Captain Reginald Berkeley's new play at the New Theatre does not manage to dispel the slightly sinister flavour of its title, which doubtless suggests to many people income tax demands and telephone bills. *O.H.M.S.* starts well, however. There was some prospect that we were in for an amusing time on that familiar island in the Pacific (a British possession), with its soft-hearted Governor and its scheming widow.

Unfortunately it is soon discovered that the Governor is soft-headed as well as soft-hearted, and though the widow, Mrs. Carruthers, may have been loved by all the others, I found her a little tedious. Farce is ventured on by locking the widow up in a safe when the Colonial Secretary arrives and by letting her reveal her presence by sneezing. She gets her own way with the Governor after all. There is every indication that she will marry him and reign in Government House, and that between them the two will muddle things so hopelessly that a foreign Power could come along and annex the island with perfect ease, in the improbable event of any Power wanting to possess a place with so dull an atmosphere, populated by such dull people.

Mr. Athole Stewart is extremely good as a secretary; he has the Government-office touch to a nicety. Miss Edith Evans did nearly all that was possible with Mrs. Carruthers; it is a much better play than *Samson*, anyway. Captain Berkeley has written good plays before and will, I have not the least doubt, write plenty more. But he must get right away from the "doldrums," which are, I believe, a feature of the Pacific.

Naughty Cinderella

Of the touring company of the immortal Mr. Vincent Crummles it is recorded that on one occasion that distinguished actor, hearing that professional critical opinion from the Metropolis was in one of the boxes, "deliberately died *at* the London manager." I cannot avoid the comparison when surveying the undoubted art of Miss Olga Lindo. Had Charles Dickens been in a box at the Comedy Theatre on the first night of *Naughty Cinderella*, she would, I feel convinced, have died *at* him. Not that she has to die, or anything like it, in this play; she is only too emphatically and too industriously alive. By the time the first half-hour was over, Miss Lindo had run the gamut of most of the emotions and seemed to have spoken more lines in one act than most leading ladies speak in three, and to have sung a song into the bargain. She had to be a starving French revue actress (do French revue actresses ever starve?) who accepts an engagement to go to the Lido in strictly Platonic fashion with a rich young novelist (are young novelists ever rich?), in order to prevent the husband of the woman he thinks he loves being jealous.

The preliminary discussions of this arrangement form as cheaply nasty a scene as I have ever heard. Possibly those who consider *Strictly Dishonourable* unpleasant will consider this adaptation by the late Avery Hopwood as innocuous as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is amusing in spots. Miss Irene Russell is seductive as well as clever, and Mr. Arthur Margetson and Mr. Reginald Gardiner (again doomed to be facetious) rattle along "with easy grace."

MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT, who is playing in Good Losers *at the Whitehall Theatre in the Walter Hackett and Michael Arlen play of comedy and tragedy*

AROUND the THEATRES

A PLAY OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, O.H.M.S.: *Mr. Reginald Berkeley's latest play now running at the New Theatre in which Miss Edith Evans plays a leading part. Ruth Taylor* (above) *scores a success as a prolific scandal-monger. On the right, Mr. Godfrey Tearle's interpretation of "Hamlet" has aroused much controversy. He is seen with Miss Fay Compton as Ophelia*

THE POETRY OF MOTION: Clever and effective dancing by the chorus girls in the new review, Stand up and Sing, *which was proauced by Mr. Jack Buchanan and is now running at the Hippodrome. Mr. Buchanan also collaborated with Mr. John Boyle in the arrangement of the ensembles*

KISSING TIME: Another scene from Stand Up and Sing *which marks the successful return of Jack Buchanan to the English stage from Hollywood. He is shown above during a very "touching" moment with Miss Anne Neagle*

A TENSE MOMENT: A dramatic scene from Good Losers, *the play by Michael Arlen and Walter Hackett at the Whitehall Theatre. The illustration shows Cathleen Nesbitt as Cora Drew, shooting the murderer of her lover Leonard Upton*

MONEY! MONEY!! *A scene from the new comedy by Luigi Chiarelli at the Royalty in which Leon M. Lion gives a brilliant character study. Hugh Wakefield as Gerard, Count de Jersay, is seen above with Heather Angel as Elena*

MAINLY for WOMEN

A HUNGARIAN NOTABILITY: Countess Bethlen is the charming wife of the present Hungarian Premier, and together with her husband she recently paid a visit to Mussolini

A BABY MAYORESS: The Duchess Marianna Visconti di Modrone, daughter of the Duke Marcello Visconti di Modrone, Mayor of Milan, acts as Mayoress at official functions

A FEMININE GALILEO: A business-like portrait of Fräulein Margarethe Guessow, who has the distinction of being Germany's only woman astronomer. This picture was taken recently at the famous Neu-Babelsberg observatory where Fräulein Guessow is now employed

FASHIONS FROM FILMLAND: Miss Fay Wray, the well-known film star, wears a becoming hat of brown felt trimmed with bands of velvet ribbons

BLOND BEAUTY: A charming camera study by Peter North of Miss Bunting Stephenson, who is one of the very modern flower girls in Nellie Taylor's old-world florist shop

AN EXPERT ON WINDMILLS: Miss Marjorie Batten has just published, on behalf of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, an excellent first volume on the Windmills of this country

The World of Women

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

The evening gown illustrated above has a draped corsage which gives a pleasing soft effect. The skirt consists of a flared frill, which sometimes shows the reverse side of the satin. The coat is reversible. From Swan and Edgar

This smart afternoon gown is carried out in black georgette. Horizontal and vertical tucks are placed just below the hipline, forming pleats at the hem. The collar and cuffs are of shell pink georgette. From Marshall and Snelgrove

Pictures by Helen MacGregor

A youthful and dainty gown for evening wear, featured in speckled net over a slip of shell pink satin. A floral girdle matches the skirt trimming. Shoes of the palest pink satin are worn with this frock

A GLIMPSE *of the* NEW SPRING FASHIONS

In the feminine world at this season of the year conversation seems to flutter from the absorbing question of clothes to the subjects of house decoration.

Here we are concerned purely with the question of clothes.

The tailored suit illustrated below was built by Debenham and Freebody. It is made of a good quality suiting and the braid adds a delightful finish.

With the pale pink evening frock from Swan and Edgar's is worn one of the new reversible coats. The sleeves are tight to the elbow and then flare, whilst the scarf collar is joined at the back, one half being in a light colour, and the other half in black.

Afternoon gowns are chiefly carried out in contrasting colours and reach halfway between knee and ankle.

A smart costume in black and white check tweed suiting. The braided seams and pleats give a pleasant effect to the ensemble, which is enhanced by the smart black straw hat, trimmed with a touch of orange, and the lovely silver fox fur. From Debenham and Freebody

THE WORLD *of* WOMEN—*(continued)*

Gay Millinery for Early Spring Days

Pictures by Helen MacGregor

An attractive model carried out in black Baku straw, having the brim bound with black ribbon. The crown is trimmed with a black, green and tomato-coloured silk band, and at one side is placed a small feather of green and tomato. From Woolland Bros.

Natural coloured Sisol straw is used for this charming hat. The crown is embroidered with small black stars and trimmed with natural coloured ribbon edged with black. From Henry Heath

In many of the new season's hats floral decorations have returned to favour. This smart model is made of black Baku straw; small white flowers make a becoming frame for the face. From Gorringe

The shows of millinery in Paris and the more recent parades in London have aroused much interest and controversy. For it was felt with some degree of truth that hats could not get *much* smaller, and yet on the other hand one wondered whether the feminine world would agree to sacrifice the comfort of the béret or the cap for the perhaps more becoming large-brimmed hat.

The answer to these questions is simple enough, for recent displays of millinery have shown hats both large and small, and not the least accommodating is that surprising model, the two-piece hat, where the crown can be worn quite separately from the brim. These hats are more frequently carried out in contrasting colours, often in two different kinds of material.

But this two-piece variety is not the only model where two colours are introduced; indeed, contrasts such as these are more the rule than the exception. Some have crowns of stockinette and brims of straw; some are even made of a very openwork crochet.

Crowns are frequently so shallow that an elastic has to be worn around the back of the head to keep the hat on.

To be smart one still must wear one's headgear well off the face, usually at an angle, and in the case of the very small hats a forehead veil of fine net is favoured.

The Smart Woman Wears Lingerie of Sophisticated Simplicity

This three-piece set of lingerie is made in an excellent quality crêpe and lace de chine, and is obtainable in white, pink, or turquoise. Each piece is sold separately, the knickers costing 16s. 11d., petticoat 24s. 6d., cami-knickers 23s. 6d., nightgown 32s. 11d. From Galeries Lafayette

Scalloped collar and cuffs of white piqué and georgette front. From Galeries Lafayette

Pale pink crêpe de chine is the medium chosen for this lingerie set which includes chic pyjamas, chemise, and knickers. The garments are hand sewn and trimmed with écru lace. Grande Maison de Blanc

A room with a view . . .

His destination as yet no more than a name on one of the less familiar pages of the atlas, the young man who has just received an overseas appointment is faced with a pretty problem before he even books his passage. The selection of clothes to be worn in a place where—he hears—the sun blazes down from the burnished blue for nine solid months of the year . . . this, in London, appears to be a task of peculiar difficulty.

The Red Lacquer Room at Austin Reed's was designed to make it as easy for a man to equip himself for a three years' stay in a part of the world he has never heard of, as it is to collect a few things for a week-end. It is, quite logically, a spectacular expression of a long-established Austin Reed policy; namely, to provide every opportunity for men to choose the right clothes in appropriate and pleasant surroundings. Its atmosphere has been very carefully created. Day and night a faithful counterpart of your tropic sun shines behind its opaque Chinese-patterned windows. Its red lacquer walls are surmounted by mural paintings of scenes from our Tropical Empire by Mr. Fred Taylor, R.I.

Here in a setting which suggests the splendour of the East, it is easy and pleasant to choose a complete outfit for any part of the world. The man in charge having spent most of his life in the tropics, has unique qualifications for giving expert advice and assistance. Everything from topees to camp beds, is ready for immediate use. Everything can be marked, packed in trunks and put on board the steamer. You will save time and trouble and money. You will avoid unnecessary purchases. You will find that this is indeed a room which will give you a clear view of what climate and custom dictate.

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The KING of the SUNSHINE COAST

Estoril, the Brightest Jewel of the Portuguese Riviera

To those happy folk who have the leisure and the means to travel abroad and can make their Easter outing last weeks instead of days, let me commend "that ideal spot in the south of Europe," as a well-known writer once described Estoril which lies picturesquely on the sunny coast of the Portuguese Riviera.

The geographical position of that region ensures its constant superiority over the Rivieras of France and Italy. In the first place it is 300 miles farther south than they are, thus ensuring a pleasanter temperature even in the depth of winter.

THE ATTRACTIVE CHALETS on the picturesque sea-front on the Portuguese Riviera

In the second, instead of standing on the tideless Mediterranean, it is poised above the restless Atlantic whose waves, as they ebb and flow, fall with a gentle lap on its splendid expanse of beach, while a branch of the warm Gulf Stream sweeps along the coast and enables safe bathing to be enjoyed under ideal conditions even thus early, for such is the glory of the sunshine that the bather need have no fear of catching cold.

So bountifully dowered by sun and ozone-laden air, with fertile soil and a temperature which knows no extremes, the gardens in which Estoril's picturesque houses are set riot in all the colours of the rainbow and make nature's carpet more exquisite than even the glories of Persia's art could show at the recent exhibition in Burlington House.

"And what," the prospective sojourner in this delectable resort will naturally ask, "has man done to ensure the comfort of those who, attracted by description or lured by the encomiums of those who have visited Estoril, desire to spend their vacation there?"

The answer is reassuring. Although *mañana* —to-morrow—is regarded as the procrastinating watchword of the Iberian peninsula, Estoril has not put off its preparations but has been making ready in advance for the visitors who will come to-morrow. Her newest hotel—the Palace—was opened only at the end of last summer, so that it is as modern in its appointments as it is up to date in catering for the comfort of its patrons. Nor are the older hotels less solicitous in their attentions to the wants of travellers, always more exigent in their needs than they are accustomed to be at home.

Although French cooking is renowned the world over, there are many who, having eaten in Estoril, aver not only has Portugal nothing to learn dietetically from France, but they will gravely assure you that, claiming to be connoisseurs, the Portuguese cuisine is even more delectable than that of Paris itself.

The meat is of excellent quality, although, in common with the Continent generally, it is smaller than that provided by our own oxen; the poultry is sacrificed to the god of appetite immediately before it is needed, so that it is served under the most appetizing conditions; the fish, in large variety, is inevitably fresh, caught as it is every day in the Atlantic, and the vegetables would be far more varied than our own northern latitudes supply did we not draw them from various parts of the world.

SUB-TROPICAL: The picturesque hotel gardens renaer Estoril an ideal spot for those who do not stir far afield from their dwelling and enhance the pleasure of the ordinary visitor

Nor must mention of the society to be found in Estoril be omitted. Many of the wealthy merchants of Lisbon have their villas on the hill slopes, while, attracted by the remarkably favourable rate of exchange, the town has an English colony of charming people whom our increasing taxation has compelled to seek foreign homes.

The hotels, too, where prices are far below those of the Riviera, are attracting an ever-increasing number of English men and women, enticed by their friends who have already had personal knowledge of the natural and acquired attractions of this rapidly advancing resort which, recognizing that man does not live by food alone but requires a range of entertainments on his vacation, has set out to provide them adequately.

Already there are well-planned programmes of sports meetings, concerts, theatrical and cinema performances, as well as art and fashion shows, while the tennis courts will attract all devotees of the game, and golfers will make immediate tracks for the excellent links where recently the British Ambassador to Portugal played against the champion of the northern part of the country and beat him.

Since a "flutter" at the tables has an indescribable attraction for all sorts and conditions of holiday makers, Estoril has refused to be content with the small, intimate casino where all the recognized games of chance are played under special licence, and has built a new casino designed by the noted French architect, M. Raoul Jourde. To be opened soon after the Easter vacation, the Grand Casino with its magnificent gaming rooms, its band, and other attractions will be the centre for the social gathering of Europe's élite who are ever on the alert to discover new holiday resorts. Another advantage enjoyed by Estoril is that it is situated in the midst of most interesting country. Only fifteen miles away is Lisbon, which offers all the allure of a European capital.

Lisbon is, indeed, the arrival platform for the traveller to Estoril whether he comes by one of the spendidly appointed steamers from London, Liverpool, Plymouth or Southampton, or by the famous Sud-Express via Paris and Bordeaux.

From Lisbon an electric railway conveys him to Estoril in less than half-an-hour, or a motor car can be requisitioned for the journey over the pleasant road connecting the capital with its alluring suburb.

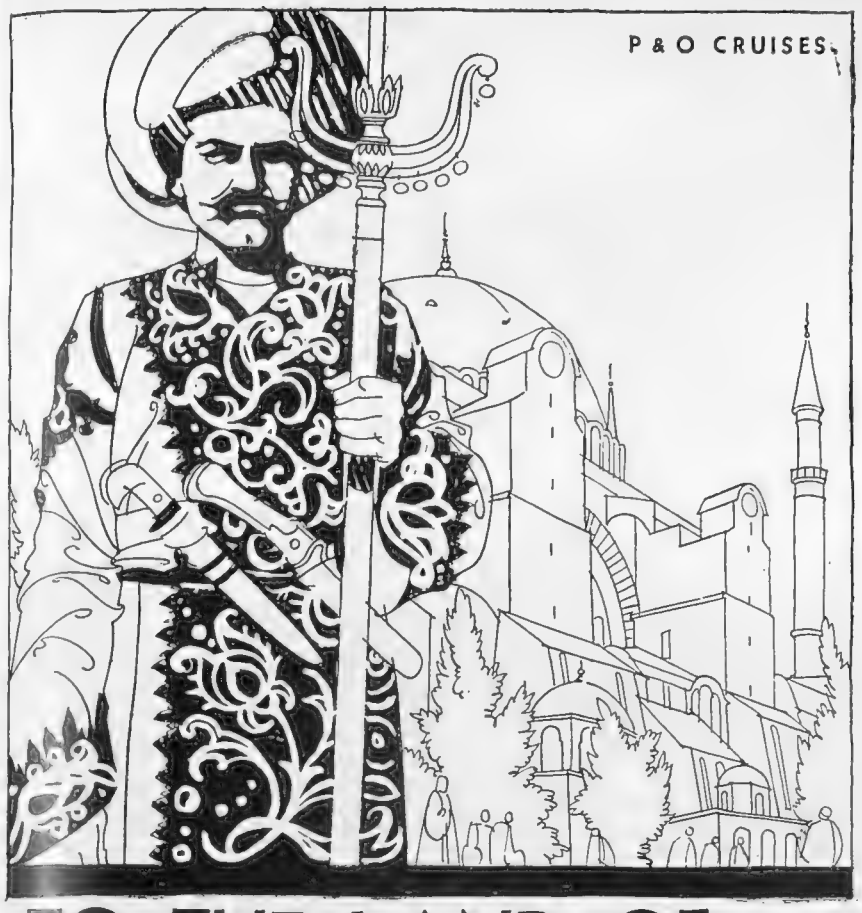
From Estoril the visitor must not fail to go to the thriving fishing village of Cascais, whose charter dates from the thirteenth century, although it was known long before that time. Within a pleasant walk is the "mouth of Hell" through which, on a stormy day, the Atlantic waves dash with thunderous roar and terrifying fury. Within a stone's throw, too, is that "glorious Eden" as Byron calls Cintra, famous for its palace in which the late King Edward once breakfasted during his visit to Portugal.

Any of our readers desiring further particulars of Estoril in connection with routes, fares, accommodation, etc., should write to the "SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.

ON THE SUNSHINE COAST: The clear water makes bathing a delight and the warm climate renaers sun-bathing, lounging, paddling, or even watching the others a joy at Estoril. Inset above *are the fascinating ruins of Evora, within easy reach of Estoril*

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2



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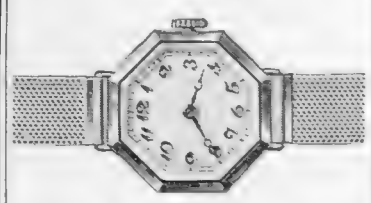

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The Amazing Vagaries of FRENCH PRESIDENTS

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(*Continued from page 437*)

There is a piquant postscript to be added to this story.

It is an open secret that the stickler for etiquette Doumergue does not see eye to eye with the unorthodox Briand, in fact, that he is no Briand "fan" and that the one thing which might cause him to reconsider his decision not to stand would be if that were the only way to ensure keeping Briand out of the Elysée. This blocking attitude in no way approaches the fevered ban of Foch-the-devout on Clemenceau-the-agnostic, yet it is filled with possibilities.

"Gastounet" has had his fill of Paris life. His has been an exceptionally exacting septennat. He has had to tackle not less than fifteen Cabinet crises—three more than the heretofore maximum of twelve different governments formed during the presidencies of Grévy and Poincaré. MacMahon and Carnot had ten each and Fallières nine: altogether in sixty years France has had eighty-seven Cabinets, while one supposes we have had between twenty and thirty at most. Moreover French Cabinet crises are the dickens compared with our smooth Buckingham Palace way out. Sometimes they last for a week or more, all day and sometimes all night consultations.

"Gastounet" is all ready to retire to the ancestral home at Aigues-Vives on the edge of the desolate Camargue. The house, in the village square, has been endowed with a bath and heating and a small adjacent building has been acquired for guests from the big city. It is even whispered that the 68-year old bachelor may not perpetuate the single state in his retirement; and that this consideration makes him all the more anxious to get through with his official life. *But* if Briand shows signs of coming forward, the retreat near the Mediterranean *may* conceivably have to wait another seven years (the retiring President would win any contest he chose to enter—even against Briand), though what exactly might happen in this event, in regard to the other matter, I am in no position to foretell!

AN AMERICAN SUCCESS: Miss Margaret Perry who, called in at the last moment, owing to illness, in the New York production, has created something of a sensation by her performance in *Strictly Dishonourable*, one of the few plays to have succeeded in the past "month of failures" in which so many shows, including *O.H.M.S.*, have been withdrawn

Since the above was written M. Maginot's chance has been quoted at 10 to 1. But Briand is quoted at 2½ to 1. Doumer the same. Cheron 5 to 1.

". . . . The EAST WIND brought the LOCUSTS"

The Insect Invasion of North Africa when 400 Tons of them were Destroyed

(*Continued from p. 449*)

The streets of Tangiers were not pleasing to look upon: they were worse to walk upon: dead locusts, half-dead locusts, and intensely-alive locusts were thick everywhere.

The bus stopped some distance from the Continental hotel which stands on an eminence overlooking the fascinating docks and harbour, and I dashed for it with much undignified screaming.

"Are there locusts in the hotel?" I asked.

"Pocas (a few)," answered the clerk, who had ducked beneath the counter.

They convened in my room. I called for help and a diminutive chambermaid appeared and gathered up a boxful. She said she was afraid, but went to work with Spartan courage.

Venturing out of doors was struck definitely off my programme. The socco, or market-place, with its coal, wood, bread, fig, vegetable, and cheese sellers, its healers who generally deal with disease by reading a verse from the Koran, the magicians, story-tellers, and snake-charmers might have been 3,000 miles away instead of around the corner. The cubby-holes of bazaars spilling streams of hot colour into the streets while motionless Arabs sat amid their silken fabrics smoking, were denied me. I simply could not cope with locusts in such a large way. So for four days I sat in my room hoping that rain would come.

THE DRESSES OF STARS: Miss Patricia Orwin who at the age of 22 has established herself as a noted film *couturière*. At one time she did her own cutting and sewing, but now she employs a large staff. She has a contract to design fifty frocks for a new picture

But they stayed. One morning we did have a little shower and the terrace was carpeted with yellow-greenish bodies waiting for the sun to dry them into activity, when they darted as wildly as ever. Meanwhile, many people swept masses of them off the streets for food. I have no idea how many locusts comprise a meal, nor how many were gathered for this purpose, but in another section of the country 8,000 peasants were mobilised to war upon them and in a day they collected 12,000 bags of the insects. Other figures tell of 400 tons that were destroyed, or approximately 32,000,000 locusts.

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Illustrated Stetson booklet containing list of retailers will be forwarded on request.

Offices and Showrooms (Wholesale only), 70, New Bond Street, London, W.1

ITEMS of INTEREST *From Far and Near*

SMART RIDING ATTIRE

A smart and practical woman's riding kit is illustrated on this page, built by the well-known Bedford Riding Breeches Company of 19, New Quebec Street, Marble Arch, W.1. It consists of a fairly long two-buttoned jacket with centre seam at back and vent. It is a very attractive ensemble when carried out in fancy tweed or gabardine, with the breeches of Bedford cord or cavalry twill. The breeches cost from 21s. to 70s., and the coat, 77s. 6d. A cheaper line of breeches cut to measure may also be obtained. This same house has established a mail order service for customers who live some way out of town. Special self-measure instructions are sent, together with patterns, upon request.

FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN: A smart and practical riding kit built by the Bedford Riding Breeches Company of New Quebec Street, W.1

OF INTEREST TO RACING ENTHUSIASTS

A remarkable offer of service which surely must appeal to all backers on the Totalisator is being offered by Douglas Stuart. This enterprising agent has always given his clients the option of executing their commissions at Totalisator prices since the machine was first introduced. To-day there is no transaction possible on the "Tote" which cannot be equally executed on credit with Douglas Stuart, and with additional advantages. Douglas Stuart offers No Limit for singles, win or place. Daily "Tote" doubles and doubles and accumulators at "Tote" prices on any races in the programme. Telegrams may be handed in up to the advertised time of the race or from racecourses up to the "off," thus obviating the necessity of queueing up at the machine.

VISITING CEYLON

Commencing with the S.S. *Sarpedon*, which sails from Liverpool on August 15, arrangements have been made by the Blue Funnel Line for all outward-bound passenger vessels to call at Colombo. Thus all passengers going East will be able to break the monotony of the journey across the Indian Ocean and spend a short time ashore in Ceylon. In addition this arrangement will also be of assistance to those passengers for Colombo who, in the past, have not been able to make use of the Blue Funnel Line owing to the fact that vessels did not call there on their outward voyage.

THE CRUISING SEASON BEGINS

The first cruise of the 1931 season, to be made by the 20,000-ton *Orontes* of the Orient Line, will begin on April 18, starting from London, and will include North Africa, Malta, Sicily, Balearic Islands, Spain, and Portugal. Those fortunate people who are able to secure a berth on the *Orontes* for this cruise will be assured of a happy round of pleasure aboard, and at the various points at which the boat calls, the novelty of seeing new places and different peoples. The cruise is for twenty days, and the tariff is from 35 guineas. An interesting leaflet giving complete information may be had on application to the Orient Line, 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, and No. 1, Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

A NON-ROLLING LINER

The announcement that the Italian Line—the Lloyd Sabaudo—has decided to equip their new liner, the *Conte di Savoia*, with the Sperry Gyro Stabilizer, an invention to prevent the rolling of a ship, has been received with great interest; for the problem of stabilizing a ship in a choppy sea is one which has occupied the minds of technical experts for centuries.

The equipment for the *Conte di Savoia* will be installed in a compartment specially adapted, and will consist of three identical equipments capable of developing a stabilizing couple of sufficient weight to ensure, when the sea is at its worst a maximum rolling angle of under 3 deg. on each side. The news of a non-rolling liner will be welcomed by thousands of travellers, for it improves the conditions of accommodation greatly and also facilitates the training of guns on warships, reducing the resistance of the hull, and rendering the motion of the propellers more regular.

BY UNION CASTLE TO THE CAPE

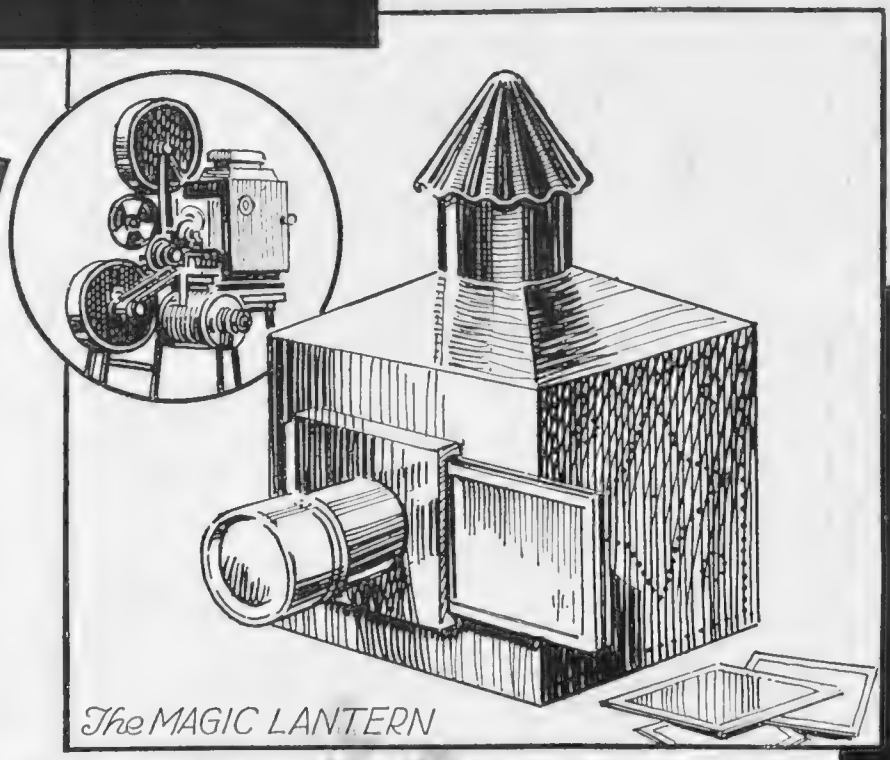
A voyage to South Africa in a Union Castle liner affords an opportunity for an ideal holiday. To the town dweller there can be nothing more health-giving. The invigorating sea air, the restfulness and comfort of life on board ship, the organized games and deck sports, and the dances and concerts which are arranged, all help to ensure a delightful holiday. South Africa, that fascinating land of travel, becomes more and more popular every year, and the special summer tour by the R.M.S. *Kenilworth Castle*, leaving Southampton on July 24, returning thereto on September 21, 1931, should prove a great attraction. Madeira is reached in three and a half days, and a stay of a few hours at this lovely island enables passengers to see something of its magnificent mountain scenery. Thirteen days after leaving Madeira the ship arrives in Table Bay, and the traveller sees spread before him a delightful panorama—"the Fairest Cape in all the World"—dominated by Table Mountain. Arrangements have also been made by which passengers who desire to extend their stay in South Africa can do so by some additional payment. Passengers taking the tour will have the opportunity of seeing Durban at its best, the season at that popular resort ranging from June to September. Another point of interest is that these are the months in which to see the famous Victoria Falls, as the weather is then cooler and the Falls are less likely to be obscured by mist, as they often are during the hot season. The return fares are: Cape Town, first class, £90; second class, £60; third class, £30. Algoa Bay, first class, £95; second class, £63; third class, £32. East London, first class, £98; second class, £65; third class, £34. Natal, first class, £100; second class, £67; third class, £35.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

One thousand one hundred young children, some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans, but all taken from dire poverty, are under the care of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. This Society, which was founded in 1843, is in urgent need of funds, and all gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

WONDERS OF THE AGES!

THOUGH first ancestor of talking film machines, the Magic Lantern now seems merely a toy. Equal advance is seen in our notions of shirts and pyjamas.



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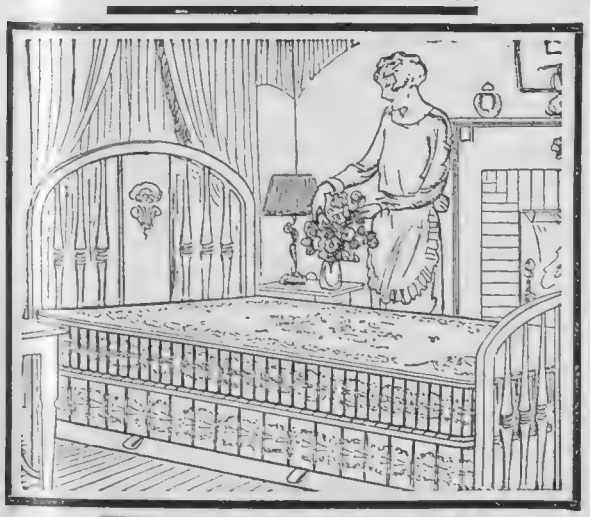

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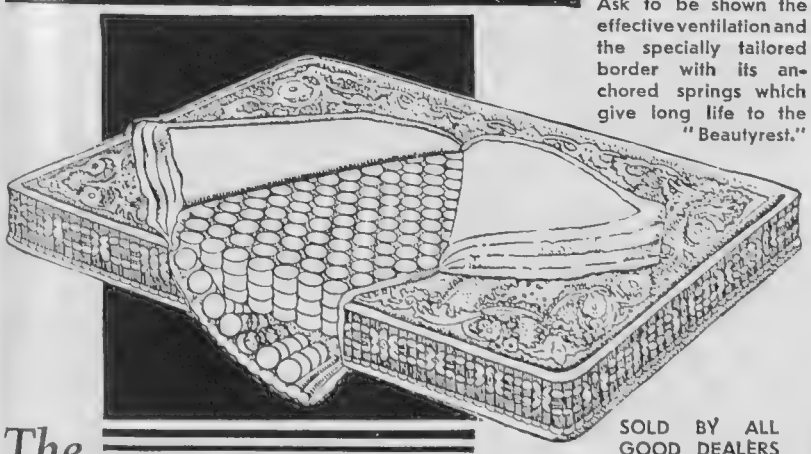

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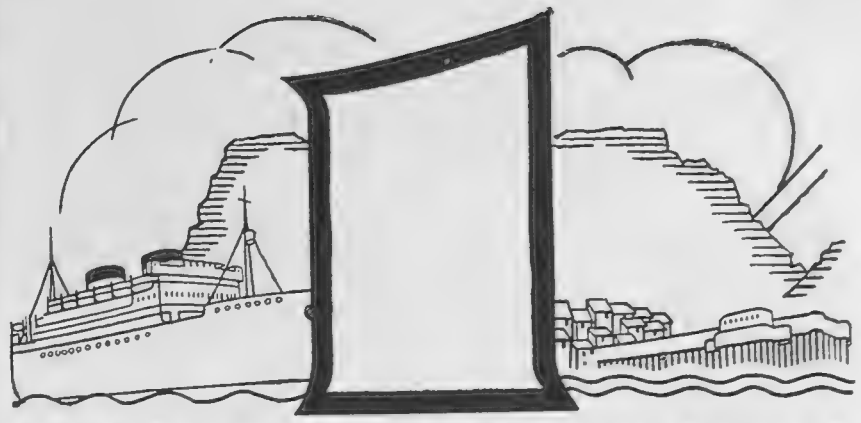

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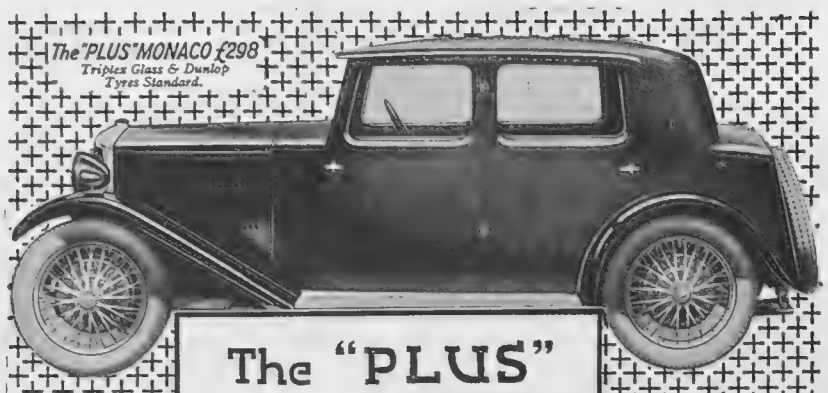

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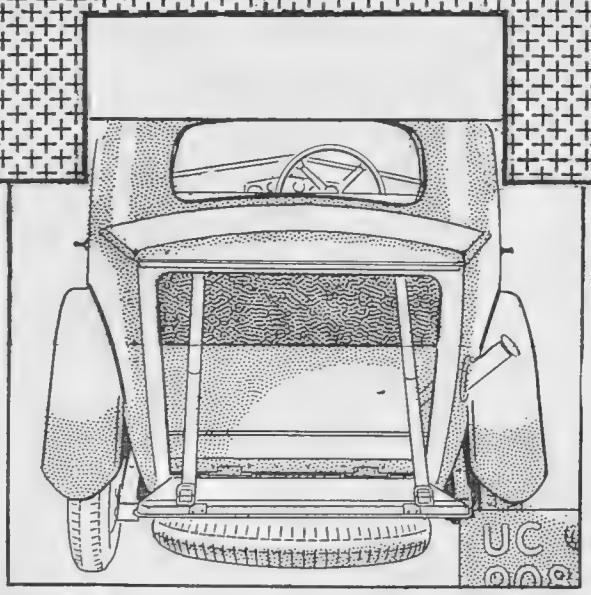

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The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

"WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY."—A learned judge has drawn the attention of the public to the abnormal amount of undetected crime and suggests that the reason for this disquieting state of affairs is the misuse of the police forces in the country. If anyone has half-an-hour to spare whilst in the West End of London, I would suggest that a visit be made to the various car parks when it will be found that one, two, or even three police constables are engaged doing nothing else but taking the numbers of motor cars as they arrive in order to see that the driver does not outstay his allotted period of two hours. Such a waste of highly-paid skilled labour is most reprehensible. The waste of money is bad enough, but in addition we have to remember that whilst "Robert" is imitating the enthusiastic schoolboy in writing down a whole heap of registration numbers, the burglar and the housebreaker are probably round the corner thoroughly enjoying themselves and adding to the expense to which I have already alluded. There are hundreds of other examples connected with motoring which could be quoted to back up the learned judge's assertion.

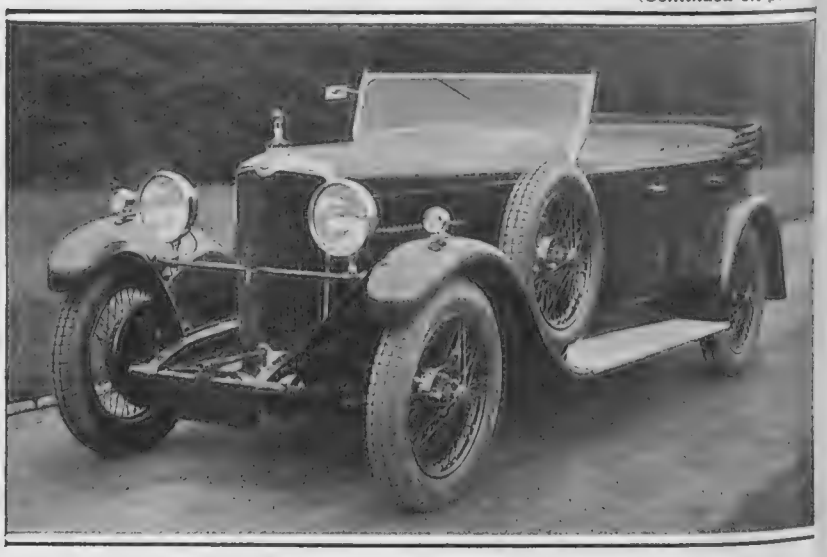
A NEW DAIMLER.—Several new motor cars or rather new models have recently been introduced. First of all we have the new Daimler 16/20 h.p. and in this chassis is incorporated the Daimler Fluid Fly-Wheel and Self-Changing Gear, two refinements which until now have been available only on the larger Daimlers. This new model is extremely interesting and should rapidly become popular because the lower the horse-power of the car the more gear-changing required, other things being equal. In the past the driver of these small cars has often been frightened to change his gears as he should in order to obtain the maximum efficiency from his engine, but now that he has a fluid fly-wheel and self-changing gear at his command we may be sure that he will take full advantage of the facilities given to him. This new Daimler model is sold in two alternative chassis lengths, the smaller being particularly suited for the light close-coupled type of saloon and for open or closed sports bodies. I understand that the short chassis has a very fine lively performance. The price of one of these 16/20 Daimler saloons on the short chassis is only £675, which obviously brings it within reach of motorists having but moderate means.

FROM AMERICA.—I learn that an entirely new 8-cylinder Lincoln car has been produced. The engine develops considerably more power than before although its rating is no greater. The new engine has its cylinders placed V-fashion and it is fitted with a dual type downdraft carburretter which I am told gives the car terrific though perfectly silent acceleration. The wheel base has been materially increased and the well-known radiator has been slightly altered to give a more pleasing appearance. Perhaps the most interesting item in the specification is the provision of a free wheeling device in the transmission. This allows the driver to change his gears noiselessly, without even touching the clutch pedal.

The designers have given the driver the means whereby he can throw the free-wheel out of use when the car can be driven in the orthodox manner.

STRAIGHTENING A WRINKLE.—Now that automatic traffic signals are being installed in practically every town of importance, motorists are becoming bewildered as to whether they may turn to the left although the red light may be against them. This practice is, of course, common where a crossing is controlled by a policeman. I am informed by the R.A.C. that the Ministry of Transport has already laid it down that generally both left and right turns are prohibited when the red light is showing. At some points, however, where the volume of traffic is exceptionally heavy these authorities do permit the practice to be continued, but in such cases a green arrow fifteen inches long, visible only when the signal is illuminated, is fixed to the signal post. The R.A.C. desires to draw the attention of motorists to the true interpretation of the amber-light. This means "prepare to go" or "prepare to stop," according as it is associated with the red or green light. It does not, of itself, mean "go," and therefore drivers would be well advised to consider the amber light as equivalent to the red light when contemplating the left-hand turn.

(Continued on p. 468)



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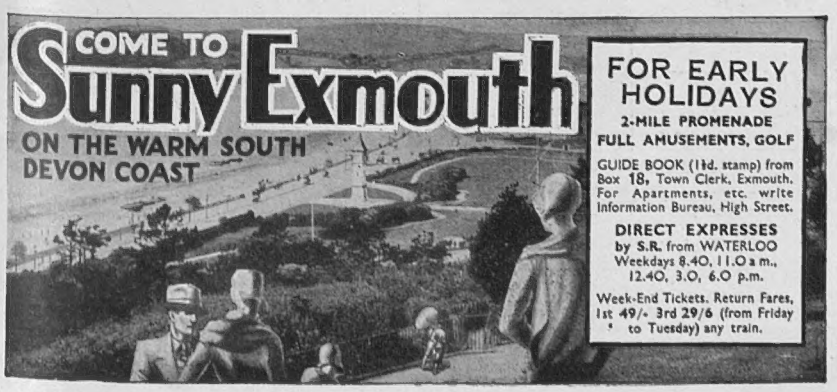

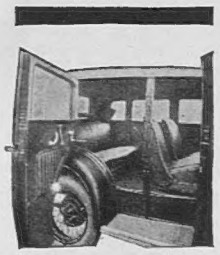

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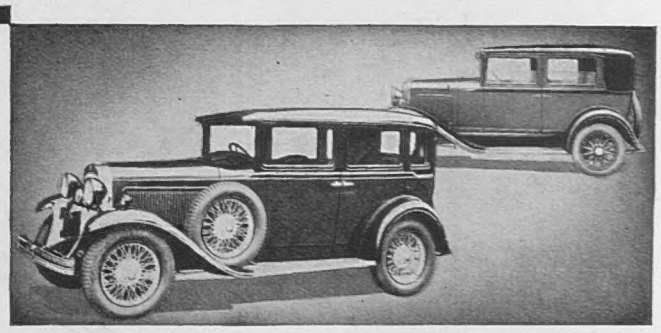

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The PETROL World - (Cont.

The 6-CYLINDER 8-LITRE BENTLEY : A Car Biography

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

PERFECTION BORN OF EXPERIENCE.—Judging from a short trial of the new 8-litre Bentley its famous manufacturers have not retired from the racing world before they accumulated probably more knowledge of design than any of their competitors. This new 8-litre is such a remarkable motor car that it is doubtful whether any maker could have produced it without spending thousands of pounds in running cars in the big classical events of the past few years. I have always been a believer that the hard school of racing is the quickest and most satisfactory institution for designers to patronize and this Bentley constitutes a piece of evidence which, in my opinion, proves this assertion up to the hilt.

I referred to this Bentley as a remarkable motor car, and although it has many points any one of which would warrant me referring to it in this way, it possesses one single feature which places it on a pedestal amongst the motor cars of the world. Even as a saloon and in standard form it will do over 100 m.p.h. This fact I have proved to my own satisfaction as I accompanied the designer, Mr. W. O. Bentley, in his saloon, whilst a speed of over 100 m.p.h. was obtained on the Byfleet Banking at Brooklands. Such a colossal speed probably conjures up in the mind of the average reader terrifying noise, deafening rattle and shocks that might injure the spine. On the other hand, my actual experience proved that whilst this 8-litre Bentley is travelling at this speed there is no more noise or bumping about than what one would expect on an average motor car at 40 m.p.h. The clearance between my hat and the roof of the saloon was none too great, but not on one occasion was contact established between the two. As clerk of the course at Brooklands I would be very happy if every competitor drove an 8-litre Bentley, because I know I should then never hear any more of bumps.

SAFETY IN SPEED.—To produce an engine capable of this speed was, of course, the least skilful of the tasks which confronted the designer. His troubles started after he planned this powerful power unit, first of all in making it quiet and smooth, then in arranging for a chassis which would stand up in a proper manner to the enormous strains which such speeds must impose on its various parts. Lastly, he had to make certain that such a speedy motor car possessed brakes to make such high speeds reasonably safe. As a result of this short run, which was also extended for some thirty miles on the road, I can truthfully say that every feature in this Bentley is in keeping with the character of the engine. The owner of such a car can always feel confident that his brakes and his steering and his axles will not only function properly at these speeds on one or two occasions, but for years, because the firm of Bentley Motors, Ltd., have learnt in such races as the British Double-Twelve Hours, Le Mans, and the T.T. that such vital parts must not only function correctly at the beginning but also at the end of the event.

BRITISH AND BEST.—Other nations have attempted to produce a standard saloon motor car which can be relied upon to do 100 m.p.h. Their attempts have not been highly successful. Once again, therefore, Britain leads.

With such a motor car one naturally expects a fairly good acceleration, and this the Bentley possesses. On top gear it will go from 10 to 90 m.p.h. in 39 seconds and from 10 to 50 m.p.h. in 14⅘ seconds. On top gear it will run without a jerk at about 4 or 5 m.p.h. Again it must be remembered that the car weighs 2 tons 8 cwt., a fact which should not be forgotten when looking at these figures. It is light to control, and as it can be turned in a 50-foot circle its manœuvrability must be considered good.

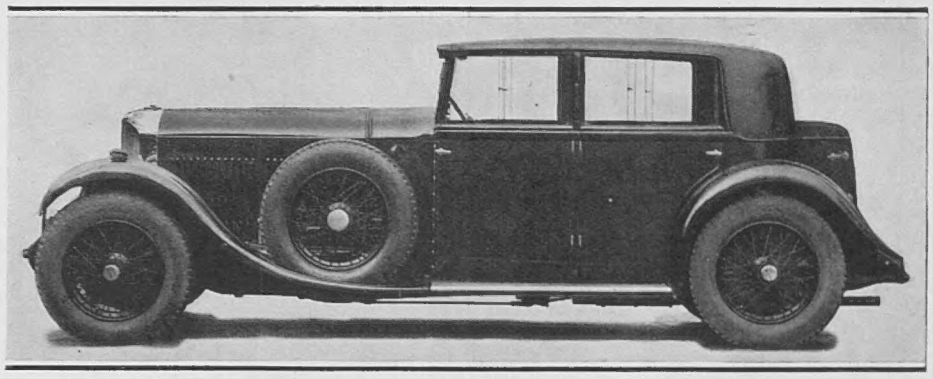
This new Bentley is not just a modification of an older model, but is a completely fresh chassis. As a result of the demonstration which was given to me I have no hesitation in declaring that it is one of the finest examples of British automobile engineering that has ever been produced. I do not wish my remarks to be misunderstood as people interested might imagine that it was a racing-car in disguise. Such an impression is quite wrong because it is essentially a quiet, smooth, docile, touring model and it would behave itself and give of its best if the driver for some reason or other never desired to exceed 50 m.p.h.

Bentleys deserve great success with this new car, and I hope the public will respond to their enterprise. There is, however, a wider aspect to the car, and that is the national one. If the manufacturers can manage to demonstrate its excellence in foreign markets they will I hope derive the benefit, but I also know that the motor trade of this country will find its prestige greatly enhanced at the same time.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the 8-LITRE BENTLEY

Engine—6 cylinders. Monobloc Casting. Overhead Valves; Four to Each Cylinder.
Bore and Stroke—110 mm. and 140 mm.
Cubic Capacity—7,983 cc.
Ignition—Magneto and Coil and Battery.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box — Four Forward Speeds and a Reverse.
Brakes — Dewandre Vacuum Servo, assists Pedal. Hand Brake Entirely Separate.
Suspension — Semi-Elliptic Front and Rear. Four Shock Absorbers.
Lighting and Starting—12-volt Lucas, Large Headlamps.
Annual Tax—£45.
Chassis Price—£1,850 (Long or Short Wheelbase).

Manufacturers:
BENTLEY MOTORS, LTD., OXGATE LANE, CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2.



OVER 100 M.P.H.! The 8-litre Bentley in which Mr. Bradley together with the designer and owner, Mr. W. O. Bentley, achieved a speed of well over 100 m.p.h. on the Byfleet Banking at Brooklands

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